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TRAVELS

IN

THE HOLY LAND.

EIGHTH STATION.

(*Continued.*)

It is from the elevated region of India, from the terraces of the Himalayas, from the banks of the Ganges, that another of the great liberating voices of the earth sounds towards us. Cotemporary with the above-mentioned Chinese teachers, about the time when Solon and Lycurgus gave laws to Greece, and the greatest of the prophets of Israel proclaimed on the ruins of Jerusalem the power and promise of the Lord, of the living God, a king's son was born on the banks of the Ganges, of the race of the Gotamid. From the historical picture of his life and doctrine which the latest investigator has succeeded in producing from the mass of confused legends and statements which exist regarding him, I will give the following sketch:—

"Siddharta—such was his name—was educated in

the religious doctrines of the Brahmins. He was by his birth entitled to the dignity of Brahmin, as well as to the knowledge of the Brahminical books, which treated of the highest wisdom. Some traditions say that he spent his youth in pleasure; others, that amidst the enjoyments which surrounded him at the court of his father he was always seen melancholy and thoughtful. The former seems to me the most probable. Handsome in person, and richly gifted by nature, living in a royal residence on one of those terraces of the Himalayas which even modern travellers describe as resembling steps leading to Paradise, surrounded by all the fascinations of an Indian court, the dancing Bayaderes, the delicious music of stringed instruments, flowers, artificial pleasure-waters, everything which could allure the senses—how could a handsome young man altogether escape their influence? The rapidity of his conversion, and the penitential life which succeeded his youthful years, seem to me rather to indicate that he had drunk deeply of the cup of pleasure. All traditions agree in describing his mother Maja Deva, as an unusually beautiful and virtuous woman, but that she died when her son was only seven days old, and that he afterwards was brought up by his mother's sister. He early evinced great understanding and a strong tendency for contemplation. He often went out into the woods, and would stand for hours under a tree, sunk in thought.

These contemplations must have led him to doubt the truth of the Brahminical theology—natural doubt in a good and noble heart—and of the existence of a God which, like their Brahma, had so unequally and so unjustly apportioned the shares of life amongst his created children, so that one part of them became, in consequence merely of their birth, perfectly unprovided

for. He accepted the Brahminical doctrines of the soul's necessity for purification and reconciliation, in order to enter into relationship with the Supreme Existence; their doctrines of the soul's migration, and their requirement of the annihilation of self, or dissolving into the eternal primal-existence as the highest ideal of life; but his soul revolted against the distinctions of caste by which one portion of humanity was declared to be pure, and another portion impure. When he was exhorted to choose a wife for himself, he consented to do so on condition that a "perfect woman" should be brought to him without any reference to caste.

The ancient sage to whom he had given a list of the qualifications which he wished for in his wife, selected a beautiful young girl named Gopâ, the daughter of a prince of the warrior-caste. She won his heart, perhaps not the less, through her high-minded independence, for she refused to veil her face before him and his court, as was customary. She said, "The gods know my heart and my manners; they know that I need not conceal my thoughts; why should I, then, veil my countenance?"

The young prince honoured the disposition of his wife, and allowed her to show herself with an unveiled countenance.

One day, during the festivities and the rejoicings which succeeded his marriage, he went out to walk through the eastern gate of his native city, and met an old man, bent down, staggering along on his staff; another time, on passing through the southern gate, he met a sick person consumed with fever, and who saw the approach of death with terror; again, a third time, passing through the western gate, he met a corpse followed by the weeping relations, who covered themselves with the dust of the earth. The condition of life, the

ghost of existence; old age, sickness, and death rose up before the glance of the young prince.

"My own body," said he, "is the dwelling-place of this form; why, therefore, should I live, as if I did not know it to be so?"

Going on a little farther he met a beggar in priest's garments, who carried with him an urn in which to collect alms, and who went with downcast eyes, but calmly, and without apparently entertaining either fear or desire.

"This way," thought Siddharta, "is the best!"

He communicated to his young wife and to his aged father his determination to renounce the world, retire into solitude, and there to endeavour to obtain the light and the sanctity by which he might become a *Buddha*—that is to say, an illuminated soul.

His father endeavoured to dissuade him from this resolve, and offered to him his kingdom and all his treasures.

"Canst thou," replied the young Prince, "prevent me from becoming old, prevent me from becoming the prey of disease, and preserve me from death, if I should remain with thee?"

It was in vain that they endeavoured to frustrate his plan. He one night mounted a horse, and accompanied only by one attendant on horseback, left his native city Kapilavastou, where he took an affecting leave of the home of his youth, promising to return "to awake it" when he himself had become illuminated, or gifted with knowledge—that is to say, Buddha.

When he was distant from the land of Sakyerna a whole night's journey, he took leave of his faithful servant, and leaving behind him his horse and his valuable attire, he put on the coarse garments of a poor hunter. Under the name of Sakya-mouni—that is,

Sakya the Solitary, or the "Gotama ascetic," he visited many celebrated Brahmin schools. From the admiration caused by his beautiful person and his high qualities it was wished to retain him in them; but it always appeared to him that the doctrine taught in these schools was not of a really emancipating character, and he left them for a place called Ourouvilva, where he lived in profound solitude and contemplation. He spent six years in meditation and self-discipline, accustoming himself to fast, and mortifying every desire. He lived alone upon rice and milk, which were brought to him by the young girls of the village, who had compassion on the young ascetic.

Siddharta was twenty-nine years of age when he entered upon his solitude. The subjects which here incessantly occupied his soul were the suffering in the world, and the means by which it could be removed, both as regarded himself and others; for his gentle heart bled for the sufferings of all created beings. Sakya-mouni was, as yet, merely Bodhisattva—that is to say, the *predestined* novice, happily gifted with every quality to become Buddha. As yet some profound meditations, some long ecstasies, and his object would be attained.

One day, at a place called Bodhimanda, the Seat of Illumination, he placed himself cross-legged under a fig-tree, with his face turned towards the east, exclaiming—

"Let my skin be dried up and my limbs waste away if I rise up again before I receive the Supreme Light!"

He remained sitting thus a whole day and night; but with the dawning of the second day he felt himself to be fully illuminated—*Buddha;* and striking the ground with his hand, he exclaimed—

"Yes, it is in this manner that I shall set a limit to the world's suffering!"

He now penetrated the causes of the suffering of existence, as well as the means which could redeem it therefrom. The principal causes were twelve:—First was the birth, occasioned by preceding existences, "because, if man were not born upon the earth, there would be no necessity for him to die;" secondly, the soul's love for earthly things and earthly life, which drags it down into the regions of the earth, and occasions fresh soul-wanderings. Amongst other causes are mentioned the senses, which tempt the desire of the human being; desire, which attaches the soul to the temporal and unenduring; the enticing imaginations and illusions of the soul, as well as, finally, the mother of the illusions, *ignorance*, which leads us to mistake for enduring that which is transitory, seduces us to endeavour to hold fast that which passes away, incites us to attach ourselves to this world, which is unworthy of the soul's attachment.

In order to avoid these mistakes and the suffering which they occasion, as well as the whirling career of the soul's wandering, the perpetually being born again into the lower regions of life, the new Buddha discovered that the human being must endeavour to divest himself of all desires, all passions, so that they no longer take captive the soul. Succeeding in so doing, the soul enters finally into the divine state *Nirvaná*, a kind of sleep or ecstasy, in which it has no longer either thoughts or feelings, but enjoys an unspeakable peace. The human being can only enter perfectly into this state by death; but then it is redeemed from the unrest and suffering of the soul's wandering; it is then eternal and one with the Supreme Cause, the origin and creator of the world. This creator is not, to Buddha, a

personal God; he is a being, or rather a cause, a certain great destiny, which seems to me very much to resemble the heaven of the Chinese. Existences rise or sink in the scale of being, ascend or fall, according to an eternal, immutable law and ordination; and every one may, according to this law, become his own saviour, and also that of others, if he can induce them to accept the saving doctrine of Buddha. This doctrine, which he called the "Lotus of the Good Law," the flower of the law, determined the son of Gotama to preach amongst mankind with word and with condemnation. He denounced the many gods and demi-gods with which the Brahminical doctrine had peopled the world; denounced the distinctions of caste which they rigidly adhered to, and insisted upon making the highest and eternal life accessible to all. He took as four great fundamental truths of his doctrine, the existence of suffering, the causes thereof; the desires and the passions; the existence of a supreme state, the goal where suffering ceases, or Nirvanâ; together with the means of obtaining it—persevering renunciation and meditation.

Armed with this doctrine, this man of a large heart but a circumscribed understanding, came forth from his solitude to become the deliverer and the saviour of mankind. He called to himself five disciples, young men who had attached themselves to him in the last of the Brahmin schools in which he resided, instructed them in the "Lotus of the Good Law," and then proceeded, accompanied by them, to preach his doctrine in India and the adjoining countries. As he did not polemically raise his voice against the aristocratic Brahminical doctrines, but only developed the higher sense of these mysteries, and above all preached mercy, submission, renunciation and poverty for all men, it was a long time before the Brahmins observed that his

doctrine was undermining their dominion and their privileges. The purifications and the symbolic ceremonies which Buddha commanded were not, in the outward, very dissimilar to those of the Brahmins. They considered him, therefore, as one of their own disciples until the increasing number of Buddha's disciples and professors, and the decrease in that of their own schools and pagodas, caused them to regard him as one of their most dangerous enemies.

But this did not occur till a long time after the death of the reformer. A bloody persecution then arose, which ended, after a long struggle, in chasing Buddhism out of India Proper, though it was not able to extinguish the seed, nor to prevent its vigorous extension in the neighbouring countries. And it is of a verity no small evidence of the general higher tendency in human nature, that a doctrine which required such hard conditions in this life, and promised so little in that which followed after, should become the prevailing religion amongst the greater part of the nations of Eastern Asia, in China, Mongolia, Japan, Cochin-China, Korea, Thibet, Turkistan, Siam, and the islands of Ceylon and Java, so that Buddhism, it is calculated, embraces at the present from three to four hundred millions of adherents!

Some extracts from the life and doctrines of the founder of this vast sect may yet in some measure explain his great popularity amongst all classes. The first commandments which every adherent of Buddha must give heed to, are the five following :—

1st. Not to kill any living thing.
2nd. Not to steal.
3rd. Not to commit any unchaste act.
4th. Not to tell a lie.
5th. Not to drink any intoxicating liquor.

To these commandments were appended commentaries and songs, in which the doctrines of Buddha were more fully interpreted, according to the tendency of which I have already spoken. The release of the spirit from the desires and the passions is the principal object. To that succeeds purity of life; after which the soul will be enlightened by the truth. The ignorance of the truth is the mother of all misery.

From the forty-two propositions of Buddha, which are regarded as holy by his disciples, I will give the following, the rest appearing to me as merely variations of the same:—

"Schramana [the penitent] is the man who, after he abandons his home and his kindred, loses himself in the doctrine, beholds the nature of the spirit and comprehends the law."

"Men may practise virtue in ten different ways, and vice also in ten different ways. Of the ten vices, three have reference to the body, four to the tongue, three to the disposition. The three first mentioned are—to kill, to take that which is not given, and to indulge fleshly appetites. Those which regard the tongue—lying, talking foolishly, saying hard things, backbiting. Those which regard the mind are—desire for wealth, desire to injure, not to believe in the three treasures, and to entertain false opinions."

"When men continue long in wickedness without feeling repentance, the dread of the gradually accumulated evil attains to maturity in themselves, like as rivers which pour out their waters into the sea become so broad that they can only be crossed with difficulty. With men who are conscious of the evil in their actions, and who amend their lives, the power of virtue increases,

and they come by degrees into a state of repose, so that the way can be completed."

"When evil men desire to injure the good, it is as if they spat against Heaven. Heaven cannot be polluted by their spittle, but only they themselves."

"What is the highest virtue? To walk in the way is the highest virtue. What is the highest greatness? To act in accordance with the law of insight is the highest greatness. Who is the most distinguished of all those possessed of power? He who, whilst he is wholly tolerant of others, himself commits no evil action, will assuredly become honoured of men. Who is enlightened beyond all others? He who, without fault or defect, is perfectly pure, who has knowledge of all possible wealth of this world without desiring any of it for himself, he may be called enlightened."

"When we see heaven and earth, then we must think that they are not eternal. When we see mountain and valley, then we must think that they are not eternal. When we see the form and the being of things increase, then we must think that they are not eternal. When we thus think, then we shall soon attain to the way."

"Those beings who are the prey of the passions and strive after renown are like the odour of frankincense. When the odour has diffused itself and the frankincense is consumed, it is come to an end. Thus those fools who grasp after the vain renown of the world and do not occupy themselves for the acquisition of the true renown, shall become poor and experience repentance."

"Beauty and wealth are like honey on a knife-point. If little children will taste them, they cut their tongues and suffer pain."

"There is greater danger for him who is bound by wife and children, and houses and wealth, than for the man who is in prison bound with chains."

"He who gives himself up to the passions is like a fool who takes a lantern in his hand and goes against the wind."

"O! Schramana! Thou must not believe thy own mind. The mind must not be trusted to in all things. Practise watchfulness; attach not thyself to beauty, otherwise comes suffering! Regard an elderly woman as a mother, a young woman as a sister!"

"As a man must rush away with all speed when fire seizes upon the dry grass, so must the men who understand the way cast off far from them every object of the passions."

"Suffering is experienced as well by the men who walk in the way, as by those who do not walk in it. It is difficult to measure the suffering which a being has to undergo through sickness and old age, from the time of his birth to that of his death."

"O! Schramana! as a wounded hart which, coming into a swamp, yet struggles through to the bank, never thinking to rest, spite of its weariness, so—because the danger in the swamp of the passions is infinitely greater—must an honest mind only endeavour after the way, and release itself from the round of suffering which is experienced even in this life."

Buddha taught, moreover, that there are heavenly Buddhas and earthly Buddhas. Three of these heavenly enlightened ones had been on the earth long before Sakya-mouni, three during that age of the world. The teaching of Sakya-mouni would last for a thousand years. In the next age of the world the true deliverer would come. His name would be *Maitreja*, the Full of

Love, the Merciful. He would restore the forgotten, falsified religion, and establish justice on the earth.

Those communities of mendicant brothers and sisters which, in consequence of the teaching of Buddha, were formed during his lifetime, and became still more numerous after his death, all professed this faith, and to this day they commence their divine service with the following hymn of rejoicing, composed by Buddha, and which I must confine myself to giving in prose.

BUDDHA'S SONG OF PRAISE.

"To have been born again infinite times, that would have been my lot, had I not found thee, whom I had sought for so long, O! master of the building. Of a truth! it is painful to be continually born again into the world.

"But thou art found, master of the building! Now thou wilt not again build up the house. The beams are broken, the gable of the house is destroyed. The spirit which has entered into the life of self-annihilation has for ever quenched the thirst of desire."

A number of legends and anecdotes have gathered around the life of Buddha, all tending to exalt his gentleness, his mercy towards all living beings, even towards animals. Two of them resemble anecdotes from the Evangelical history, and may have been derived from later contact with the same; others, again, are of a monstrous character, as that which describes Buddha giving his limbs to feed a tigress which lacked nourishment for her young.

The historic reality seems to be that Buddha's life was passed under a faithful walking in the way which he had chosen, and which he preached with penetrating eloquence. His native city also heard his voice; his wife, the noble Gopâ, became his disciple, so did his

aunt and educator, and both of them entered into a community of female Buddhists. A great number of women soon after followed their example.

Buddha lived long. Three months before his death he was heard to express himself in the following manner :—

"I have attained to the highest wisdom ; I am without wishes. I desire nothing ; I am without selfishness, personal feeling, pride, stiff-neckedness, enmity. Formerly, I was full of hatred, I was violent, I was erring ; I was not free, I was the slave of the conditions of birth, of old age, of sickness, anxiety, suffering, misfortune. May many thousands leave their homes and live as saints, and when they have lived for contemplation and have renounced all the pleasure of the world, they will return into the participation of Brahma's worlds, and fill them by multitudinous hosts !"

For forty-four years had Buddha preached his religious doctrines to numerous disciples who came from far and near to listen to the words of wisdom which fell from his lips in the cool shade of the woods or on the summit of the rock of Höken—a mountain in Magadah—when he felt his end approach, or rather, the hour of his final deliverance, the hour when he should enter into the eternal Nirvanâ. His cousin Ananda was walking by his side, and they were about to cross the Ganges, when Buddha turned to his attendant, and said :—

"It is for the last time that I now behold from a distance the city of Râdjagriha and the throne of diamond."

They crossed the Ganges. Buddha took leave of those places which had witnessed the accomplishment of his mission and his later life. Half a mile north-east of

Kuçinagura, on the banks of the river Atchiravati, he was seized with faintness. He then halted in a wood, and breathed forth his latest sigh in the shadow of a palm-tree. Buddha was eighty years old when he entered into the eternal rest, *Nirvanâ*, about 543 years before Christ.

On the news of the master's death, his disciples hastened to the place where he had yielded up the ghost. They appointed a splendid funeral-festival in his honour; but when his body was given to the flames a bloody fight began around the funeral-pyre for possession of his remains; and very soon the bones of Buddha, nay, even the smallest portion of his body, became the object of a new gross idolatry.

In the temples which are erected in many countries to his honour, may be usually seen his image as a man sleeping peacefully in the shade of a tree, which extends its branches over him. There is in this symbol something, to me, deeply affecting. The human being has laboured till he is faint and weary, in seeking out from the multitude of ways that which leads to the highest in life, and to the Supreme Himself; and the highest in life which by inconceivable labour and pains he has been able to attain to is—the annihilation of his own being, or his life, a sleep in which he thinks nothing, feels nothing, desires nothing, except the eternal rest.

The vast results of Buddha's doctrine were, as might naturally be expected, both good and evil. What man does not wish, for himself and for those who are dear to him, deliverance from the dark demons of earthly life, sickness, suffering, old age, and death?—death at least in the gloomy character in which it is invested on earth. According, however, to the belief in India, this state became, through the migration of the soul, an increasing continuance for the human being; for

human beings, according to the popular belief of South Asia, were for ever born again into the higher or lower regions of life, and thus for ever again and again subjected to the same painful and precarious conditions, so long as they could not liberate themselves from the eternal round of being. That such a liberation was possible seems also to have been a more or less certain belief with these people, and the "Saints of the Pillars" in Egypt, as well as the Indian Fakirs, show that man from the most ancient times believed that he was able to achieve it through the death of the senses and the desires. Buddha gave to this doctrine a higher moral purpose; and his noble heart, filled as it was with the love of humanity, infused into it a higher object than that of his own salvation. Buddha desired to be the saviour of all mankind; he called all, without distinction, high and low, to the holy, and for him, the highest life, and his spotless moral doctrine, which would lead them on the way thither, aimed at the improving of human nature. For as Memnon's statue gave a musical response to the touch of the rays of the ascending sun, so does the human soul respond in approval to the message which summons her to become bright and good, however little her actions may correspond with the ideal of her being.

Enough! The sense of the human being for the right and the pure depends upon a higher way than that pointed out formerly by the doctrines of Buddha. He liberated humanity from cruel gods, cruel laws and customs—from the distinctions of caste and those bloody human sacrifices by which Durga the goddess of nature, and Siva the god of fire, and many others, were annually honoured—and he opened for it a way of deliverance from the migrations of the soul and the sufferings of existence. Humanity as yet knew of nothing better;

it knew nothing of the power which adopted suffering and death to overcome them by making them the servants of a higher development, the power which changes the thorny crown of life into a crown of glory.

One of the evil consequences which have so abundantly followed the doctrines of Buddha, is the door which it has opened to pride and sloth. For many are they who wish to become saints and great men at an easy rate. By strict attention to the precepts of Buddha —and these degenerated after his death to scarcely anything but mere form—every man might become a saint, and every layman, let him be as elevated as he might, must honour and even worship those "holy men" who from year to year sit cross-legged, sunk in contemplation, in which there is seldom any thought at all. It is only by this means, as well as by the practice of Buddha's doctrine of love, that laymen can obtain even any share in the life and anticipations of the saints.

In the "Lotus of the Good Law," which appears to have been written some centuries after Buddha's death, it is related that one day he sate on the summit of the rock of Höken, not far from the city of Râdjagriha, surrounded by many thousand Buddhis-vattas, that is to say, monks and nuns who were all striving to become Buddhas. The sage was sunk in profound meditation, when suddenly a ray of light flashed forth from a lock of hair which divided his eyebrows, and illumined eighteen thousand earths situated towards the east, as far as the great hell and the uttermost limits of being. This miracle indicated that the blessed must interpret a passage or chapter (Sutra) of the "Lotus of the Good Law." After this Buddha stated, both in prose and verse, the means by which his doctrine could be advanced and mankind led along the right way, prophesying to the many

hundreds of his audience, both men and women, that they should be born again as Buddhas, and showing to them the worlds of which they should become the saviours. But the women who would be employed in this mission would change their sex. At this point of the prophecy a miraculous *Stupa*, or Buddhist temple, suddenly rose out of the earth. This immense Stupa was made of seven precious substances. It ascended into the air and remained suspended, as it were, in heaven, before the gaze of the spectators, who admired its balconies covered with flowers, its thousand-fold porticoes adorned with banners, garlands, small bells, gold, diamonds, crystals, smaragdus, &c. From this splendid abode proceeded a voice which commended the Gotama ascetic for the *Sutra* which he had just announced. It was the voice of a former Buddha, by name Tathâgata Prabhutaratna, who soon after showed himself sitting cross-legged on his throne, and as it were dried up. He called Sakya-mouni to come and sit by his side in the temple.

Besides the spread of Buddhist doctrine, faith in this his prophecy was widely promulgated. People believed that a part of his disciples would be born again as Buddhas, and that the new Buddha was to be recognised by certain outward signs which were considered to have been peculiar to Gotama-Buddha himself—such as a tuft of white hair between the eyebrows, an elevation on the crown of the head, curly black hair, and many others. The thirty-first and last sign being the form of a wheel impressed on the sole of the foot. Every mother who thinks she can discern these signs in her newborn son, sends notice thereof to the Buddhist priests at Hlassa, the capital of Thibet, who have the child brought thither, and if the tokens are found to be really there, it is brought up as Dalai Lama, the Ocean-priest,

or chief priest, in the innermost of the temple, where, when arrived at years of discretion, he rules the Buddhist communities, wherever they are to be met, with the same power as that with which the Pope rules the Roman Catholic Church. In the meantime it happens not unfrequently that the King of Thibet finds the new Buddha inconvenient to him, and causes his sudden death in some extraordinary way or other, and a new Buddha has then to be elected. Should there be many children all possessing similar tokens in their persons, the election is made from amongst them by the council of Buddhist priests in Hlassa, so that the Dalai Lama incessantly lives on there.

According to another legendary tradition, one Buddha was to be born again as a white elephant, and this is said to have given the origin to the worship of the white elephant in the kingdom of Siam. When the elephant dies the people never rest till another is found to fill his place. The English ambassador, Major Phayre, saw this elephant at Ava in 1855, and found him to have a particularly sullen look; his keepers and servants acknowledged also that his temper was not of the best. On the contrary, the ambassador reports the King of Siam to be a mild and amiable man, who knew by heart all Buddha's precepts against pride, wrath, and so on, and who loved to expatiate upon them.

It is in the moral teachings of Buddha that we may especially recognise the excellence and the preparatory character of his mission; for, amongst the millions who profess his religion, he has produced more strict and gentler manners, and a system of divine worship which, in comparison with those which preceded it, may be called pure. It, however, separated the human being

too entirely from life and its actualities to be able to operate as an emancipating principle in a higher sense. We also find in the countries where the Buddhist faith flourishes, social life decay and all kinds of enormities continue. Prisoners die of hunger in the prisons, the gentle commands of the monarchs are totally disregarded, power and passion have free scope, human life is of little value—the pious Buddhist has only to suffer and to submit. If, amongst the hundred thousands of mendicant monks and nuns who fill the Buddhist convents, and who are a burden upon the country by the celebration of Buddha's memory with showy festivals, there are some who have stored their minds with his good precepts, which they are incessantly repeating, how many more are they who merely seek in them an excuse for their thoughtlessness and their laziness? Amidst the scenery of these countries, overflowing with beautiful and glowing life, you see troops of people wandering along who make it the highest purpose of their being to destroy the life of thought and feeling, who go with downcast eyes repeating such profound sentences as this—"O! the jewel in the lotus-flower, ah, yes!" or busily fingering the hundred and twenty beads upon their rosaries, whilst they repeat these three words, *Anitha, Dukka, Anatta*—transitoriness, suffering, illusion; words which are intended to remind them of the conditions of earthly existence, and of the way, according to the teaching of Buddha, by which they may be delivered from them. The prayers which he prescribed are now performed by praying-machines, or praying-mills, and a tooth of Buddha is esteemed by the Buddhists of the present day as a more precious relic than the most beautiful of his Sutras.

I have dwelt longer on the Buddhist doctrine than

on any other of the Asiatic pre-Christian religious doctrines, because it seemed to me to be the most remarkable, and the highest attempt of the human mind by its own means, so to speak, to free the soul from the earthly bond, and attain to heaven—the highest attempt of the religious genius of Asia to respond to the yearnings and the ever-renewed questionings of the human race. And we must recognise this endeavour with esteem and love, as we would every step forward in, and every particle of man's honest, even though imperfect, work for the higher well-being of humanity. Without this Advent we should not have come to Christmas, without these preparations the earth would not have become fruitful, would not have furnished soil to produce and nourish the tree of life of the kingdom of God. Besides, the personal character of Buddha makes him worthy of a more particular notice. No human being had a warmer heart, no one—before Christ—had such a living knowledge of the suffering of existence, no one so sacrificed himself for its redress. No other of the great popular teachers of Asia had, in his individuality and his doctrine, so many points which approximate to the standpoint of Christ; no one has also more clearly, although involuntarily, exhibited the immeasurable distance between the work of man and the work of God.

Egypt affords us no higher light as regards the problems of existence than the religious doctrines of Asia, but these seem all to meet here. The fire and sun worship of Persia, the Chinese worship of the dead—which here assumes a more colossal character—the Indian worship of nature, as well as the more profound Indian doctrines of the migration of the soul, its causes, and the means by which it could be freed from them—all build those temples, all have their sup-

porters on the banks and the islands of the Nile, which the peculiar divine pair of Egypt, children of the light, like lotus-flowers—from which they are said to have proceeded—shine out in the history of the valley of the Nile as the ideal of the wise ruler whose highest endeavour is to promote the physical and the spiritual well-being of the people. The valley of the Nile became, as it were, the great reservoir for the Asiatic doctrines, and later the meeting-place for the genius of Asia with that of the West, with the most intellectual people of Europe—those of Greece.

The names of great and wise kings have descended to us from the history of Egypt, but not of great reformers like Zoroaster, Lao-Tseu, or Buddha. The greatest Asiatic founder of a system of religion before the time of Christ was cradled, indeed, as a child on the waters of the Nile, was adopted by the daughter of an Egyptian king, and instructed in the wisdom of the Egyptians at her father's court; but he was not the son of its people, and he left it to follow a higher vocation, and to come forth afterwards as the greatest adversary of its polytheistic worship. For whatever nobler doctrines might have taken root in Egypt, yet a gross idolatry, or a worship of nature, in which the spirit was forgotten in the symbols, and which took the cloud for the goddess, seems to have been the principal feature in the religious life of the people. Those sublime doctrines became mysteries to the great mass, concealed within the temple, where their guardians, the priests, interpreted them only to initiated or chosen disciples. The doctrine of the migration of the soul and its purification seems to have been the principal subject of these mysteries, as also the contemplation of the highest Unity, the cause of all things, as well as the symbolic writing in which

the Divinity in nature expresses his being. The religion of Egypt and its doctrine of life is still, however, in great measure, an undeciphered colossal hieroglyph. The Greeks held the wisdom of the Egyptian priests in great estimation. Pythagoras attended in their schools for more than twenty years. But, with the exception of a few abstract propositions regarding the Divine Unity—the doctrine of the migration of the soul, and some maxims of a purifying morality, which now seem to us commonplace—nothing has descended to us from the most holy sanctuary of these silent sages.

When Moses ascends from the lowlands of Egypt to the heights of Sinai and Moab, it is as the interpreter of a very different conception of God to that entertained by the Egyptians, and of one far sublimer and brighter than had inspired those religious teachers to whom we have so far been listening. The God whom Moses proclaimed is a living, holy God, one Being, *personal* and eternal, Creator, Educator, and Perfecter of His children. He alone is good and perfect. He alone must be loved and obeyed. Upon this depends the goodness and happiness of man. The law of morality which was promulgated from Sinai has, in this, its culmination—love to God. The end and aim of human life is the proclamation of a kingdom of God, of which He, the good and the holy, is the ruler. This kingdom, which had its commencement in the children of Israel, will then extend itself in blessing to all nations and peoples on earth. Man is weak and sinful, but God does not leave him uncared for; He guides, He instructs and educates him, through happiness and through misery, by inspired prophets; and He will, in the fulness of time, "send a Teacher and a Guide who will perfect the work of spiritual and temporal emanci-

pation, and re-establish the kingdom of God on earth." The part of man is to enter into God's plan, to allow himself to be educated by Him, to obey His commands and derive consolation from His love and His promises.

It was thus that the Hebrew prophets spoke of God, man, of life, from the time of Abraham, Moses, Joshua, down to the last of the prophets. We shall be all the better able to estimate the great and the universal in this doctrine, since we have contemplated the other more local religious systems of Asia.

The centre of gravity in the doctrine of the Hebrews is the idea of the *personal* holy God, and His relationship to humanity as educator and communicator of religion and life. This idea, of which we see glimpses in the other Asiatic religions, and which again become darkened, shines forth in the full certainty of day in the God-inspired popular leader of Israel. The kingdom of God and its extension to all nations of the earth is another central point of gravity in the religion of the Hebrews, which separates it from that of all other Asiatic people, and gives to it a wonderful power of life and an indestructible hope. During the captivity in Babylon, on the ruins of Jerusalem, they sung of the expected Saviour and His kingdom. As a nation subject to Rome, they yet refused to worship its emperors. The courage of the martyrs, the young men who, from amidst the flames, exhorted all created beings of heaven and earth to sing praises to "the Lord, the God of their fathers," are glorious witnesses of the hope of Israel. With such witnesses, and amidst such an expectation, the people of the Old Covenant closed their historical books. We have beheld all other nations seeking for deliverance or a higher degree of life. The people of Israel alone stand as those who

expect with certainty. They have had the promise of the final Deliverer, and they await His coming. The dim presentiment which is contained in Buddha's prophecy of a saviour of the world in some future Buddha, *Majtreja*, should, nevertheless, be observed as a proof of the prophetic power which dwells in the human race. The vision, also, of the northern Valas, of the end of all things, as well as the still older doctrine of Zoroaster, are evidences of the same.

And allow me in this place to say a few words regarding those spiritual exponents of the interior and religious life which we find everywhere in the world as the organs of the Divine teaching, under the name of its priests, and who, especially amongst the Asiatic nations, play so great a part. A very superficial glance can see in them simply ambitious men who avail themselves of the ignorance or weakness of the people to become their rulers. Without doubt it has been found, and may be so still, that there are many such; nevertheless, there is, and has been, in all ages, a natural priesthood, persons gifted with a peculiarly profound insight into the mysteries of spiritual things, and a peculiar ability for the use of them. Such persons become the natural teachers and guides of humanity in the higher questions. The ages in which they have appeared may be dark, and the spiritual life of humanity may be in a chaotic state, and they themselves in many ways only children of their time, yet this must not be ascribed to them. They have maintained, and, according to their own spiritual status, have developed the higher life on earth up to the period when a still higher revelation should give that which it was in their power to give. The same may be said of the yet higher order of the priesthood. But

of these, the priests of the Highest, I have already spoken in this sketch, and have let them, indeed, speak for themselves. We everywhere see them combating with idols, with grossness, sensuality, deceit, and all evil whatever. They turn themselves to the unwritten laws within the human breast, "which," says Antigone, in Sophocles, "are not of to-day or of to-morrow, but have been in all times, without our being able to say whence they sprung." They represent theirs as an ancient religion, but forgotten or corrupted by mankind; as descended from the primal religion, or from an original revelation and teaching, from the Creator of the world Himself. We everywhere see, under their guidance, altars raised and symbolic worship established, together with sacrifice, in which the human being is considered to offer his own *selfhood* in order to become united with the Divinity; for this is in every case the inner meaning of all sacrifice, although it is most frequently understood by the people merely in an outward sense. The priests, the organ of the Divinity, give to the people, on the contrary, the promise of forgiveness, of prosperity and protection, or threaten them with punishment and ruin, according as they adhere to or abandon the divine commands.

Thus have I understood the higher work on earth of the true priesthood. In the case of the people of Israel I see a relationship resembling that between those who have spiritually attained to man's estate and those who have not; but here the consciousness of the priests is of a much higher quality than amongst other Asiatic nations, and the symbolic meaning of sacrificial worship is gloriously interpreted by the great seers, as for example by David, in Psalm L. The natural guardians of the nation even prophesied

the time when their guardianship would cease, the time when "one man should no longer teach another, but when all should be taught of God."

In the review which I have been taking of the various Asiatic systems of religion prior to the time of Christ, and all of which may be regarded from their standpoint as preparatory, as days of the human season of Advent, I am struck by one fact; the conception of God becomes clearer, the code of morals becomes purer and more definite; the object of humanity on earth obtains in Israelitish prophecy a great beauty and extension; but *one* of the great and most momentous questions of humanity which was ever being repeated amongst all nations remains still equally unanswered, alike involved in obscurity; the question, namely, of the soul's condition after death. Uneasiness on this subject, and the anxious fear of the migration of the soul, gave rise in the religion of Buddha to the shadow of a deliverance in the last ecstatic dream, Nirvanâ. But what living soul can be satisfied with that?

We behold higher presentiments amongst the wise men and the martyrs of Israel—as in the case of the Maccabees; but they resemble sunbeams through a cloudy sky. As yet the winding-sheet lay over the nations of the earth, even over the descendants of Abraham, who know as yet no higher hope than "to be gathered to their fathers, to rest in Abraham's bosom." And the heart-rending cry which, in the name of all innocent sufferers, is raised by Job, that affecting lamentation that the righteous on earth suffer even as the wicked, that he seeks for the just God and cannot find Him—this lamentation remains as yet without a satisfying answer.

Such, we see, was the condition of humanity on

earth about five hundred years before the Christian era.

But during the succeeding ages did the human race obtain no more powerful, no more lucid response to their sighs, to their hungering and thirsting after light and a higher immortality? Did it obtain, during the world's increasing civilization and the extension of the light amongst younger and more free nations, no wiser teacher, no one who was able to convey the torch of light into the mysteries of life and of death? Let us see! Let us for a moment leave the nations of Asia and look amongst those of Europe.

When the sages of the East encountered the intellectual spirits of Hellas on the shores of the Mediterranean, we find new light kindled, and a new vitality spring up in science, political life, and in art; in all the arts, both of war and of peace. It is the genius of Hellas which takes up the torch and places itself at the head of the new civilization of the world. By the light of a sedulously trained intellect it illumines the problems of the new life, and endeavours to answer those great questions.

Under the direction of the Greek lovers of wisdom, the philosophers, learned schools arose on the shores of Egypt, Asia-Minor, Greece, and later, of Italy, and youths eager for knowledge assembled in them to be instructed on the origin of all things, the being of the gods, and the purport of human life. The Asiatic doctrines were not admitted into these schools unless the laws of thought and the natural coherence of things compelled this to be the case, and thus it is that we find more than one Asiatic doctrine revived on the soil of Europe. Thus, for example, that of the migration of the soul, which was adopted by Plato, and received from him a more rational form. But the shore of the

blessed, to which purified souls should finally reach by the waters of Acheron, seems not to be more lucid in the doctrine of the divine Plato than in that of Zoroaster or Buddha; and the Hellenic genius, mighty in chiselling beautiful statues of the gods and beautiful monuments for the dead, was not able to roll away the stone from the door of the sepulchre.

If, with the people of Asia, the supreme gods seemed quite too remote from the human being, with the Greeks, on the contrary, they seem to us almost too near, at least quite too familiar. They dwell amongst men, fight with them, about them, or for them, are in all respects like them—sometimes a little worse than the best—and amongst all those deities with which the Greek imagination peopled the world, there is not one which is good. Socrates—the excellent Socrates—had a presentiment of the highest truths, but not of the Highest God. And Plato's ideal of the Deity remained unpopular and unattainable, like his ideal republic. Human life attained to a higher object in the States of Greece than that of the mere individual completion, because the honour of the State was made to be the object of the individual life. But the Hellenic State itself recognised no higher object than its own honour, acquired no matter how.

We, the successors and disciples of the Greeks, usually behold the people of Hellas merely in the splendour of their heroes, legislators, philosophers, artists, and poets, or in the light of their festivals, temples, and the plastic forms of their divinities. But if we take a closer survey of their history and inner life, we shall be astonished at their barbarity, at their deficiency of the higher humanity. It is true the Greeks did not indulge, like most of the Asiatic races, in the mutilation of their captive enemies, in depriving

them of their eyes, ears, hands, feet, &c.; neither did they find, like these people, pleasure in the prolonged sufferings of their sacrifices, nor in cruel modes of execution; but it was an every-day custom and habit to slay their male prisoners, even of their own kindred nations, and to sell their women and children as slaves. Robbery and murder were their political right. So was slavery. All hard labour, with them, was performed by slaves.* Polygamy did not belong to their domestic manners, but their emancipating tenets were not for the anonymous beings of the Gynaikêion. These were given or taken in marriage, or sold into slavery. The priestess—the mouthpiece of the oracle—was highly esteemed, but not the woman, the half of the human being. We may admire the genius and the art of Greece, but let us not talk of their beautiful humanity. Nor did their morals stand higher.

The Romans, that greatest and most powerful of all civilized nations anterior to the Christian period, inferior to the Greeks in genius, were perhaps superior to them in moral character and in dominant will. Whence their power as rulers. The Romans received from Greece, gods, morals, maxims of life, the sciences and the arts; but ended by giving law to Greece. Rome subjected the greater portion of the civilized world, and diffused everywhere its own political institutions, forums and temples, its aqueducts, baths, theatres, and bloody popular amusements. Rome promoted amongst the people a greater degree of order, greater security, greater prosperity, and means of enjoyment; but she afforded them no higher conception of God than the Greeks had done, nor a higher object for human life,

* The population of Attica, in the time of Pericles, was about one hundred and twenty thousand free men and four hundred thousand slaves.—*Author's note.*

nor, in consequence, a higher humanity. She could not give that which she herself did not possess. The Romans were severe masters to their slaves, as the great Servile War proves. The slaves, likewise, became, at one time, their masters. Superior to the Greeks in practical political art, the Romans yet are below them in profound thought. The greatest of the Roman emperors continued to go to the subjected Athens merely to hear its philosophers and to be initiated in the Eleusinian mysteries, in the highest degree of which it was believed that some knowledge was gained of the mysteries of death. That which the initiated of the highest degree gained a knowledge of, we know not; but it could not have been very edifying, to judge by the effects upon themselves. They continued afterwards just such as they were before. Tiberius, Nero, Caligula, all were initiated into the Eleusinian mysteries. Socrates did not give himself the trouble to be initiated. From this, and from what has been said before, I come to this conclusion—the wise men of Greece and of Rome have done much for the civilization and enlightenment of the world, but still they have diffused no light upon the great and most important questions. Many wise doctrines and words have their schools given to the world, but not *the* Word, which alone could give it new life.

As regards the Supreme Being, as regards the purport of human life, they have not said or taught anything more than the teachers of Asia; and amongst them all I do not see a single heart so great and warm as that of the king's son at the foot of the Himalaya, on the banks of the Ganges. Pure endeavours, heroic actions, beautiful, moral human life, I see amongst the latter great cultivated nations as amongst the former, but not of a higher kind. It seems to me that hu-

manity in this realm merely repeats itself. And the mass of the people, in the later as in the former communities, remained a gross, uncultivated mass, slaves of their passions or of their masters. The Romans sacrificed to every deity, and ended by worshipping their emperors. It was their secret declaration of bankruptcy. They could not, as they at one time believed, and as Virgil prophesied, give themselves and the world the Saviour-ruler, the new Legislator, for whom, like the Greeks, they sought, when the intoxication of success and pleasure did not make them forget everything else in the wealth of the moment and their own imagined immortal greatness. Their temples, their sacrifices, oracles, religious festivals, philosophical schools, and most of all their history, bears evidence of this seeking.

Let us now cast a glance at the part which woman acted in the great nations which we have been contemplating. Woman as yet belonged to the silent of the earth. She had no voice in the history of the community. It is true that we see now and then a clever and courageous, or it may be, artful woman, raise herself up to the position of ruler, and prescribe laws to the people, or, as an Amazon, go forth in war against men; and the people of Greece as well as of Rome employed the natural gifts of woman, exalted feeling and perception, for purposes of the State. They elected priestesses and listened to their oracular announcements as to the Divine Word. The predictions of Sibyls regarding the destruction of the world, and their unanimous declaration, *there is only one God*, resounds still to us from the ruins of the Roman kingdom as a judgment upon its polytheistic people. But woman in and for herself was held in small esteem amongst most of the nations of antiquity, and appears

in their history only as a being who was "given in marriage," or sold into slavery. Imprisoned within the walls of the harem or the Gynaikêion, woman lived there her gloomy caterpillar-life, and stifled her sighs, although at times some terrible word or some fierce action burst forth and testified to the world of the heart which throbbed within, and of its mighty power for good or for evil. The noble wife of Buddha, the beautiful Gopâ, who refused to veil her face before the world, and her equally magnanimous husband, seems to have acquired for the Buddhist women of Eastern Asia the privileges which were denied to all others. The Israelitish women of Palestine are the first who stand forth in history as national heroines, singers, judges and liberators. It was amongst the people of Israel that woman first commences a nobler part on earth. But even there polygamy circumscribed the development. Home takes a higher position on the soil of Rome, and the Roman matron is a noble lady. As daughter, as wife, as mother, or as citizen, more than one beautiful and estimable figure passes over the tragic stage of Greece and Rome, as if to tell us that she could do nothing there, because no God defended her heroism. Therefore she must die. So died Antigone, so many of the best and the greatest. Some put an end to their own existence rather than deviate from virtue or from truth. There are not many, it is true, of these noble beings amongst the nations of antiquity; nevertheless, there are some such. And they also, unconsciously to themselves, did a work of preparation. They prepared the way for the release of their sex, and for their higher significance in the destiny of the human race. But still, darkness then prevailed, and the dominion of outward power.

Amongst the cultivated nations, anterior to Christi-

anity, even during their highest prosperity and splendour, we find an oppressed humanity, unjust laws, a coarse and low morality, slaves, tortures, cruel modes of execution, as everyday usages, a continual state of war, a subjection of the weak to the strong, which no law of justice or humanity restrained. One state swallowed up another, and "*Væ Victis!*" exclaimed the Roman triumvir when he led both princes and people captive in his victorious procession. It would, however, one day be said "Woe to the Conqueror!"

When Rome had brought the powerful realms of Asia, Assyria, Persia, Egypt, and many others, as well as Greece and the early kingdoms of Europe, under obedience to her sceptre—when she stood victorious over slaughtered or subjected nations, she then stood near her fall.

"The whole world was at peace" in the time of the Emperor Augustus, says the historian. Augustus showed the world what wise statesmanship could do, and the aspect which the Roman empire presented under his reign is really splendid. The whole State shines out with temples, palaces, and statues of the gods; the people crowd to theatres and circuses; Rome extends her fortified walls and wise political institutions, her gymnasiums, common baths, and other popular pleasures, even far into the deserts of Asia. Everything has been said which the greatest and wisest men of Asia, Greece, and Rome have thought of, or have discovered for the well-being of humanity, and all has been received and adopted by the Emperor of Rome throughout his immense realm, which embraces the shores of the Mediterranean and extends far beyond into scarcely discovered half-barbarous countries. What can the world have more to wish for, more to hope for, than the continuance of this state of things? They

have merely to obey and to enjoy! How happens it, then, that this so splendid and so well ordered a world is, a few years later, so full of the sighs of death? We see the noblest men of the kingdom flying or falling beneath the bloody sceptre of the Imperial executioner; justice, order, truth, honesty, all virtues of the citizen disappear, although some few noble men stand with courageous front against the approaching ruin, and exhort with voices of reprehension all good citizens to take their stand beside them. But even they themselves are full of mistrust—terrible signs and voices are passing through the world.

"The gods are leaving us! The great Pan is dead!" It is true that sacrifices are still offered by a thoughtless crowd in the temples which are ever becoming more desolate, and the statues of the gods are smeared with fat or blood; but the crowd intoxicates itself daily with wine and savage pleasure. The strong and bitter words of the Roman moralist are heard round a camp of dying drunkards. And the death conflict, with a few bright intervals, extends through centuries.

Yet it is at the moment when this conflict begins, and a whole world's civilization, with all that is great which it has produced, seems about to sink into the abyss—it is at the moment when, in Rome and Greece, the trembling realms hear the cry "The gods desert us!" that a voice raises itself also on the soil of Palestine, on the banks of the Jordan, crying, "Repent ye, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand!" And soon after is heard on the same banks the exulting song of the people, "Hosanna! Blessed is he who cometh in the name of the Lord!" The song will henceforth extend over the whole earth.

If *He* had not come, what would have been the con-

dition of the nations and the kingdoms of the earth? Would they have madly rushed on to a war of extermination, of all against all—the consummation of classical popular life? Or would one portion, as China and India, have continued, snail-like, to live on from one thousand years to another, or rather to die slowly? And those good, those noble spirits, who lived and died for the truth which they knew, for the good which they comprehended, had they and the whole human race lived, laboured, yearned, and suffered for an object which would never be gained, either on earth or in heaven? Were we, thou, I, all who are seeking after the highest and the perfect, condemned never to get beyond our longing, our imperfection; to hunger and thirst for ever after righteousness without ever being satisfied, to seek for ever without finding; to knock again and again without the door being opened by which we could come to God? For how could death give that which life could not give? Death! Had not its shadow grown day by day ever larger and more mighty upon the children of men? If *He* had not come——but I cannot go on; everything becomes dark; the heart feels as if it must die!

But He came! When the earth was ready, when the time was accomplished, then He came to earth to give it new life. For that which He gave was not merely a new light and a new revelation, but, more than all, a new love, a new life-relationship to the Supreme Being, to God. He came, drawn by human longings, by the labour of the honest, by the suffering of the good, by the need of all; but, beyond everything else, drawn by His own divine love, in order one day to be able from Heaven "to draw all men to Himself."*

* John xii. 32.

As the sun comes after the morning watches, which He has sent as His heralds—so came He.

As the life of the noble branch is grafted into the wild tree, and changes its sap and its fruit, such was His work.

We who live in the midst of the new order of things which it brought about, surrounded by the blessings which proceed thence to all regions of life, we see them frequently as merely through untransparent glass; partly because many things as yet obscure their power on earth, partly because we do not see them in relation to that which has preceded them. If we more attentively reflected upon the condition of the human race, if we traced down its questionings and its seeking from the very commencement, and those attempts at responses and guidance which have been rendered by the great popular teachers on earth, we should more clearly comprehend in what way the last Asiatic great religious Teacher is the more perfect, is *the Saviour*, the One in whom all nations and all peoples of the earth shall be blessed, who, according to the words of the prophet, "shall remove the shroud in which all nations are wrapped."

Everything which was best, which had been discovered and taught by the wise men of antiquity, was adopted and established by Him, but in a higher form. The supreme object of the human being on earth is no longer merely certain private virtues, love of truth, reverence of parents, or the acquisition of insight and knowledge; neither is his highest life here, and hereafter, a lifeless *Nirvaná*, still less a life the highest object of which is the honour of the individual, or the local state. The object of man is now the development of all virtue, of all power; for the kingdom of God—a kingdom of righteousness, peace, joy,

and beauty—which begins on earth, and, embracing all nations and races, will obtain its consummation in heaven. Active human love is its impulsive power. But that love derives its strength from love to God, and from life in Him.

For the God which humanity sought and worshipped under many forms is not manifold, neither is He distant from man, like the heaven of Lao-Tseu, or the god of the philosophers; He is an all-good Father, near to every one who seeks for Him, and has from the beginning prepared the means for the perfection of the human race. But every one becomes perfected who enters into the new life's relationship to Him, through Christ Jesus whom He hath sent. And he then becomes, through His power, a Saviour to his brethren here or hereafter, because to His kingdom there is no end. And thus we see the two apparently contradictory propositions become accordant—in every nation, "he that feareth God and worketh righteousness is accepted with Him." As well as this:—"I am the way, the truth, and the life; no man comes to the Father but through Me."* On no one standpoint of life is the human being altogether excluded from the light of God, and upon every such standpoint he may obtain relatively of the Divine good; not, however, until the life of God becomes the portion of man, is the supreme heaven revealed to earth, and man fully united with God. The union begins on earth, accomplished through death, to those who have lived in the love of Christ. These enter through the dark portal into the eternal and the perfect life. Humanity has, through the Son of God, portion of the life of the eternal. "For God was in Christ reconciling the world to Himself."

* John xiv. 6.

These are some of the facts of the Gospel which have awakened a new life in the old ruins of the world's civilization, and from its many various nations created a new people, who, under one name, one Lord, and with one object in view, will extend themselves over the whole earth.

Asia, which was its cradle, which bore its earliest bloody roses, and saw its first communities, did not yet become the soil, which in the first place could bear its richest fruit. It has been given to the countries of the West, which have hitherto developed most abundantly the germs of life which they have received from the East. Now, however, the time seems come when they may be able to repay the old debt to the mother-country.

Amongst those religions which at the present time exercise the greatest power over the people of Asia, we see three ruling like old decrepid lords, and one intruding as a young noble hero; firstly, Brahminism, which, with its aristocratic theology and its many idols, has a strong hold upon sixty millions of souls, without giving them freedom, in Hindostan Proper; secondly, Buddhism, the ennobled, enlightened Buddhism, which prevails amongst from three to four hundred millions of people in Eastern Asia, rendering their hearts gentle, ennobling their thoughts, but without the power of liberating their community, because Nirvanâ, the ecstatic sleep in which the mind exercises no power, is the object of its disciples, and whilst they sleep their kingdoms fall to pieces, or become the prey of powerful neighbours; thirdly, Mohammedanism, which prevails over the greater portion of the western countries of Asia. Itself a branch of the Jewish monotheism decked out with some additions taken from Christianity, it merely exists through their truth,

which, nevertheless, it has for the greater part changed. Arising six hundred years after Christianity, and during its decline in Asia, the doctrine of Mohammed introduced no new life-germ, yet assisted in eradicating the old idol worship, which again, like weeds, had grown up even around the Christian doctrines, and might have choked them. This eradication became its merit; but it has also, in its fanatical zeal—for Mohammed and his disciples preached with the sword in their hand—trampled down many a root of vital Christianity, which, concealed in the mountain deserts or vast steppe-lands of Asia, do not venture forth to the light, but silently wait for the day of deliverance.* It must come for them and for millions of souls, who, although attached to a higher system of religion, are compelled to bow under the Mohammedan yoke; for with every day that religion spreads on the shores of Asia, which has already taken possession of the greater part of its northern portion, and small communities arise in the name of the Great Master, who was dead and has risen again, as well in the countries of Zoroaster and Mohammed, as of Brahma, Buddha, and Confucius. And where they arise idolatry and fatalism are overturned; the Gospel is preached to the poor as well as to the rich; an end is put to the distinctions of caste, there can be no longer any pariahs; morals become purified; woman takes her original place in life as the

* Modern travellers in Asia have discovered in the mountainous region between Turkey and Persia a people consisting of about thirty thousand souls, who, confessing the Mohammedan faith outwardly, yet celebrate their Christian worship during the night in underground crypt-churches. The fear of the Mussulman and their distance from European protection have compelled this little race of *Croulis* to resort to this wretched hypocrisy.—*Author's note.*

half of the man, as the servant of the Lord; children are instructed and nurtured, Christian schools are already being established on the steppes of the Himalayas; kindness is shown to the poor and to the sick; peace and freedom ennoble human life, and heaven opens above the bed of death. The transfigured world, of which God Himself is the light and life, and where all the redeemed, both great and small, of all nations, and kindreds, and tongues, and peoples, in infinite life-enjoyment, sing praises to the Lord of life—nay, where the sighs of all creatures are changed into rejoicing, where they and the regenerated, transfigured nature, unite with man in praising the all-good Creator. Also the nations of them that are saved, and the kings of the earth shall bring their glory and honour into the holy city, the light of which is God.*

This is Asia's last vision of the consummation of all things given to its chosen prophetic people, its latest prophetic flower expanded in the light of Christian revelation.

Even though, as yet, the tenets of the Gospel may count but few disciples in Asia, in comparison with those preparatory systems of religion which we have mentioned above, yet still it is evident that it is the Gospel to which the future belongs. Its interior fulfilment, the answer which it gives to the questionings of the human race, its analogy with their highest needs, bears the promise of being so; man is fore-ordained for perfection ("God created man in his own image"). But even outward signs denote this.

Two powerful Christian kingdoms enlarge ever more and more their political sway in Asia. That of Russia in the North, which has just extended its boundaries to

* Revelation of St. John, xvi. 24-26.

the frontiers of China, as far as the banks of the Amur River;* that of England in the South, powerful in the art of government, in her genius for commerce, and her missionary zeal, who already rules over the great peninsula of India, and now, in concert with the warlike and brave France, have made their way into the hitherto impenetrable depth of the Celestial Empire.† And they will not pause here. May they, above everything else, not pause with the merely outward conquest! They, and all the nations of the West, have nobler achievements to accomplish in the old mother-country.

They derived thence the first light and the last Gospel.

It ought to gladden every friend of humanity to see how, in the great national movements of our time, with those newly-opened modes of transit and communication, those duplicated powers, annihilating time and space, and with ever-increasing life and intercourse between nation and nation, the means are multiplied by which Europe and America can convey to Asia those treasures which they themselves have obtained from religion, from social doctrines, free institutions, laws, and customs, from higher light and life, as

* And why not wish for the progress of the people who, under the command of Alexander *the Liberator*, would be as a Providence to the despotic States of Asia.—*Author's note, added* 1861.

† They have just now forced their way into the heart of the kingdom, and in Pekin itself prescribe law to the Celestial Empire. There is assuredly "something new under the sun," and not alone for the Chinese. It is to be wished that the nation of Lao-Tseu and Confu-Tseu might henceforth become better acquainted with the great Powers of Europe, not merely as great warlike powers, but also as powers conferring peace and freedom —as Christian!—*Author's note, added* 1861.

well for the community as for the individual. These they might give to her, saying, "Behold, mother, these have we brought to thee of the dowry which thou gavest!" Ah, no less than this is required to raise the sunken condition of Asia.

The old mother may, however, receive the children's gifts with undiminished dignity. She has yet treasures for them in reserve; she can still, out of her rich store, give many a pearl of life, many a precious stone, and the children may again learn in her school many different lessons—of higher wisdom, it may be—than they have any idea of. It has seemed to me, even from the few glimpses of light which have lately come to me from the hearth of the primeval mother, that we may yet derive many teachings from her which would, even in the emancipating, orderly light of the Christian revelation, enrich our life's wisdom, and extend our sphere of vision as well with regard to the beginning as the end of things.

Mother-land, land of the East, land of light and of roses, I shall ever be grateful that I have been able to tread thy Holy Land, the land from which the Gospel came forth to be preached to the whole world. For here it has become clear to me that the world only can comprehend it fully when all nations whom thou hast fostered are brought into nearer connexion with thee!

NINTH STATION.

Easter-week in Jerusalem—Preparation amongst the Jews, amongst the Christians—Scene on the Evening of Good Friday —Saturday Feast in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre—Bedlamite Pranks—The Outbursting of the Holy Fire—Theatrical Scene of Hell—The Procession—The Turkish Pacha and the Christian Pilgrims—Behaviour of the Pilgrims—Easter Solemnity of the Evangelical Community—My own—Evening in Gethsemane—Il Diavolo—Golgotha—Some Thoughts.

"THE quiet week," as the Passion Week is called with us, is in Jerusalem a week of disquiet, of bustle and confusion. With each succeeding day arrives some new procession of pious pilgrims and inquisitive travellers. The people throng the streets in all colours and costumes, with their camels, horses, and asses. Convents and hotels are full to overflowing. Every day has its festivals and processions to the Church of the Sepulchre, but the crushing and the rudeness of the people render it actually dangerous to life to venture thither without the protection of the kavasses. At the same time the streets and courts on the way to the church are occupied with Turkish soldiers, whose business is to keep the Christians under control, and they do it sometimes in the rudest manner, with blows, and pushing them

out of the way by force. Nevertheless it must be confessed that the Christian pilgrims are themselves rude and brutish, and cannot be managed by any other means. It is not without cause that the Jews and Mohammedans regard them with a certain contempt. The Jews have lately concluded the celebration of their Purim, in memory of the deliverance of their nation by Queen Esther, and they now are preparing themselves for their Passover at the same time with the Easter of the Christians. Every Jewish family consumes on this occasion a paschal lamb, which they eat standing, clothed in the manner and with the ceremonial prescribed by the Mosaic law; but this is done in profound quietness within the family. The Mussulmans celebrate also the Easter week, which falls this year at the same time with their feast of Bairam. A garland of lamps is lighted every evening on their minarets, which produces a very beautiful effect from the Mosque of Omar, and they, too, eat a lamb, according to ancient usage, in dark conformity with the Hebrew tradition. But this also takes place in quietness, and the orthodox Christians, as they of the Greek Church designate themselves, constitute the peculiarly fanatical and dangerous population of Jerusalem at this season. Nevertheless, the Christian Church has here also its better representatives. The small Evangelical community celebrate on Mount Zion a divine worship, in spirit and in truth, which is both an enjoyment and an edification to witness.

Bishop Gobat preached on Good Friday, and his simple, but deeply penetrative historical representation of the behaviour of Christ during the scenes of His passion, made this view of it one of the best studies I had yet heard on this subject, which is so rich, and has been elaborated in so many ways. In the evening

a great portion of the congregation assembled in the rooms belonging to the church. Mr. Crawford addressed them in a beautiful and heartfelt manner; the melody of the singing, the beauty of the evening, the quiet devotion of the congregation, the memories of the time, inspired a solemn and peaceful tone of mind, when suddenly it was all disturbed by a noise and confusion, heard in the direction of the Church of the Sepulchre, as of a popular tumult. Such was the case, and very soon the news was spread of the disgraceful scenes which were there going forward.

The Roman Catholic Christians enact this evening a scene in the Church of the Sepulchre which represents the taking down of Christ from the cross. When this is accomplished, it is succeeded by a great procession of all the assembled Christian professors. On which occasion quarrels and blows generally ensue amongst them. This was the case now. The Armenian and Greek Christians fell into contention as to their respective place and rank in the procession, and a bloody quarrel ensued, which was not terminated before several men were severely wounded and some of the disturbers of the peace carried off to prison. It was said that two men were killed, and four or five mortally wounded. Nor was it till late in the evening that the screams and wild tumult of the place were silenced. At ten o'clock the gates were in possession of the Turkish watch, and order was re-established. Scenes of a still more violent character are said to have occurred two years since. The then Pacha himself went to the scene of action and addressed the Christians, exhorting them to peace. "My friends, my friends," he said, "I esteem your devotion, I also have a profound reverence for the object of it; but I think, my friends, that you might show to Him who indeed

taught us to love one another, a better mode of worship than that of tearing one another to pieces in this way!" &c., &c. It is said that the admonitions of the excellent Mussulman operated considerably upon the fanatical Christians, who seemed to regard proximity to the body of Christ as the only thing necessary.

On Saturday forenoon, the so-called Holy Fire was to burst forth from the tomb of the Saviour. It formerly made its appearance later in the day; but the authorities have now found it more advisable to let it take place earlier, probably to avoid the danger of the throng, and the fire, at a later hour in the evening.

Mr. Finn, the British Consul, had been kind enough to invite me, in company with some Scotch and English gentlemen, and under the protection of his kavasses, to be present in the church on this occasion. At about ten o'clock we went thither, the kavasses clearing the way for us through the swarming crowd, both by voice and force of hand. The Turkish guard still kept possession of the Church of the Sepulchre, and prevented the throng from forcing its way in. We had thus breathing room, and time given us to enter by a side-building and take our places in a small gallery, wholly apart from the large galleries which surround the church, and which afforded us a perfectly good view of the whole interior, as well as of the little round opening in the wall of the Chapel of the Sepulchre, through which the Holy Fire first shows itself. Below this opening stands, within the chapel, the marble sarcophagus which is said to have held the body of the Saviour. The fire, according to tradition, proceeds from the eternal spark of life, which, after the death of Christ on the cross, flamed up in the Sepulchre, consumed or transformed the material body, and produced the transfigured body in which the Saviour rose again from the dead. In what

manner this phenomenon became an annual occurrence, although the Sepulchre has been empty for centuries —soon for two thousand years—tradition gives no account, nor yet do the believers in it.

"It is a miracle," and that is enough. "It attracts thousands of pilgrims and inquisitive strangers yearly to Jerusalem," say the authorities, and that is enough. "Enough; because it fills the coffers of the convent, and our own purses!" they might add, aside. The wise and the knowing ones understand perfectly well all about the pretended miracle, and the purpose which it serves. But for all that, they are not the less curious to witness the scene, if they have not witnessed it before. I myself was one of these curious strangers.

The church became filled by degrees with all kinds of people, with a great deal of noise and struggle for places. Young men and boys swarmed up pillars and balustrades, and supported themselves aloft by anything they could get hold of; whilst others caught them by the legs and tried to pull them down, they in the meantime defending themselves with their feet and hands, as well as they were able. The church resembled a mass of heads in turbans and Greek caps. I observed also a number of women, most of whom wore the Bethlehemite costume. Some had little children with them. Hour after hour went on. In the meantime a wild troop of tatterdemalion young men and boys crushed through the crowd, leaping and clapping their hands with wild cries, in which could be distinguished the words—which a kind Scotch missionary from Damascus interpreted to me—"This is the Lord's Sepulchre! We worship at the Sepulchre of the Lord. The fire of the Lord will soon come! We have great joy; the Jews have sorrow! May the Lord soon establish His kingdom!—Long life to the Sultan!"

The Turkish soldiers drive back these leaping and screaming fanatics with whips; but they soon return again, and finally they are allowed to remain, stamping and shrieking and clapping their hands. Some leap on the shoulders of others in order the better to see and hear. I observe that every person within the church holds in his hand a bundle of small candles or a torch.

And now the church is packed full, and the crowd begins to be a little quieter. People find seats for themselves wherever they can, on the floor and in the galleries; they cling fast by ropes round the pillars of the church; they cluster together on the steps and balustrades; even against our gallery, which we had supposed free from all annoyance, is now placed a ladder, and first one and then another two-legged being leaps up over the railing, till we also sit packed like so many herrings. And now people again wait and wait, for long hours, whilst the tumult of the crowd rises and falls like the waves of the sea. On the first tumultuous entrance of the people into the church I could not prevent a feeling of terror. The crowd looked so wild and powerful. It was amazing to me to see them by degrees become so quiet, to see in what perfect repose mothers nursed their infants. This long waiting, however, began to be irksome and fatiguing in the throng and the heat. It was now near two o'clock, and there was yet no sign of fire from the Sepulchre. All eyes were fixed upon the chapel. Two bishops were within the chapel, the Greek archbishop—the Bishop of Petra, as he is still called, although Petra is now a desolate ruin—as well as a prelate of the Armenian Church.

Processions of priests, with elevated banners, now begin, amid shrill singing, to move round the chapel; but their singing is overpowered by the shrieking and

clapping multitude, who become ever more and more excited in the expectation of the approaching outburst of the fire. And now it shows itself! There is a light within the Sepulchre; the flames may be seen through the round window, and the door of the chapel is opened. An old man with a long snow-white beard, comes forth. Flames of fire flicker around his hands and naked arms. In this state he rushes through the church, and after him, like a swarm of flies, half-crazy men and boys, who endeavour to light their torches at the fire which he seems to have brought out of the Sepulchre of Christ. He is soon lost to sight, but with incredible haste thousands of torches are lighted, partly at each other's flame, partly at that which still continues to blaze out of the chapel window. Before long it blazes over the whole church, up towards the galleries, and now a spectacle is presented more like a scene in the infernal regions than anything which I have seen in any theatre. Thousands of torches are swung around in wild exultation. They let the flames play around the faces, heads, and breasts both of themselves and others; they let them scorch their arms, hair, and clothes, amidst shrieks and gestures which resemble those of maniacs, and the whole church is full of cries, smoke, and flames.

Here and there, in the more remote parts of the church, quieter scenes are going forward. Below our gallery is one of these retired nooks. Here we see women busily employed in carefully smearing over a large piece of white linen with wax melted by the fire —probably for the purpose of a shroud, which will, as they believe, assist the poor earthly frame to assume "a spiritual body." There also we see some people who, with a certain wary curiosity, are trying experiments with the holy fire as to whether it really burns like other fire, and when they have convinced them-

selves beyond a doubt on their own skin, laughingly endeavouring to tempt others to do the same.

In about half-an-hour the wild enchantment has abated; the flames are extinguished; the crowd disperses very quietly, or attaches itself to the great procession, which with banners and standards—every various Christian profession having its own—goes round the Chapel of the Sepulchre singing. Thus you see Syrian, Armenian, Abyssinian, and the orthodox Greek Church, with many other kinds of Christians, headed by their prelates in full canonicals and in their various national costumes, go round and round within the great rotunda. The Russian Christians alone do not take part in the procession, nor yet in the extravagances of the fire, which their bishop in Jerusalem is believed to disapprove of. The same with the Roman Catholics here. The deception with the fire is at the same time so gross, and its trickery known to so many, that one cannot help being surprised that the Christian prelates under the Turkish dominion dare to continue it, and that still continuing it, they are able to delude so many people. But the Christians under this dominion live in darkness and ignorance.

A quarrel which some years ago existed between the Syrian Bishop, who had the monopoly of the Holy Fire, and the Bishop of Petra, may probably have led to the discovery of the origin of this fire, namely, by means of a certain phosphoric preparation with which the hands and arms are rubbed, and which, when these are brought together, causes the fire to flame up. But why the hands and arms are not burned in so doing may probably be the secret of some other preparation. Certain, however, it is, that the Reverend Archbishop of Petra with his burning hands seemed to me to rush away like some one who was afraid of his skin.

After having watched the procession for some time and seen the last light extinguished, we passed out of the church in the most perfect quietness; I, satisfied with having beheld this exhibition for once, and never desiring to see it more. Its very existence casts a sorrowful light over the condition of the Greek Church in the East. The theatrical Easter festivities which I had witnessed the preceding year in Rome, had nevertheless their beauty, their propriety, and their symbolic meaning; some of them, as the illumination of St. Peter's, on Easter Eve, had a picturesque beauty which I shall never forget. But here in Jerusalem, on the very ground which holds the Sepulchre of the Saviour, the spectacle in honour of His memory is a gross rude Bedlamite scene, devoid of any high purpose, and one cannot say too much in deprecation of it, and of the priesthood which maintains and encourages it for the base purposes of gain, for that in reality is its object. It is asserted, it is true, that those pilgrims which are annually attracted to Jerusalem in consequence of it, would, if they were not so attracted, sink altogether into a state of brutality and lose what little Christianity they have, when left in their towns and provinces amongst the Mohammedans. The dip into the Jordan, the Easter-fire from the Holy Sepulchre, are consequently, thus reason the Patriarchs, permissible inducements by which the Christian life in the East may be maintained. But what kind of Christian life is maintained by such means, is shown by many of the customs which are prevalent amongst the pilgrims in Jerusalem. One general practice is for the pilgrims to enter their names in the books of the most ancient churches in Jerusalem, and at the same time the names also of those of their relations and friends who do not themselves come thither. A certain sum of

is paid for each separate name, and this soon amounts to a gold-mejideh (about one hundred piastres). Nevertheless, they then cherish the hope of having these beloved names inscribed in the book of life, in the heavenly Jerusalem. Everything else is paid for in the same way, confession, absolution, the holy sacrament, and so on. The quarters which the convents and churches provide for the pilgrims are very expensive, as is also the food which is furnished to them. I have heard it asserted that many pilgrims come hither with twenty or thirty thousand francs in their pocket, who, after Easter, return home empty-handed, and with nothing to show for their money but the consciousness that their names are inscribed in the church-books of Jerusalem, that they have bathed in the Jordan, received the baptism of fire at Easter, and are in possession of a few rosaries and such like. A great number of pilgrims come hither also on account of trade, and sell, or purchase to sell again, a quantity of bracelets, rosaries, crosses and other works of art, amongst which many are very beautiful and even costly. And such pilgrims have consequently their worldly profit from the journey hither.

It might be easy at the same time, with only a little thought and care of the clergy and the more educated classes, to insure to the pious pilgrims a profit of a better kind. How easily might the Holy Scriptures be here diffused amongst them, translated, of course, into the various languages of the people. It is indeed true that only a very few of the great multitude of pilgrims are able to read; but even in other ways some [illegible]le knowledge and truth might be communicated to [illegible]. A young merchant resident here, Mr. Löwen[illegible]member of the Evangelical Church, supplied him[illegible] Germany with a small collection of very beau-

tiful coloured engravings of subjects taken from the historical books of the Holy Scriptures, each with its letter-press description, which was, of course, in German. These pictures were purchased with the greatest avidity by the pilgrims. Such pictures, with their appropriate texts in Arabic, Russian, and the various other languages which are spoken by the pilgrims, might become a good introduction for them to a better knowledge of the spiritual meaning of the sacred history.

The clergy of the orthodox church seem so entirely to have forgotten this meaning, to have so completely fallen into the old pagan error of taking the symbol for that which it symbolizes, that we can look for very little enlightenment for the Eastern Christians from their directors. The Armenian Church is said to have more life than the other Churches of the East, in consequence of the active reformatory spirit of a certain Basilides, who lived towards the close of the last century, and wrote very severely against the abuses and despotic rule of the higher clergy. It is also within the Armenian Church that the Evangelical missionaries gain the greatest number of adherents. This Church is the richest in Jerusalem, and has the most beautiful structures. The convent has its magnificent and cheerful apartments. The Armenian Patriarch looks as if he had lived above a century, and so doing, had become a spiritual petrifaction, like the orthodox church itself. The rigid cold glance, the marble-like countenance, have no knowledge, it is evident, of the inner vitalizing life. Thus rigid, thus hard and dried-up, might the Inquisitor-General Father Torquemada have looked. Perhaps I am doing the poor Armenian bishop horrible injustice; but certain it is his appearance made me secretly rejoice that the power of Torquemada lay no longer in the hand of any earthly prelate.

My own observances have been principally of an inner character. I have spent this week altogether alone and in quietness, in the endeavour more fully to comprehend the significance of that spiritual fact the memory of which the Church is now celebrating. Nor has this endeavour been without its result. Certain doctrines, of the significance of which I have hitherto had rather a presentiment than an intuition, have become more lucid, because I have come to a better understanding of some important points, whence a considerable amount of light has emanated.

This has made me happy. A more beautiful, and, as far as my own soul is concerned, a richer solemnity have I never enjoyed. I attended the public divine service at the Evangelical Church, which is nowhere celebrated in a more worthy or beautiful manner than at this time on Mount Zion; but for the rest, I have had communication with no one, with the exception of a single evening, and of that evening I will now say a few words.

It was last Thursday, the day before Good Friday. I wished to spend the afternoon in Gethsemane; and after having knocked for a long time, the garden-gate was opened to me by Father Antonio, who did not seem to be in the best of tempers. Almost at the same time arrived the young physician of the mission, Dr. Atkinson, a man of refined, earnest, and more than usually attractive character, with his young wife. We seated ourselves in a little alcove covered with passion-flowers, and Dr. Atkinson read from the New Testament, which he had brought with him, the account of our Lord's spiritual conflict in Gethsemane. After some observations on the outer features of the time and place, I said that I could not myself conceive that the inward anguish of which the narrative speaks was occa-

sioned merely by the anticipation or the knowledge which Jesus had of the approaching cruel treatment which He must receive, but by the infinitely greater suffering through which He had to pass, and which already must have commenced—the darkening of his consciousness of God; because this is the extremest suffering on earth to feel ourselves abandoned of God, to doubt of God's love and the truth of our own faith. But accumulating earthly suffering and the shadows of death have not unfrequently this power upon the noblest and the most refined natures. It is precisely their profound sensibility which reveals to them the deepest hell of life. How many voices through the ages of history have not been raised to testify of this! The most virtuous republican of Rome, he who sacrificed to his ideal his sons, his benefactor, was heard to exclaim in his last moments, "Virtue, thou art only a name!" The cry, "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?" is heard not only in David's psalm of lamentation, but also amongst all nations, from the purest and most aspiring souls. If Christ Jesus had not experienced this extremity of anguish, He would have experienced something less than the noblest of human beings. He could not experience less when He became incarnated into the innermost depth of the being and condition of humanity. He must bear the extreme consequences of the condition of sin and obscuration, if He must abrogate them by His life and light. It is this twofold consciousness which I seem myself to see expressed in the conflict of the Saviour in Gethsemane —the conflict between the sense of the approaching supremacy of the hour of darkness and that of the purpose of His suffering, of the final conquest under the inspiration and guidance of the Father. If we could but at a distance, like the Lord's disciples, comprehend

the depth of this remarkable conflict between the human and the Divine natures in the Man who united both, then we might also, through our own life's experience, comprehend something of its character.

"It is remarkable, Miss Bremer," said the young physician, in reply to my observations—which, however, did not extend to the length I have here given them—"that these thoughts should have been suggested to you. I had just now expressed very much the same to my wife. The suffering of our Saviour can assuredly be only properly understood from this point of view; and herein lies a part of its great significance for all the highest suffering in the world."

We were interrupted in a conversation which was interesting to me by a tragi-comic and not very edifying scene.

Various persons, since our entrance into the garden, had knocked at the gate, and, after some waiting, had been admitted by Father Antonio, who was busied with his plants, and who seemed to become more and more hard of hearing with every new comer. And now came one who knocked violently, nay, without any moderation, as if he would knock the door down. The noise disturbed all the quiet visitors in the garden; and Father Antonio could no longer turn a deaf ear to it. He slowly, therefore, walked to the door, and opened it. A young gentleman, but who did not look like an Englishman, marched in, exclaiming, with an expression of impatience—

"Diavolo!"

This put Father Antonio quite beside himself. "Siete voi il Diavolo!" cried he, seizing some garden-tools and seats which stood by the wall, and falling upon the astonished Diavolo, who in the meantime defended himself with his cane. It became a regular fight. Dr.

Atkinson and I both rushed to the spot; whilst with prayers and representations I endeavoured to moderate the Father's anger, Dr. Atkinson put an end to the combat, and assisted the stranger in making his escape. This, however, he soon did, and reached with a few bounds the further end of the garden, where, under the protection of other foreigners, he brought his disarranged attire again into order.

With the look of a furious dog the Father returned to his bushes and flower-beds. But fresh visitors still continued to come, and there was no rest to be looked for this evening in Gethsemane.

Dr. Atkinson proposed to me to go to the place which he and various others of the Evangelical and thinking people here consider to be the real historical Golgotha. I had already heard Mr. Wallentin speak of it, and had long wished to know the place. We now went thither in the quiet, beautiful evening. It is situated outside St. Stephen's gate, on the left of the road down Mount Moriah. It consists of a lofty tolerably spacious terrace, on the hillside towards the Brook Kedron, and it is scarcely possible to conceive a spot which in every respect, both historically and symbolically, more perfectly represents the old Golgotha. You see in the background, above Mount Moriah, the eastern wall of Jerusalem. The high road runs below it, the same road which formerly went to Anathoth, and along which the people were probably passing who, according to the Gospel narrative, "wagged their heads" at the crucified as they passed by. The situation of the place has about it something at the same time solitary, separate, and yet public. It is divided from Jerusalem by rocky heights, but is open to the high road and the Mount of Olives; and there is an affecting symbolism in this. It is just

opposite to the beautiful hill where Jesus had so often wandered with his disciples, the olive-crowned hill, now clothed in the splendour of spring, where the cross was reared upon which He must die, He Himself, in the strength and flower of His life. The beauty of Jordan, and the pleasantest memories of His life—Bethany and its little home-circle—glance towards Him whilst He is reviled, whilst He suffers and dies. All these lesser incidents also belong to the bitterness of His cup. He drinks it to the very dregs.*

The solitude and, as it were, the forlornness of the place, struck me in a remarkable manner. The turf itself is of good quality, and might be admirably brought into cultivation; but it remains untilled. The fine turf with its flowers is left untrodden by the foot of man or of cattle. Half-broken-down walls, probably the remains of a chapel, are the only evidence of the work of man there, besides some sepulchral chambers in the surrounding rocks. We seated ourselves at the

* In order that no one might be able to say that their sufferings had been more severe than those of Christ—in order that the most unjustly treated, the most ill-used of human beings might henceforth, like the unfortunate Calas, at the moment when he went forth to suffer his horrible execution (he was broken on the wheel) for an action of which he was guiltless—might be able to say:—

"I die innocent; but wherefore should I deplore my fate? Christ Jesus, who was innocence itself, did not hesitate to die for me a still more cruel death. I cannot again wish for life, the close of which will, I hope, lead me to eternal bliss."

"Thus die our martyrs," said the two Dominican monks, who stood near him to the end of his prolonged martyrdom.

It was, as we know, Voltaire, who, by his bold and persevering efforts for the Calas family, fully established the innocence of this man of the death of the eldest son—the crime for which Calas, the father, a Protestant, was accused by the fanatic Catholics.—*Author's note.*

foot of an old tree which extended its shadowy branches over a portion of the place. I cannot describe the feelings which were called forth by sitting there whilst the sun went down and the shadows deepened, and the evening wind murmured softly in the branches of the trees, and the Mount of Olives and the sky above assumed a still deeper and lovelier colouring as the sun sank!

I have often formerly—in my ignorance—lamented that the life of our Lord was not of longer continuance on earth, because the human being can only by this means give proof of one of the most arduous virtues in this world—perseverance in love, patience with human beings. But I have since then understood the importance to the world of the life of Christ not consisting in length or breadth, but in depth and height. The full manifestation of the being and will of God in the life and death of Christ were their essentials. And as, in order for intelligible observation, it was needful that the theatre of the world upon which He was to perform His part should be, comparatively speaking, small and easy of survey; so also, in order that it might be more clearly comprehended, it was needful that His life should be, as regarded time and space, a short and clearly compacted drama. During a larger extent of time and space its history and significance had certainly been lost to the world. Now it occupies some few pages, and upon these are traced affecting scenes, comprehensible by all men, and the purport of which in the same manner concerns—all.

People usually attach themselves with exclusive predilection to some one or other particular passage or fact of the Sacred history, and the Christian sects found their churches upon such isolated bases. To me, however, there appear two main features, which are

universal and all important. That, namely, of the Lord's relationship to God from the beginning to the end of His appearance on earth, and His relationship to man, both of which were completed in His death. All other separate features derive their significance or explanation through their affinity to these main points.

The life of Christ Jesus, as the Teacher and Physician of mankind, is, I believe, understood unanimously by every thinking Christian, in part as an example to all of them who seek for the way, in part as a revelation of God's will and disposition towards man. Because Christ's continual reference to the Father, as He who speaks through Him, and "works His works," makes it impossible to understand it otherwise, if we, on the whole, believe in the truths of the Gospel narrative.

Again, I have heard the death of Christ very variously comprehended. All have regarded it as a blessing for human life, when His death is taken in connexion with His foregoing life, His last conversation and succeeding resurrection. One view, however, of this I have found to be at once the most prevailing and the least clearly understood. The causes of both may lie in the very depth of the question itself. The deepest truths are received by the human soul; but the deeper they lie the longer they are in coming to the light. We have in all ages seen the Christian Church lay a stress on the death of Christ, as, comparatively speaking, the act of Redemption in His life. I have hitherto regarded this as an exaggeration of pious feeling. But my mind has at the present time approximated more nearly to that view, and though I cannot say that I fully understand it, yet I feel, nevertheless, that it is amongst those truths which must grow within me.

"If the human being for once abandons the way of God, which is the way of life, one thing only remains to him, and that is—to die!" I have read these words somewhere. And "by sin is death come into the world," say the Scriptures, says also the human consciousness. Death shows itself to us as a darkness and a cessation of life and consciousness. To this succeeds the dissolution of the body, and—that is all that we see. The belief of the soul's immortality, however, exists deeply in the heart of the human race, and dark traditions permeate all nations, and all ages before Christ, of the continued life of the dead, but—as if in a realm of shadows. May not a true view of the subject lie at the bottom of this? Could the human beings who passed out of life into death, with a darkened consciousness of both life and death, awaken after it into a more lucid condition? May not death, even in Hades, extend its shadows over them? Can their soul's highest condition there be more than a Buddhistic Nirvanâ?

But, if the higher life *after* death be conditional on a higher consciousness *in* life and *in* death, then he only who enters into death with such a consciousness bursts forth from its power, and annuls its imprisoning effects.

I find in the writings of the Apostles, and throughout the whole of the more deeply thinking Christian Church, the belief that Jesus Christ passed through the earthly death with this higher consciousness, this fully awakened life, and by so doing abrogated its power for himself and for the race, the guilt of whose sins He bore. The confirmation of this to his disciples is His visible resurrection. If He had not so died He would not so have risen again. The fact of the resurrection, and the victory which it made manifest over the laws of earthly, temporal nature, is based upon a law in the

order of spiritual nature. The view which the Apostles took, and the joyous tenor of their preaching was, that through the death and resurrection of Christ, not only has light come forth into the world respecting the life after death, but that this life has attained to a higher stadium—has become *perfect* life through Him, who, with the power of life eternal, combated with and overcame death for Himself and for His own. Christ is not merely the Saviour of the living but of the dead also.

Nearly connected with this is the question respecting the power by which such a salvation is accomplished; the question of the being and nature of Christ.

I have found that on this question the Christian world divides itself into two main bodies; the one sees in Christ merely a noble human being endowed with unusual natural gifts. The other sees in Him a Divine Person of a nature superior to man, and in such near union with the Supreme Existence, that He is *one* with the being and will of God, *one* with God.

Our Saviour has Himself used both the terms, "the Son of man," and "the Son of God," with reference to Himself. He has allowed us to approach Him in both these capacities, and He has in both called us His disciples. And that which makes us such He has Himself told us, is not such or such an understanding of His personality, but only love to Him, and obedience to His commandments. This is the great essential. I have known many of the best and the truest Christians amongst those who comprehended Christ merely as "the Son of man," but who followed Him faithfully in His work of liberation for the earth. I might even compare them in love to God and His kingdom. But their view of Christ does not suffice for me—does not aid me sufficiently in the explanation of the disposition, conscious-

ness, life, and death of Christ, and the results of His history, for the world. Neither does it afford me that which I need most of all, for the answering of *those great questions*, and for the obtaining of those views by which alone my soul can find rest. This supreme peace, after all, nothing can give, except the knowledge of the being and the will of God. If I know the Creator, I can also know the purport of His creation. "Show us the Father and it sufficeth us," said the disciple to Jesus, in the name of all who seek for light and truth. And still more; I, thou, all men, need to *love God.* No other love is sufficient for us; none other fills the heart and gives it power, through sin and darkness, through the trials of life and death, still to come to God. But could we at the same time know, know profoundly the darkness and the necessities of earthly life, and—love God, the Creator of the earthly life? I could not. I cannot, if at the same time I do not comprehend Him as the Deliverer, as the sympathizing Redeemer. Take away *God in Christ*, and I no longer know where I can find a God whom I can love and worship. The suffering, struggling human Being who dies for the truth he knows, for the friend whom he loves, is to me a higher, a more excellent Being than a merely happy deity far removed from the necessities of his creatures. Buddha is to me more than such a God.

From life-experiences, from the constitution of our own hearts, we should have arranged in a different way the occurrences of the world's order, or rather disorder. God permitted me, beyond everything else, to have a deep sense of the suffering of the world, of the bitter dissonances of the good, of the weak, of mankind, of the animal world, of all life, of the darkness which envelopes so much, of the groans of creation everywhere. (I was, and I have continued to be, in this sense,

a Buddhist.) They would have driven me to despair if they had not led me to Christ, and in Christ to God.

In Christ I can love God.

In the being and Divine activity of Christ, the Son of God, I can alone find a sure pledge that the sufferings of the world, that the discords of life, shall be annulled. In His life and His death I recognise that God is love, and I know what true love can do. Unspeakable anticipations, unspeakable harmonies, flow from this view. We read in the Epistles of Paul, especially in those addressed to the Corinthians, Ephesians, and Colossians, those great views regarding the regeneration of the human race and of nature, and perfection in Christ, the Divine, the great human Being. This view has continued ever since in Christianity, and has inspired her with courage and with patience in her labour for the kingdom of God. It continues there still the same, and it is not to be told what new light and new happiness it will give to existence under the increasing development of cultivation and the guidance of the Holy Spirit. It has given me, in the deep need and solitude of my soul, light and consolation, hopes and joys, of which this is not the place to speak, and, above all, which no language can express. But they rest solely and alone upon this—that God in Christ reveals Himself, and makes man partaker of His life.

This belief only makes it possible for me to love God, to solve the great problems of existence, conducts me to the eternal harmonies, and gives my spirit peace amidst those great and painful questions which still continually recur in the world. It is necessary for my soul's peace, for me as a spectator of the world, to know that the Almighty is likewise the All-good, and

that the All-good is the Almighty. That knowledge alone can assist me, that knowledge alone can suffice me. For the affliction which I meet with, as well as for my own sin and my own deficiency, I know only one safe haven of refuge, one asylum, and that is—the heart of Jesus.

There let me rest.

TENTH STATION.

Visit to Bethlehem—The Flora of Palestine—The Swedish Botanist—Life in the Colonist's Family—Urtâs Valley—The Exiled Sheik—Tourists—Arab Traditions—Of the Women of the Bible—Hebron and Abraham—Ramble to the Pools of Solomon—Alarm and Terror—Every-day Scenes in Palestine—The time of Ibrahim Pacha—Present Prospects—Arab Marriages—Wishes.

JERUSALEM, *May 1st.*—It is Sunday, and the first of May. On this day, in the capital of Sweden, they hold a festival in honour of the spring—at least, if cold weather and sleety showers do not oblige the festival to be delayed—and great and small betake themselves to the Djurgärd, the great in carriages and the small on foot. A gay and a beautiful festival, in which I have many a time taken part, either in a carriage or on foot, amongst the crowd, and have enjoyed it with all my heart. No capital has such a glorious locality for popular enjoyment as Sweden possesses in its Djurgärd, as may be fully seen on the first of May. True, the oaks are yet bare, and only here and there upon the plain, and amongst the hills, shine out green spots, or peeps forth the little anemone; but the hills, the terraces, and the valley are all bright with cheerful groups of people—men, women, and children—from

the heights where the pine-trees grow, to the plain where the oaks stand. In brilliant procession move on the long lines of carriages and equestrians, foremost of which are those of royalty, attracting to themselves all eyes, and wherever they move, thither moves the popular mass also, for on such occasions all the people are loyal. But the most beautiful attraction of the festival is furnished by nature herself. All around the verdant hills, the joyous throng, and the splendid train of carriages, shine out the clear blue fjords, with their dancing waves and fluttering pennons, seen in all directions. And high above all, the larks pour forth a song of joy in the vernal life of the North, of which the South knows nothing.

Nevertheless, it is now spring here also, in its full splendour. Some showers during the latter days of April have brought out the more tardy foliage, and the hills round Jerusalem are covered with the most beautiful verdure, thanks to the planting done by the Greek Christians. The corn in ear sways wave-like before the wind in the valleys, and the whole country looks like a garden, but—there is want of water. The blossoming hawthorns on the Mount of Olives fill the air with their delicate perfume. The greensward and the flowers here are less remarkable for their luxuriance than for their delicacy and brilliancy of colour. In place of the scarlet anemones, a species of ranunculus has now made its appearance, almost of the same colour and size. The grass is brilliant with a number of small sun and star-flowers. The first of May is not celebrated here; for, in fact, it has now been spring so long. Some excellent sermons in our church on Mount Zion, and the refreshing, glorious state of the atmosphere, which succeeded some days of oppressive sirocco, have constituted my May festival. I am,

however, hungering and thirsting after a few days of country life, and hope soon to obtain this enjoyment in Urtâs Valley.

A few days ago Pastor Hefter and Dr. Atkinson set off on a missionary journey to Tiberias and Safed in Galilee, where the Jews of Palestine have their principal residence. The little evangelical congregation put up, at their last prayer-meeting, an especial prayer and sang a parting hymn on behalf of the travellers. The journey is not without its difficulties and even dangers, in consequence of the state of the country, and because the Jews in that district, it is said, entertain hostile feelings towards the Christians. The missionaries proceed, when on their missionary journeys, in the following manner: they pitch their tent near a town and send abroad the report that an English physician has arrived there. This rumour very soon spreads, and it is not long before crowds of people of all classes come from the town to ask advice of the English doctor and to receive medicine from him. This gives opportunity for conversation, and Mr. Hefter, who was born a Jew, and who speaks Hebrew and Arabic equally well, besides German and English, leads the discourse from the health of the body to that of the soul, and offers books of medicine for the latter, that is to say, Hebrew copies of the New Testament. As these are offered free of cost, they are sometimes accepted, as well as the medicine for their bodily ailments; sometimes, however, they are refused. Safed is especially the stronghold of the wealthy Jews of Palestine.

Both Mr. Hefter and Dr. Atkinson are themselves heartily rejoicing in this missionary journey, and I can very well understand why. I, however, cannot rejoice in their expedition, because it removes from me my best friend in Jerusalem, the kind and learned Pastor Hefter.

Vady Urtâs, May 9th.—Last Tuesday, the 4th of May, I set off in the early morning on horseback, in order to accompany Mr. Finn's young nephew and niece to Urtâs Valley. We made a short halt at no great distance from the Greek convent of "Amar Elias." When we were about to proceed on our journey, Miss H——'s horse took it into its head, spite of all the young skilful horsewoman's endeavours, to set off home again, instead of proceeding forward. During this struggle he struck out at my ultra-phlegmatic Rozinante and kicked him. This roused his spirit, and wheeling suddenly round, he kicked back in return. By this quick and unexpected movement, I was thrown off, and lay on the ground between the two kicking animals. I saw their feet cross each other above my head, and yet I crept from under them, got up, found my parasol broken, my riding-dress trampled into holes by the horses' feet, but I, myself, not touched. Nothing but a blow which I had received on my spine in the fall prevented my walking with perfect ease. I drank some water in the garden of the Greek father Benjamin, received a bouquet of beautiful roses, and then remounted, the excellent Mr. Blom, the confidential dragoman of Mr. Finn, and our leader, mounting the vicious horse, and riding him at a sufficient distance from our little troop; Miss H——, in the meantime, being mounted on his large and safe horse. Thus we arrived safely at Urtâs Valley, near Bethlehem.

There was great family joy in the house of the colonist Meschullam. His eldest son, after many years' residence in America, had returned, on a visit to his parents and brothers and sisters, and great was the rejoicing on both sides. The Arabs of the valley also participated in it, and had done their part by a fantasia

—with a torch-procession, singing, and dancing—the preceding evening in Meschullam's court. They also gave him a sheep, and fired off many shots as tokens of joy. The next evening but one the same scene was to be repeated. It was described to me as wild and screaming, but without any beauty.

The evening on which I arrived was in the meantime quiet. The returned son of the family had gone that day with two American friends to Hebron. Alone, with the old man Meschullam, I sat on the piazza of the house, with the bright, starry heavens above us, and enjoyed his conversation.

Meschullam is an autodidact, and mother Nature has endowed him with a spark from her innermost hearth, the Promethean fire. This, together with his many-sided life-experiences, has given to his conversation something peculiarly fresh and new, like an ever-flowing fountain. He spoke with heartfelt love of the pleasure which agriculture gives to him who practises it.

"Because the earth itself," said he, "is pleased by being made free by man, and rejoices evidently, like him, when it brings forth to light its inner force and powers of nourishment in beautiful forms."

The soil in the bottoms of these valleys is especially rich, and abundantly repays the labour of the cultivator. The clear fountain of Etham has water sufficient for all. Neither are purchasers for the products of the earth wanting. Bethlehem and Jerusalem, the large seminaries of the Greek and Roman Church, demand a larger supply of the garden produce of Urtâs, than its one cultivated valley can furnish. That which is wanted is hands—is settlers, who would bring several of these valleys into cultivation, which unquestionably, and without great labour, would soon become equally fertile with the valley of Meschullam. The Arabs can do nothing of this kind. You cannot depend upon

their work, neither on their fidelity towards the Christian. But a tolerably strong colony of German agriculturists would assuredly find their advantage here, and would easily be able, under the protection of the European consuls, to keep the surrounding robber-tribes of Arabs at a distance. To such a colony as this might be united the various Jewish families in Jerusalem, who are ready to go over to Christianity if they could only escape the bitter persecutions which they have to expect from their kindred in the faith. In the valleys of Urtâs they could find protection, work, and bread, if they found those Christian friends and protectors. The colonist Meschullam, himself a German Jew who has been converted to Christianity, who speaks German, Hebrew, Arabic, and I know not how many other languages, and who, by his individual character and prudence, has gained a great influence over the Arabs in the neighbourhood, would be, for such a colony, an invaluable leader and councillor. How beautifully might the ancient gardens of Solomon again flourish in the now desolate, grass-overgrown, or stone-covered levels of the valleys.

The land of Palestine seems, in fact, to lie waiting for the time when its first deliverer shall repossess, cultivate, and build upon it, in union with his European brethren. Under the rule of the Mohammedans, Palestine becomes every day more impoverished and more desolate. Mr. Finn and his wife, who arrived here the day before yesterday from a journey, or rather a ramble, which they had undertaken through a part of the country which is but little known, south-west of Hebron, have seen traces of this everywhere. The evident fertility of the country is seen in strange contrast with its solitude. They rode through vast forests of the most luxuriant growth, but without the slightest trace of human cultivation. They saw entire villages

wholly desolate, and large stretches of country without either habitations or human beings. This state of things is produced by the constant incursions which the robber-tribes of Arabs make upon each other. They destroy each other by an incessant state of warfare, and render the cultivation of the country impossible. No security, no quietness!—and Palestine, which at the time when Solomon's Temple stood upon the mountain of Jerusalem, had "more than twelve millions of inhabitants," reckons now not more than half a million! The greater portion of the fields and hills of Palestine lies uncultivated; and it cannot be otherwise under the present government, or rather no-government.

Yesterday I paid a visit in Bethlehem, in company with one of the young daughters of the house. An Arab servant attended us. Bethlehem lies high and open; it has a cheerful, grand view over the hills and the country lying around. Everywhere you see traces of a terrace-cultivation, which is now more and more going out of use, probably from want of hands. Some fine olive-plantations beautify and as it were engarland the town. In the town itself you actually find nothing but heaps of dirt, and a state of impurity which contaminates the atmosphere: the mortality of children here is also very great. We took up our quarters with a family of christianized Arabs, friends of the family of Meschullam, and were received by them in the kindest manner. The men were occupied in the manufacture of mother-of-pearl articles, crosses, buckles, and many other such things, which are sold in great quantities from this place, and which constitute its principal branch of industry. After our very agreeable host and hostess had entertained us with coffee, Arab bread, &c., we went to the Church of the Nativity, one of the most ancient churches in Palestine, which was first built by the Emperor Constantine, in the year 330. In 1842 it

underwent a thorough repair, which was accomplished by the Christians of the Greek Church. The church has a lofty and beautiful situation on the slope of a hill. It is a Basilica of noble proportions, rich in marble columns and mosaic ornamentation, but with quite too much finery, so that the solemn and beautifully dark alcove-like character of the inner structure is injured. A kind French monk took charge of us, and showed us the curiosities of the place. The manger, or what is so called, was, as I expected, full of coloured lamps and all kind of tawdry finery. Nothing but the arch above, which is of grey stone, was in its natural and bare state, as at the time when—according to Justin Martyr—the infant Jesus was laid below it. It is a great pity that people, by their childish tinsel and show, so almost entirely conceal that important symbol —symbol of the earthly condition which was voluntarily chosen by Him who possessed "all power in heaven and on earth." A great part of the church is underground. You are shown various cells where holy men have dwelt, and the schoolroom where St. Jerome received his scholars for thirty years, and where he also translated the Scriptures into Latin —a very dark and cold room, even in the heat of summer and on a sunny day, as was this. But the new life so warmed the soul during the early period of the Christian Church, that the body was scarcely conscious of outward discomforts. The life and death of many Christians showed this during the first centuries of the church. The Church of the Nativity at Bethlehem includes an Armenian and a Roman Catholic church, the latter remarkably handsome and cheerful.

One feature which struck me in the Greek church, as well as in some of the most ancient of the Greek hymns, the authorship of which is unknown, was their joyous character. They dwell very little upon the

suffering and crucified Saviour, but principally on the new-born Christ, on the Heavenly Saviour who was come down to earth, or on the same in His resurrection. The certainty that in Him they have a pledge of God's mercy, a part in His life, forgiveness of sins, assurance of the resurrection from the dead, and of eternal life, makes them break forth into rejoicing. They did not immerse themselves in the consciousness of sin; they thought merely of the Saviour, and they behold Him continually from the objective side. Thus it is sung in one of the oldest hymns of the Greek Church, on the Nativity,

> "Stand up, oh! Bethlehem!
> Eden is opened to all men.
> Make ready, oh, Ephratah!
> For the tree of life
> Has sprung up in the manger
> From the womb of the Virgin.
> That is the Paradise,
> The divine tree which
> Bears fruit for us all!
> We shall not die like Adam,
> For the Saviour is born
> To raise God's fallen image,
> And give it a part of His life."

And another:

> "Thy birth, O Christ Jesus our God!
> Has caused new light to arise on the world;
> And they come, the star-worshippers,
> By a star guided, to Thee!"

Even in the crucifixion itself, these rejoicing souls behold only a sight of joy:

> "Thou bringest salvation into the world
> Christ, O God! Thou stretchest forth thy spotless
> hands on the cross;
> All the assembled near Thee cry,
> O Lord! Glory be unto Thee!"

In a Resurrection hymn we find the following:

"This day is the whole world saved.
We gather around Him who hath risen from the grave,
The Prince of Life, the Christ, our God!
He took away death,
Gave us the victory
And infinite mercy.
Christ hath risen from the dead,
Through death hath He trampled on death,
And to those who abode in the grave
Giveth life everlasting!"

Another hymn thus sings of the Pentecostal miracle:

"When He confounded the languages,
The Lord scattered the nations;
When He gave to them tongues of fire,
He called them all into unity:
Thus with one voice we praise the Holy Spirit.

Hence it appears that whilst the Eastern Church accepted almost exclusively the Atonement on the bright side, God's gift of mercy, the Western Church occupied itself with the consciousness of sin, the depth to which the human race had fallen. They must some day extend their hands each to the other!

I saw in the Greek church a well-dressed man, accompanied by a monk, everywhere devoutly kissing the pictures and the so-called Holy Places. This kissing is regarded as divine worship, and shows the state of outwardness into which the devotion of the Greek Church has sunk.

On our return from the church we met a whole crowd of people, and amongst them many remarkably handsome women in the elegant Bethlehemite costume. I have nowhere seen handsomer women, nor with such fresh, blooming complexions.

The population of Bethlehem—three thousand souls—is almost exclusively Christian of the Greek Church. There is also a small evangelical congregation here, for which one of the missionary preachers performs service every Sunday.

When we returned to the Urtâs Valley, the young Janie and I followed the aqueduct which extends from Solomon's Pools to Bethlehem, a paved watercourse in the earth, covered in with flat stones, with here and there an opening, so that travellers can refresh themselves as well as cattle. This simple and tolerably inexpensive water-supply follows the windings of the hills.

I botanized as I went along, and found a kind of dark-red everlasting, which was new to me, of a purple tint; very beautiful exquisite small thistles; a species of delicate grass, with ears which grow in pairs up the stalk, and which are called gazelle's-ears, and many others which I had not seen before. The surface of the ground is covered with flowers. But where at this season is not this the case? Nor are the fields of Sweden less affluent in flowers than those of Palestine, and they now begin to assume their vernal garb. But there the earth has a freshness and a fulness of vegetative moisture which is here wanting. On the other hand, the flora of Palestine has a splendour of colour and a refined elegance which I have never seen anywhere else. Even thistles, which are here very numerous, have the most beautiful colour and form.

No one has contributed so much to the knowledge of the vegetation of Palestine as a young Swede, a pupil of Linnæus, the young naturalist Hasselqvist. When the flower-king at Upsala sent out pupils to all parts of the world to collect their plants and flowers, and bring them to him to be classified and to receive

their names, Hasselqvist proposed himself to undertake the flora of Palestine. It was represented to him that his health was delicate, and the state of the country such that botanical journeys there must be united with the greatest hardships and even dangers. Nothing could deter the courageous youth, and when there, his love of science impelled him to defy all dangers and to subject himself to the severest exertions. No mountain summit was too difficult of access for him, no valley so untracked but that he found his way into it, and the collections of plants which he thus acquired were very great, whilst the fatigues, the hot climate, the want of suitable nourishment and care, gradually undermined his strength. He succeeded in conveying his rich collections to the shore of Palestine, and was about to return with them to his native land, when he was seized with fever which slowly consumed his life. His harvest of flowers alone reached Sweden. Young man, my countryman! It is thy dying hand, which here, in a foreign land, conducts me amongst the flowers and the plants which contribute to my pleasure. Thanks and blessings, therefore! Thy memory will not die on the soil of Palestine, any more than on that of thy native land. The flora of Palestine writes it every year anew in her splendid bright-coloured flowers!

The life in the family of the settler Meschullam and in the valley, the greater part of which belongs to him, is at this season in the highest degree lively and peculiar. Tourists from many countries of Europe arrive every day on their route to Hebron, to see the celebrated Valley of Urtâs, and the man who has here made the wilderness to blossom as a rose. They come, look round, exchange a few words with "Father Meschullum,"—who speaks, I believe, ten languages—and then proceed on their way. Thus came yesterday, and

went forward, a Duke of Orleans,—I do not know which—who consulted with the cultivator of Urtâs about the possibility of establishing a French colony in this district.

But that which in the meantime has especially attracted my attention are not the tourists who come to the great house, but the natives of the country, whom you continually see in front of the building which contains the kitchen, in the shadow of the great fig-tree, smoking, drinking coffee, and talking: for the Arab considers it as his right to drink a cup of coffee and to smoke a pipe at every house to which he comes. Less hospitality he can neither expect nor yet offer, and no one in the country who would be considered respectable can avoid bestowing this entertainment. It goes on in Meschullam's kitchen the whole day through, and the Arabs seem to find it especially agreeable to themselves. I constantly see from ten to twelve assembled in front of this apartment, either standing or sitting at their ease. Amongst them are many picturesque forms. A sheik of the Tamaris Arabs is striking in a high degree. He has now been here for a few days, and amongst the Arabs reposing in the shade of the fig-tree he looks like a hawk in the midst of a company of chanticleers. He is, in fact, a species of bird of prey. At the head of his Arab tribe he has committed many acts of violence, robbery, and even murder, for which cause he has been banished from Jerusalem and the surrounding country, is hated by all the neighbouring Arab tribes, and considered almost as an outlaw. This has obliged him to flee with his tribe into the desert of Judæa; but there is want of water there, as well as food for his cattle. He has now come to endeavour to make peace with the old man Meschullam, and to beseech him to mediate for peace between him and

the other sheiks of the neighbourhood. But Meschullam will not do it. He says it is better to have this man for an enemy than for a friend. "He has," he says, "deceived me more than once. It is impossible to trust him." The crimes which he is said to have committed would inspire me with an abhorrence of him if he did not look so profoundly unhappy and forlorn. But his position is of the most gloomy character.

"Everywhere," said he to Meschullam, "in the north, south, east, or west, we meet nothing but foes. We are not allowed to remain anywhere. We perish out in the desert."

What a life!

Very different is the aspect of the Idyllian, peaceful life in Urtâs Valley. It is an enjoyment to me to contemplate it in the mornings, and especially in the evenings when the heat of the day is over. I then select a seat for myself amongst the mountain clefts above Meschullam's house, from which I can see the beautiful verdant valley winding between the mountain-heights. There I see the various quarters of the garden watered from the fountain of Etham, according to the mode customary in the East, and which Moses describes when he says "to convey water with the foot, as in the land of Egypt." The garden-land is thus divided into various small quarters, each one being enclosed by a low earthen wall like a small fortress-rampart. The stream of water, which is conducted into the garden at certain times and hours, is taken to each one separately, through an opening or gate in the wall, which is unclosed by the foot, and the whole quarter is thus in the course of a few minutes quite under water. When the earth is saturated, the water is conducted in the same manner to the next quarter, and so on, till the whole garden has received enough. This watering is renewed every third,

fifth, or eighth day, according as it may be required, and an especial tax is paid by each one of the cultivators for the privilege of having their land irrigated by the waters of this fountain. In the evening one sees great herds of black goats with white heads, coming down the hills on each side the valley, with goatherds leading them. After them come cows and young cattle in less numbers, with here and there a camel; and the whole company stream down to the reservoir of the fountain, where they cheerfully throng together for a general drinking before they separate into the various villages for the night. It is amusing to see the crowding there is amongst the tame and contentious animals, whilst the women are filling their goatskin bags and pitchers, a little higher up, from the water which pours fresh out of the rock; or also to look abroad from the flat roof of the house, near the spot, and hear the lively chatter that goes forward the while. The women are clothed in tatters, or enveloped in old grey linen; they have but little beauty and still less grace, and the blue punctures with which they tattoo their countenances do not beautify them to my eyes. The shepherds, on the contrary, look such as one might fancy them in the time when David slew Goliath. Their heads are adorned with a kind of turban of yellow and red cotton. A sword is suspended at the leathern girdle which confines the white shirt; they always have a gun, either in their hand or on their shoulders: they are for the most part handsome young men, and have a warlike but agreeable demeanour; they often have even a princely look.

Immediately after sunset everything is usually quiet in the valley. The last sign of its life is seen on the heights, where a train of laden camels moves along in the brightness of the evening light, which presents a sharp

outline of their fantastic forms against the clear blue sky background.

We have now in the family here three American gentlemen, well-educated and agreeable men, friends of the eldest son. In the evenings we all sit together in the large hall, and tell stories and amusing anecdotes, which give rise to laughter and merriment. The pretty eldest daughter of the family relates Arab stories extremely well, and with much vivacity. These stories distinguish themselves by their many absurd and ridiculously accumulated adventures, the purport of which is to exhibit some rule of prudence or satirical position of experience, such as is expressed in the popular proverbs of all nations. Frequently, also, their object is to ridicule the judge, or Cadi, or the presumed wisdom of some other man in authority.

Yesterday, Sunday, one of the young Americans, who is a clergyman, preached to our little assembly from the words of Christ: "No one can come to the Father but by me." He spoke beautifully and well, but confused "the Father" with heaven, inasmuch as he made them one and the same. I have understood the Saviour's words otherwise: "In my Father's house are many *mansions*, but none can come to the Father—that is, into the highest heaven—excepting through me."

After the sermon, Mrs. Finn read aloud an Essay which I had written at her request for the Consul's Literary Society, at Jerusalem. As it was written at this place, in the inspiration of its memories, I will here introduce a few passages from it:—

"In the country, and near to the very spot where the Saviour of the human race was born of a woman, it seems no more than right to devote especial attention to the women of the nation which was chosen to give to

the world, by one of its daughters, Him in whom all the peoples of the earth should be blessed! . . . .

"The promise of this, which, according to Holy Writ, was given by God immediately after the Fall, is in these words (Gen. chap. iii. v. 15):

"'I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed: it shall bruise thy head.' . . . .

"Does it not seem wonderful that the woman who, according to the sacred narrative, was the first to listen to the tempter, and to be drawn aside by his seduction,* should be predestined to be the special enemy of the serpent, and that 'her seed should bruise his head'? Nevertheless, this predestination was perfectly in accordance with the laws of nature. A great deal, my friends, has been said in our world on the eye of woman and its power; but I believe that her principal power lies in her ear—in her power of hearing or of perceiving. Latest created amongst the beings of the earth, and, according to the Holy Scriptures, formed from an already organized nature, it is natural that her senses, her perceptive power, should be of a more delicate, or, so to say, of a more spiritual kind. God's enemy seems to have understood this; and on the

* Was Adam therefore less liable to the Fall than Eve? I cannot see that he was from the Biblical narrative. If he had been so, he would have hesitated a moment before being led aside by the allurement. Eve hesitated; Adam did not. Both had evidently turned in heart away from God. If she, in consequence of her more vivacious nature, stood foremost in the temporal transaction, he does not stand behind her in the spiritual. I think it is not unreasonable to desire the sons of Adam to consider this, as Eve's daughters have so long had to suffer, and still suffer at the present day, from the too outward and one-sided comprehension of the profoundly symbolic account of the Fall. —*Author's note.*

first page of the drama of the human race we find him whispering in the woman's ear, and she listening to his inspirations.

"I do not, my friends, believe that that by which our first mother was tempted was wholly of evil. She desired, as the Scripture says, understanding. She desired higher light and knowledge. That cannot be evil. But that which was evil in her, that which was her error and caused her fall, was her endeavour to acquire knowledge from an impure fountain and by unpermitted means. The serpent is the symbol of selfhood; selfhood is the original tempter which drags the human being from God. That portion of humanity in which the feelings are most lively, is naturally the most accessible to all impression. It is a law of nature, and it is in consequence of this law that woman, foremost in the Fall, should become foremost in the work of reparation. She, whose ear was open to the inspiration of the evil spirit, would, through much trouble, much suffering, become the organ for the inspiration of the good spirit. We see this represented in the two women who may be called the mothers of the two great ages of the world in the earth's history—*Eve* and *Mary*. Both are represented as in deep discourse with the spiritual powers, but powers of opposite character. The first listened to the Devil, the second to God.

"Let us cast a glance upon those women who are spoken of in Biblical history between the two above-named, and see if we discern in them the influence of those powers which combat in the history of our race, and the footprint, as it were, of that good Providence which has prepared, step by step in concert with man, his final victory. . . .

"I observe in the Biblical women an ascending scale

of development from the patriarchal times—when an almost blind maternal love seemed to be their only distinguishing trait—to the national, when they stand forth as prophetesses, judges, and heroines inspired by the life and consciousness of their nation, and which ascends to the ever more spiritual and higher development, which betrays itself in Hannah's song, in the mother of the martyrs, and which may be said to culminate in Mary, the mother of Jesus. From this period the women of the Bible withdraw themselves, but do so by entering the holy of holies of life. Dorcas, Phebe, the grandmother of Timothy, and many others, mentioned as the affectionate helpers and educators of the men. I have laid a particular stress upon this their activity as workers, yet at the same time I have not forgotten that Christ commended 'the Queen of the South,' because 'she came to hear the wisdom of Solomon.' Christ is considerably more liberal in his expressions regarding women than the Apostle Paul, or than many celebrated preachers of our time.

"I have spoken with especial pleasure of the Shunamite woman—a very remarkable and noble figure, sketched in with very few touches—and of the fascinating idyl of Ruth and Naomi. I have, during my studies for this essay, been more and more surprised at the number of distinguished characters which we find amongst the women of the Bible, and many of which are scarcely known at all. The women of no ancient nation whatever have had a more ardent sense of the honour and vocation of their people than these."

I closed my portraiture with a bright prophecy for the future of the people of Israel, based on my knowledge of their present position amongst the nations of Europe, and also on the words of St. Paul in the eleventh chapter of the Epistle to the Romans, verses

24-26, in connexion with the analogies given in its former history. "The Israelites," I said, "will one day return hither out of exile, as they were delivered from captivity in Egypt, from bondage in Babylon; they will return richer in spiritual treasures, and then, in connexion with the nations of the West, they will commence a new era for religious knowledge and science; for spiritual life, which cannot be attained to before the fulness of the Jews is come. . . . I found a hope on the mothers, that they will hasten onward the advent of this day; because their great Seer* tells us in effect that, *the mother, the loving, praying mother, has a voice in God's council, and power to call down His blessing upon her children;* 'for thus saith the Lord, A voice was heard in Ramah, lamentation and bitter weeping; Rachel weeping for her children, refused to be comforted for her children, because they were not. Thus saith the Lord, Refrain thy voice from weeping, and thine eyes from tears; for thy work shall be rewarded, and they shall come again from the land of the enemy. And there is hope in thine end, saith the Lord, that thy children shall come again to their own border.'"

May 12th.—I have not reached Hebron, and—shall not do so. Partly because I have not quite recovered the effects of my fall from horseback, partly because the American gentlemen have returned from their ride thither so fatigued, and, in short, so knocked up by the difficult, unpleasant, and long journey, that I have lost all courage for the undertaking, especially as the traveller when at Hebron can neither see the Patriarchs' graves nor yet the so-called grove of Mamre. The Mohammedans guard them with jealous zeal from the eyes and the feet of "the Infidel." I must content

* Jeremiah xxxi. 15, 16, 17.

myself with some leaves of "Abraham's Oak," as it is called, but which, in any case, is not the one under which the Patriarch is said to have stood when in converse with the Lord.

Abraham was great outside his tent. But within it he seems to me a small and very ordinary character, who was under the petticoat-government of his wife Sara, and let himself be seduced by her to send away his son Ishmael and his mother into the wilderness, and who told lies when there was no necessity. The same did Isaac afterwards, whilst Jacob surpassed all in meanness of conduct. They were children of a fallen nature, and understood but very imperfectly the requirements of the moral law. In the fear of God they were great, and that prepared them for the acknowledgment of the truth in many directions. There is something at once childlike and grand in these figures, especially in that of Abraham. We now understand better what belongs to the sanctuary of domestic life and the commands of morality. But where are the men of our time who would, indeed, in a magnanimous confidence, have been ready to offer up their own son at God's command?

Ishmael, the illegitimate son of Abraham, has, for the rest, avenged himself on Isaac, and does it at the present day. The son of the desert, the son of the bondwoman has driven the son of the free woman from the land of his father, and possesses it in his stead. Will a day come when Isaac and Ishmael shall be again united, as in the ancient time, over the grave of their ancestor?*

That day seems now far distant. I saw a proof of this only yesterday, when, accompanied by old Meschullam's Arab servant and his youngest son, a boy of

* Genesis xxv. 9.

about twelve years old, I went to the Pools of Solomon, about an hour's walk from Urtâs Valley. We had not proceeded above a quarter of the way, and had just emerged from the valley, and were on the hills which bound it on the south, when suddenly a sort of war-cry was raised, which was repeated from hill to hill all round us. My guide paused, the young lad at once took to his heels and vanished in the direction of the valley, the elder also ran a few paces, then checked himself and listened. We were very near to a village from which rushed armed men and crowds of women. They said that a hostile Arab tribe were about to drive off the herds of cattle from the Urtâs villages. My Arab guide, on hearing this, took courage, saying that it had reference only to a quarrel between "Fellahins and Fellahins," that is to say, agricultural Arabs, and that he would undertake to conduct me safely up to the Pools of Solomon, where we should find the Turkish guard. I did not feel the least fear, and we proceeded on our way. The wind blew freshly, and I enjoyed it and the walk through the verdant hills, from amongst which the war-cries continued to sound. These cries came from women who are stationed all day long on the hills to watch the herds, and to give notice if any hostile attack be threatened. "Arab! Arab!" is the usual cry by which they give warning when a nomadic robber-horde is approaching. Here and there we saw the people hastily driving their cattle to the villages. All the neighbourhood was in movement; a number of men hurried past us, half-naked, but armed with guns and swords. It was a scene for a painter, these figures, some with anxiety and wrath depicted on their countenances, others full of cheerfulness and eager for the fight, and most of them handsome. "Arab! Arab!" replied they to our questions, as they hurried past.

My guide, who in the mean time paused and listened to the cry, said that the combat was going off in a direction different to that which we were following; on which we proceeded still more quietly along the road to the Pools, which was a continued gradual ascent.

These celebrated Pools consist of three immense stone-walled reservoirs, actual Titanic labours, both as to their magnitude and the skill displayed in their masonry. They can be entered by an easy flight of steps. The uppermost pool alone was now filled with water. It is about 380 feet long and 236 feet wide, and receives its water from a very abundant fountain which lies above.

Near to this place stands, on a green plain, an extensive square castle-like building, of Saracenic erection. Within it was situated formerly a fort. The walls now serve as shelter for the guard which is always stationed here to keep watch over the water, so that it may not be diverted from the aqueduct. When my guide knocked on the gate in the wall, it was opened, and I found myself in the midst of a number of very splendid turbaned Arabs, who saluted me in a kind and chivalric manner both by gesture and with the exclamation of *Marhabbah!* (Peace be with you!) *Sabachelcher!* (Good day!) also with the more familiar *Buon giorno!* Most of these were sitting in the shade of the arched gateway around a fire, and apparently enjoying the highest felicity of the Arab, quiet rest, whilst the tschibouk is smoked, and he listens to the old story or wonderful adventure which is being related. The open, extensive space enclosed by the castle-wall was occupied by their horses. The whole country round the Pools—a country of low hills—is without wood, but it evidently consists of excellent productive land. Some spots were even cultivated. How rich

this country might become under a good government!

The return to Urtâs, in the light of the sinking sun, and along the gradually-descending, excellent footpath was particularly agreeable to me. The war-cries were heard no longer; nevertheless, we still continued to see men armed for the strife hastening southward through the valley. The little daughter of my guide, a sharp little girl of five with beautiful fiery eyes, had attached herself to us. Almost all Arab children are somewhat wild and shy towards strangers in the European dress. Thus this little girl was at first like a wild bird in her manners towards me. But when I had taken fast hold of her, and held her quite still to my breast for a minute or two, she became as it were tame, and crept towards me every now and then, gazing at me with her ardent, kind eyes, and calling me *Ommi* (Mother). It pleased me much.

At sunset I was again at my home in Urtâs Valley. Through the whole evening until late, numbers of Arabs might be seen riding or running over the heights along the valley. All were armed, and shouted in a kind of singing tone—"He who is our friend, he has come with us!" This is the custom, on every hostile outbreak against the raids which are almost daily practised by the nomadic Arabs, and he who does not go himself or send a man from his family, need not expect help when his turn comes to be visited. Old Meschullam was obliged to send his Abyssinian slave Abdullah, armed, to accompany the other inhabitants of the valley. As the night came on, firing and shouts of rejoicing were heard from the hills. Abdullah returned with the intelligence that the alarm was this time a mistake. The troop of plundering Bedouins had not reference to the Urtâs Valley at all, but to

another neighbourhood, with which the inhabitants of Urtâs had no connexion.

I had in the mean time been witness of one of those scenes which belong to the everyday life of Palestine, and which make its land desolate. The Arabs live in incessant feud with each other, tribe against tribe, village against village, and the stronger tribes and larger villages desolate by degrees the less. If one of the larger villages, as most frequently happens, has two Sheiks, then are these usually either secret or open enemies. It is then customary for one of them to make the nearest Bedouin tribe the agent of his rancour or of his vengeance upon his rival. The Bedouin horde accordingly comes down in the stillness of the night, with his horses and camels, takes up his quarters in the midst of the cornfields or vineyards which have been pointed out to them, and consume or trample under foot in a few hours the crops of a whole year or of half a village. Before sunrise the nomade horde, with its camels and swift-footed steeds, has vanished, and the plundered Fellahins, who see the traces which the enemy has left behind, raise wild lamentations and think only of vengeance.

This abominable system of destruction prevails over the whole country, and renders all peaceful cultivation and prosperous life there impossible. Before there can be any secure residence in this country, Europeans must establish a colony sufficiently strong that, with arms in their hands, they may be able to defend themselves against such grasshopper inroads, and hold the Arabs in check. And this is not so difficult as might be imagined, because the Arabs are anything but courageous. The residence of the colonist Meschullam in their midst, the unbroken peace, and the respect which he enjoys, show what a man of prudence and

strength of character is able to effect even here. It is true that he has not been able, as he once hoped to have done, to convert the Arabs into reliable labourers and trustworthy friends; but he has erected a spiritual wall around his house and his property which they have not dared to break through as foes. Unarmed, and guarded alone by a few dogs, which seem to me the most peaceable creatures in the world, he sleeps at night on the open piazza of the house merely arched over, and defends by his person his whole house, not a door of which, it seems to me, could be bolted. In the day the Arabs come to him to drink his coffee, to smoke, or as clients. The wild Tamaris Sheik comes only to solicit his aid.

During the time when Ibrahim Pacha had possession of Palestine, its condition was very different, was much more secure. He took their horses from the Bedouins, and firearms both from them and the Fellahins. By this means he made them incapable of war, and compelled them to devote themselves to peaceful occupations. Ibrahim Pacha's time is also a great epoch in the annals of Palestine and Syria. "It was before Ibrahim Pacha's time" is a current expression in the country when they indicate something which is beyond their memory. Ibrahim Pacha's time is remembered as a time of peace and the commencement of prosperity. Since Palestine has again come under the dominion of the Porte, the former state of insecurity has returned, and is becoming continually worse. Some years ago, the European consuls and missionaries at Jerusalem were accustomed, during the hot summer months, to pitch their tents in the valleys or on the hills round the city, and there enjoy the fresh air and delights of the country. Now they would not venture to do so, from the dread of the ever

increasingly audacious Arabs. This people, of whom some tribes under the Kaliphat exhibited a high degree of peculiar cultivation, are at the present time exactly where they were in the earliest ages, and the sons of Ishmael now fully verify the prophecy of the desert regarding their forefather—"He will be a wild man; his hand will be against every man, and every man's hand against him; and he shall dwell in the presence of all his brethren."

That also which inevitably undermines the power of the Arabs, and will by degrees undermine that of all the Mohammedan nations, is the condition of their women. Here, in the country, amongst the agricultural class, which in almost all other countries constitutes the most vigorous, the most healthy portion of the population, one sees very plainly how degraded the wives and mothers of these men are. Dress—nameless, ragged pieces of linen of a *sans couleur*—dirt-colour, demeanour, countenance, form even, indicate how perfectly their whole being is neglected and undervalued. The women are small, most frequently ugly, whilst many of their husbands are actually beautiful. The children die in great numbers during the earlier years of childhood. The climate, the want of medical aid—because the Mussulmans, fatalists in consequence of their religious tenets, do not believe in the art of the physician—and, beyond everything else, the want of good motherly care, seem to be the cause of this great mortality. And how should the ignorant girl, who is usually married off whilst she is yet a child, be able to become a good and wise mother? The unnaturally early marriages which are usual in this country are lamentably productive of evil. A gigantic Arab of thirty, a servant in Meschullam's family, has just been married to a little girl of nine years old!

"He is, however, very kind to her," they said to me; "he does not beat her, and he does not wish her to do hard work."

Other husbands are not so kind. One child of nine or ten, married to an old man of seventy in the neighbourhood, was present at a wedding which was lately celebrated amongst the Arabs in Urtâs Valley, to which the family of my host was also invited. In the evening, when it was time for the little girl to go home with her old husband, she cried bitterly and wanted to go home to her mother.

Weddings here, as in all countries, belong to the great festivities of the people. Here they are properly amusements; for, unless there be a business side to the marriage, there seems to be but little of seriousness about it, and merriment appears to be the chief thing. The bride's face is painted in the most brilliant manner; they paint upon it flowers and even whole landscapes, besides sticking upon her nose, forehead, and cheeks little bits of gold leaf. When the bride is thus painted and gilded—arms, hands, and neck painted and gilded too—as well as ornamented with every kind of tasteless finery, she is covered with a veil. This veil is not to be raised until after the wedding ceremony by the bridegroom, who has often never till that moment beheld his wife—his first, second, third, or fourth wife, as the case may be; for, according to the law of the Koran, every Mohammedan may have four wives—but he must now, as a matter of course, be astonished and enchanted by her dazzling beauty. The parents, very often the child's mother, concerts the marriage on the ground of relationship of tribe or family, or for pecuniary advantages. Love, happiness, the beautiful sanctifying religious aim and earnestness of marriage, are never thought of here. The domestic life of the

Arabs is also immoral in a high degree. European physicians who have occasionally been called in to their harems state the moral condition to be corrupt beyond all description.

It is impossible to reside for any time in Palestine and not ardently to wish that the Holy Land might be taken out of the hands of the nation which now corrupts and degrades it—nay, without regarding it as the duty of the Christian nations of the West to redeem it, and so doing to redeem thousands of their Christian brethren, who daily, if not oppressed, are yet more and more degraded beneath the sceptre of the Porte—because under it, ignorance, injustice, disorder, and all crimes which result therefrom are maintained.

Yet, once more, how beautiful, how affluent, how happy might not this land become under a good and Christian government! Then first should the wilderness blossom as a rose! and the earth and man rejoice together over their work in the service of the light.

I now leave Urtâs Valley, glad to have become acquainted with its life and the united, estimable family who have there erected an asylum for themselves and for the strangers who wish to enjoy the freshness and peace of country life. May many colonists unite themselves to them! They would here find a wise, safe councillor, agreeable domestic life, and might calculate upon the protection of the English Consul, the friend of Meschullam and his family.

ELEVENTH STATION.

Again in Jerusalem—The Grand Duke Constantine and the Grand Duchess—News of War—Hot Days—Grand Duke's Visit to the Mosque of Omar—Religious Liberalism—Rational Questions—Bishop Gobat's Silver-Wedding—Another Wedding—The Bishop's Party and the Consul's Party—The Right Party—Queen Victoria's Birthday in Jerusalem—Wind from the Desert and its Effects—Rosendale—Small Excursions—Bethany a Second Time—Deaconesses—Second Harvest and Retrospect—Desert Times; their Fruit—The Sister Home—Little Richane—My Last Day in Jerusalem—Good Tidings—Stormy and Still.

JERUSALEM, *May 14th.*—Early on the morning of the day before yesterday, mounted on Father Meschullam's good white ass, and guided by the dark-brown Abdullah, I set off on my return to Jerusalem. The morning was so glorious, and the wind so fresh, that it was a pleasure thus to ride amongst the sun-rejoicing hills of Palestine. I felt that life was an enjoyment. Troops of dark-brown women met us bearing on their heads a kind of milk-bowl.

"Lebben?" said I, addressing them in an inquiring tone.

"Lebben! Naam" (Yes), replied they, laughing kindly, and offered me a taste of the sour milk.

Abdullah and Kameth, my guide to the Pools of Solomon, talked incessantly the whole way, as they drove along with them a horse and an ass laden with garden product from Urtâs to Jerusalem. The Seminary of Bethjalla and the Convent Church shone out splendidly in the ascending sun, surrounded with beautiful olive plantations. So did Amâr Elias, with Papa Benjamin's garden. I now rode over the spot where I was thrown from my horse with a feeling of trepidation. A tall Arab from Bethlehem, who spoke Italian, here joined us, and was very desirous of talking. He was a handsome man, of kindly manners, and had been educated in the Seminary of Bethjalla, where he had become a Roman-Catholic Christian. Nevertheless, he wished to know from me the meaning of the word *Catholic*. He had a great love for languages, and apparently great facility in acquiring them; he wished much to learn English, but complained of the difficulty there was in meeting with teachers and books.

I found Jerusalem in a state of great excitement. The Grand Duke Constantine of Russia was expected with his Grand Duchess in the city, and high and low hastened out to meet them. The white ghosts were assembled in crowds around the Jaffa gate, on walls and roofs; not, however, to the same extent as on the entrance of Prince Alfred. Mrs. Finn had been kind enough to secure a place for me, as well as for herself and her children, in the Latin Convent near the Jaffa gate; and its abbot, Monseigneur Valerga, was our very polite and agreeable host, who, according to Oriental custom, entertained us with sweetmeats and fine rose-liqueurs, as well as took good care that we had the very best windows in his handsome sitting-room. A better place we could not possibly have had to witness the entrance of the dignified travellers, who arrived at the Jaffa

gate beneath a glowing midday sun. It was on foot that they proceeded along the streets of Jerusalem, the Grand Duke, in white uniform, leading his wife, and with his other hand resting on the shoulder of his little son. He is a little man, but of an energetic, earnest exterior, with regular features, which reminded one of the Emperor—his father. The Grand Duchess, a tall lady, has a noble and really princess-like demeanour, spite of her simple riding-dress and her shepherdess-hat, over which floated behind a blue gauze veil. The boy looked as a young prince ought to look. Before them went the handsome Pacha Soreija, motioning back with his two hands the too obtrusive people. The Grand Duke looked somewhat ungracious. After the exalted pedestrian couple came ladies in Tartana, a kind of small covered carriage-bodies suspended between two mules or carried by Arabs. These painted carriages, ten or twelve in number, did not seem to contain any great amount of beauty; and to them succeeded gentlemen on horseback, servants, sailors, a whole stream of people. The procession proceeded to the Greek Convent in the middle of the city, to which a wing had been hastily erected and hung with velvet and gold, for the reception of the princely pair. But thus I should not like to inhabit Jerusalem, even if I were a Grand Duchess.

War has broken out in Europe between France and Austria. Piedmont is allied with France against Austria. The war is said to have reference to the liberty of Italy, and Milan, Rome, and Naples are reported to be in a state of revolution. Such are the latest and yet confused tidings from Europe. My hope is, Italy's freedom under the guidance and example of Piedmont!

The Austrian steamers, in consequence of this war-

like outbreak, have ceased to ply in the Mediterranean and to the shores of Palestine. This will compel me to alter my plans, and to wait for the French steamer, in order to proceed by it to Carmel and Beyrout, that is to say, if I return hence with life and limbs to Jaffa, of which I sometimes entertain a doubt. The heat is terrible at this season, and the effect is depressing both to soul and body.

May 20th.—Hot, fearfully hot days! One seems to breathe burning, sultry air, as well out of doors as in; it is said to be the wind from the desert which prevails here, especially during May and October. The air in my little room feels as if boiled. There is no coolness excepting in the evening. I then go out, seat myself on the piazza of the Mission-house by the Zion Church, and watch the shadows slowly ascending the Mount of Olives in proportion as the sun sinks. Oh, this Mount of Olives! It was worth coming to Jerusalem merely to see it.

Yesterday the Grand Duke and his wife visited the Mosque of Omar, and in honour of him the square was thrown open to all Christians in Jerusalem who chose to visit it. I also was there, under the protection of an agreeable English traveller. But as I have already spoken of the mosque, the great stone, and all the rest, I shall now say nothing more about them. The place seemed to me less remarkable and solemn in the midst of this great throng of people, than on the first lovely morning when I was alone with my countryman. The Mohammedans were evidently very angry at this inundation of Christians over their sacred Harem enclosure, as some gentlemen very perceptibly experienced. The Grand Duchess was distinguished by the simplicity of her dress, her stately, princely figure, her noble and affable exterior; and it is said that this demeanour

does not belie the intrinsic character. The Grand Duchess has here already won more than one heart by her gracious demeanour. My good Kavasche Basilio's heart is amongst these, and he showed me yesterday with delight, a beautiful and costly miniature of the Grand Duchess which he had received from herself.

The Grand Duke seems to have less engaging manners, besides which he gives himself very little trouble to appear affable. But he seems to be a very sensible and liberal-minded man." He encourages and supports the palæological inquiries and critical researches of Professor Tischendorf on the Biblical manuscripts; and when at his, the Grand Duke's desire, the Evangelical community in Jerusalem was introduced to him in the Zion Church, he put several questions to Bishop Gobat on the differences between the Protestant and the Greek orthodox Church, which showed not only considerable knowledge of these subjects, but an acutely penetrating understanding.

The Evangelical mission here has presented a petition to the Grand Duke for the establishment of an Evangelical missionary institution in Russia.

May 23rd.—Bishop Gobat's silver-wedding day was celebrated with a beautiful festival, which was given in the school-house and its delightful garden on Mount Zion. The Bishop and his lady had invited here the whole Evangelical community, great and small, and given them a rich entertainment both for body and soul. The Consul's family only, and the families and individuals who belong to "his party" in Jerusalem, were not present, and could not be present so long as the Bishop's party and the Consul's party constitute two different camps.

The day was lovely, as are most days in this country, at least those which I have seen, and not so hot as the

preceding days. The evening breeze blew freshly over the fields from the western mountains, a great number of red and white roses bloomed in the garden, and even in the Protestant burial-ground which adjoined. There are also here some beautiful old olive-trees, in the shade of which rest the first bishop of the congregation and various missionaries. A more beautiful resting-place can hardly be imagined; it lies open, peaceful, and high. The view thence is glorious.

After the assembly had been regaled in the spacious halls of the school-house, they collected in the garden; speeches were made, and songs were sung, for the silver-wedding couple, who were seated in the middle of the circle. In conclusion, the bishop gave a somewhat ample narrative of his past life; his first missionary journey into Abyssinia; his marriage in Germany with the daughter of the well-known schoolmaster Zeller—a pretty little *naïve* love episode; his second missionary journey, in company with his young wife, to Abyssinia; the severe trials which they had there to encounter, and which reduced them to a state of the deepest need and helplessness; yet no, for the great helper, the Lord, was with them in their need, although they seemed abandoned by all, and He led them out of all their trouble, and finally to—Jerusalem, where we now saw them before us.

The little narrative was a piece of really edifying autobiography, which served to strengthen more than many sermons the hearer's confidence in God's fatherly care of those who devote themselves to His service, and who place their trust in Him. It was really heart-strengthening to see before us the stout, comfortable couple, after we had beheld them during the first year of their marriage, twenty-five years since, lying at the point of death, forsaken in the depth of Abyssinia,

weeping over their first child, which they had neither the strength nor the means to nourish. And, since then, a blooming family of three sons and four daughters have grown up around them; and the dying missionary of Abyssinia was now become Bishop of Jerusalem; his faithful partner in evil and in good sat by his side; his children lived, and were full of good promise; his eldest daughter, Hannah, now twenty, had just been betrothed to a deserving young man and missionary, in Nazareth, Mr. Zellêt, who was shortly expected hither. Heaven smiled on the silver-wedding pair and their family; and also upon this evening, which was throughout beautiful and festal—a noble family gathering, at which I only wanted a reconciliation. Of this, however, I will speak later.

Pure, moral, family life, the most beautiful flower, and the surest basis of Christian society, is a living picture which will advance the doctrines of the Gospel amongst the infidels as much, perhaps, as Evangelical books. It is the life which testifies of the doctrine; and it may with truth be said, that the Evangelical mission in Jerusalem, and its families, and its family life, afford such evidence; and it may be said with the same truth, that the Bishop's family is pre-eminent in this respect from the mutual love subsisting amongst all the members of the family, the Christian education of the children, the purity of their way of life, and many other causes, besides their earnestness in the fulfilment of duty, and the many acts of kindness which they perform towards the needy of other religious professions. The ladies are, in these respects, especially active; they visit schools and the homes of the necessitous; they have needlework-societies to provide linen and needful garments for poor mothers and their new-born infants; together with many other such excellent institutions. Great

merit is due, in these respects, to the prudent, benevolent Mrs. Gobat. I could wish that some of the gentlemen of the mission entertained somewhat more liberal views on certain doctrines and dogmas; above all, that they saw more clearly the essential in Christianity, the one thing needful; that they had less zeal for the letter, more for the spirit, and——but we must wish the same for the whole orthodox church!

As regards the efficacy of the Evangelical mission for the conversion of the Jews I cannot form a judgment. There are in the mission-books above three hundred Jews, men and women, described as converted to Christianity since the establishment of the mission, about thirty years ago; but I do not believe that many amongst these have been considered as remarkably good Christians. Most certainly it is right that there should be an institution here which gives the Jews an opportunity of receiving instruction in Christianity, and of being provided for the while. Last Sunday, three young Israelites, who had been educated at the little Technological Institution, under the care of the mission, received confirmation in the Church of Zion. Their appearance and behaviour inspired confidence; they seemed to be earnest young men, who might be depended upon.

Bishop Gobat's wedding reminds me of another of which I forgot to speak, but which ought not to be forgotten; because it strengthened the prediction of one of the prophets, that although great ruin and desolation shall pass over Jerusalem, yet that wedding-processions and rejoicing shall return to its streets.

On a certain day, some weeks ago, a festally-attired wedding company proceeded through Jerusalem. I myself was one of those wedding guests invited by the lady of the English Consul, who, in concert with an

English banker resident here, took the management of the wedding, which was for one of their godsons, a Christianized Jew. The guests were nearly all dressed as Europeans, and the procession had a somewhat peculiar character in the Asiatic Arab city.

It was a great pleasure to me to hear, at this most splendid marriage-feast, some peculiar and remarkably beautiful old Hebrew anthems, which were sung extremely well by Mrs. Finn and others. Some Arab women also came to the door and struck up a marriage-song in defiance of all harmony, but which was amusing from its peculiar character. A variety of toasts were proposed and drunk. The bridegroom, who did not look like a very brilliant genius, wished to propose a satirical toast for the Bishop, but was silenced by the Consul, whose lady added, with vivacity,—

"Yes, we will drink the health of the Bishop with thorough good-will,—and long life to him!"

She proposed it with the inspiration of a warm heart, but very few of the Consul's party seconded her.

The health of the universally beloved Pastor Hefter was drunk more unanimously. It was hoped that he would have been present at the entertainment—but the hope was vain. He belongs to the Bishop's party. The wedding-feast was well-arranged and beautiful; the sun shone upon it in full splendour; but the young bridal pair inspired less confidence in the happiness of their marriage than did the silver-wedding pair on Mount Zion.

So much has been said, and so much has been written about "the Bishop's party" and "the Consul's party," and the quarrel of the Bishop and the Consul in Jerusalem, that I cannot—or rather will not—omit saying a few words on the subject, as I had intercourse with both families during a period of more

than four months. English travellers have also jestingly inquired from me "to which party I belonged—to the Consul's or the Bishop's?" I have answered that I belonged to both, and that is the case. I have found much that is estimable and worthy of love in both families, especially in the two wives. Both Mrs. Gobat and Mrs. Finn are highly gifted women, each in her own way, and active in good works both for those who are connected with them and for strangers. They have been closely united in friendship, and both regret that it is now otherwise. I have never heard from either of these ladies one word against the other; on the contrary, I have heard from one of them the warmest expressions of recognition and esteem of the other. Nevertheless, they are now separated, do not see one another, do not speak to each other, because their husbands have become enemies, and each has followed the lead of her husband.

"I like her for doing so," said one of them, speaking of the other; "but for all that I am very sorry. How much good we two might do together, if we were but united."

What has caused this bitter schism between Christians who attend the same church, who kneel at the same altar of mercy? It has not been possible for me to remain ignorant of the writings and the reports which are in circulation on this subject; but I have not desired to know anything more definite regarding the past quarrels; and although I was on tolerably intimate terms with both families, yet the one has said nothing to me against the other, which is a proof that the feeling between them, if not reconcileable, is at least not inimical.

There is one thing which the stranger must observe who resides for any lengthened period in Jerusalem,

and that is, that a certain celebrated ancient Orientalist, of the party of King Nebuchadnezzar, haunts there, and plays a not inconsiderable *rôle* in each religious party and nation. For at the very place where the Master of all masters washed the feet of His disciples, and made himself the servant of all, the present Christian functionaries seem more than ever sensitive on the subject of their dignity, and solicitous about their earthly mastership. Their isolated state and position as representative men in a worldly point of view, may be the cause of this peculiarity. Yet should not the Christian prelate, in the first place, represent the disposition of Christ? But on this subject, probably, Christian prelates think only too little all the world over, and Jerusalem has been from the ancient times an ultra-prelatical city.

In any case, if it were not so, would things be better between the parties here? I do not know. Can everything be as it should be between man and man in this world? I used to believe so, but I have that faith no longer. I believe in a higher reconciliation amongst men, where each one in his own way seeks for the truth and desires the right. But I am no friend to half-reconciliations, or attempts at reconciliation which proceed from the humour or inclination of the moment to do good. You may wish as earnestly as you will, but it will not succeed; it will rather retard, if the heart, if the conscience do not fully act in accordance—that is, if you do violence to your *innermost I.* Pray to God, listen to Christ, and then do what you can and what you ought.

Can everything become smooth and full of friendliness between human beings? Can I esteem or love any one in whom I see falsehood or hardness, either towards myself or towards others? It is a

universally diffused error to suppose that Christ commanded an unlimited, unconditional reconciliation. With those who sincerely repent and seek to make amends—*yes*. But with those who do repent, who do not desire to make amends—*no*. Our Saviour has in such a case pointed out a very different mode of procedure, see Matthew xviii., the 15th and following verses, as that which is the right one. And it is the only honest one, the only possible one for honest souls.* Besides, there are memories, words which sunder hearts more than the trenchant sword, memories which eat into the life like cancerous sores, or also tempers which continually repel each other. Where such circumstances exist, there it cannot be desired that people should extend their hands to each other. It is better that they should continue separated until the Christian life leads them naturally of necessity together, either here or hereafter. The sleep of death is deep, it is said. And most assuredly it helps us to forget much that is small, though on earth it appears large. When we wake in the glory of Christ Jesus (if we have laboured for it in our part on earth), then we may see transfigured features in those countenances where we now principally see shadows—it may be first called forth there by ourselves. Then we may, before everything else, recognise the higher common love, forget everything else, and remember merely that !

* At this point the words of the Saviour may be produced against me : " If a man strike thee on the one cheek, turn to him the other ; if he will take thy coat, give him thy cloak also;" and so on, rather than go to law with thy neighbour. To this may be replied, that the one line of conduct does not exclude the other ; nay, that they must go together through this life ; but it requires Christian tact to discern time and opportunity, and that which applies to them, This can best be obtained by a close contemplation of the life of our Lord, the best commentary on His doctrines.—*Author's note.*

May 24th.—Queen Victoria's birthday. It is celebrated in Jerusalem in a manner which certainly would amuse her Britannic Majesty more than all the pomp and attendance in St. James's. Mrs. Finn invited me to be present at the gratulatory ceremony. It was a many-coloured and interesting spectacle that of the representatives of all nations and religious professions in Jerusalem coming *en grand costume* to the house of the English Consul to wish long life, happiness, and so on to his exalted sovereign. Thus came Catholics, Greeks, Syrians, Jews, Mussulmans in magnificent attire, in particular the Christian Bishop of the Greek Church; then came the consuls of all nations in full state; then came various private persons. The visitors, after having bowed to the Consul and his lady—all the Orientals in Oriental fashion, with their hands on the breast and forehead—seated themselves on the divan and partook of some refreshment, sherbet, preserves, fine wines, coffee, and many other things, which were carried round by two kavasches in grand costume. And afterwards, the same presented large muslin napkins trimmed with lace, with which the guests wiped their mouths. The Orientals seem to me to be much handsomer people than the Europeans, and to have naturally more of the Grand-Seigneur about them.

During the pauses in the gratulations, Peter Meschullam, the colonist's eldest son, related some splendid Arab stories; amongst which I particularly remarked that about "the Cadi who wished to eat a goose which was not his," and about the "Wild Beast and the Man."

All these tales seem to have the same machinery as "The Thousand and One Nights." One seems to hear how they are introduced, as a matter of course, in the halt of the caravan, or in the tent of the Sheik, whilst the listeners smoke their tschibouks, comfortably reposing, and how the narrator endeavours to spin out

his story so that it may, as long as possible, amuse the Arab's blissful *Marhabbah*. Therefore, adventure is heaped upon adventure, often in the most unnecessary and absurd manner, and the story whirls round and round like the smoke from the pipes, creating airy, cloudy shapes without reality or any thought of congruity, till the meal's repose has continued sufficiently long. The narrative is then drawn to a hasty conclusion by some accident or turn in the story, which causes a laugh either at the people's stupidity or invention, as in the story of the "Cadi and the Goose." Sometimes, also, it may involve a bitter moral, as in the "Wild Beast and the Man;" for according to this tale, the lion, the hyena, and the serpent are, it is true, cruel and dangerous animals, the enemies of man, but worse, more cruel than they, is *man himself*. So says the tale, and still blacker is the truth in—history.

As I returned home in the afternoon from the great reception at the English Consul's, it seemed to me that the wind was like pure flames. I had never felt anything resembling it. It seemed to me as if human life must perish if this state of the air continued. Most of the Europeans, and even the natives of Jerusalem, are suffering from weakness and indisposition.

May 25th.—The wind is to-day as cool as it was yesterday hot. This is a comfort.

In company with the young nephew and niece of Mr. Finn I rode to the Valley of Roses, a valley three-quarters of an hour distant from Jerusalem, where the Arabs have a large plantation of rose-trees, the flowers of which are used for the preparation of the celebrated essence of roses, that which can only be produced from Eastern roses. The roses were nearly all gathered in the valley; but the road thither, amongst hills, green waving cornfields, and lofty-terraced heights planted

with olive-trees, was in the cool air infinitely agreeable. The Rose Valley consists of tolerably extensive and uneven land between hills. It has been planted with roses amongst olive-trees, but without regularity, or apparently any further care being taken; and this indeed it is which gives the place its truly idyllian, romantic character. There are many valleys of this kind, as the Terebinth Valley and others, round Jerusalem, at from one to two hours' distance, but the roads or the footpaths thither are usually difficult, and it is not advisable to venture upon them without an Arab guard. The Fellahins are everywhere hostile to Europeans, and shoot at them without much scruple.

One of the most beautiful short excursions in the neighbourhood of Jerusalem, as well as that to the Mount of Olives, is to the olive-groves outside the Damascus gate. Here you may find shade, green resting-places, pomegranate-trees, now full of their fire-coloured blossoms, and a glorious view over the verdant plain to the northward, across which goes the road to Samaria and Galilee. I look thitherward with wishes and longings; but alone I dare not undertake this journey of several days on horseback, particularly in my present delicate state of health, and companions for this journey I do not find here.

Another ramble of interest is that around the walls of Jerusalem, which one can make in three hours. Besides the advantage of acquiring a better knowledge of the situation of the city, you have here the pleasure of seeing somewhat of the popular life within the city, which, as far as the women are concerned, is principally seen by their fetching water from the fountains in every kind of vessel, but especially in goat-skin pouches. The figures and groups which thus present themselves are not without picturesque effect, and have an altogether peculiar character.

May 27th.—On this day I paid my last visit to Bethany. The views on the way thither are so unusual, so peculiar, that they always astonish me anew, and the memories connected with Bethany are always pleasantly refreshing to the soul. I was this time accompanied by two amiable young sisters of the Deaconess Home. We visited the House of Martha and Mary, of the many ornaments and antique sculptures of which I have, I believe, already spoken, and which prove that an elegant Roman villa formerly occupied this spot. We were, as usual, surrounded by the Arabs of the miserable village, men, women, and children. I observed how differently to most Europeans the Deaconess Sisters treated them, and especially the children; how affably and kindly they spoke to and listened to them. They in their turn are universally loved by the Arabs, who have by no means inaccessible hearts. The children stole away to the Sisters as if by instinct, and sought protection from them when any of the men would endeavour by blows and violence to drive back the obtrusive little ones, for the temper of the Arab is violent, and the same child which they one moment kiss they may the next strike on the head with the doubled fist or kick out of the way, so that it is affecting to witness. Two such beaten little ones were now received into the Sisters' embrace, where their tears were dried and their excited feelings were soon pacified. The Arabs promised to bring the kind Sisters apricots from their valleys when they were ripe, as they now soon would be.

Our return, which we made through the valleys round Jerusalem, would have been very pleasant, had not two of our asses been so irrationally contentious with each other. Now, therefore, the attention was diverted to them, which otherwise we should have given entirely to the beautiful trees which are the ornament

of these valleys, the dark, luxuriant-leaved fig-trees, the classical olive and pomegranate, full of its fiery-red blossom in the midst of smaragdus-green foliage—an Oriental sight of splendour.

In three days I shall leave Jerusalem, and by the same route that I came—namely, by the Jaffa road. I have no other choice. In Jaffa I hope to meet with a Russian steamer, by which I can go to Caipha and Carmel, and thence—farther. The prospects towards Jaffa are not of the brightest kind; because, first and foremost, I see the bad road thither, and as now the weather has all at once become stormy and wet, I seem mentally to hear and see how the Mediterranean rolls its foaming mountainous waves into the unprotected roadstead. It is often impossible for boats to go out to the steamers. Sometimes even, it is impossible for the steamer to lie-to there!

Jerusalem begins to be deserted. The pilgrims move off in crowds. One can now walk along the Via Nazareni, and the other streets round the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, without danger of being jostled or crushed, or trampled under foot. The Church of the Sepulchre itself is empty. I went there twice during the Easter week, at the risk of life and limb, but was there so persecuted by persevering beggars, poor pale boys and others, that I could scarcely pay any attention to the devout pilgrims and their extraordinary gesticulations. But a time is now coming, nay, is indeed already come, when it is necessary to avoid the burning, sun-heated streets, and to flee to the shade of the gloomy, vaulted bazaars, although it is, in fact, so dark in some parts, that one cannot see the camels before they are over one's head.

Amongst the small religious groups which have taken up their abode in Jerusalem this winter and

spring, is one called *Amenites*, from their habit of often saying *Amen*. It is said that they are expecting the advent of the Millennium, with the consummation of all things, and—they may expect! They are quiet, pious Christians of German origin. I have sometimes heard them singing melodious hymns, whilst they, men and women, in European style of dress, were walking on the hills round Jerusalem. An original of this sect has lived in Jerusalem for many years, where he has bought, or built for himself, a little house under a fig-tree, and in which he lives quite alone, not enduring that any one, and especially not a lady, should come near him. He is said to defend himself, pistol in hand, against such dangerous guests. His dwelling is not far from mine on Mount Zion, and I often hear him late in the evening blowing his trumpet. For, expecting the trumpet of the Last Judgment soon to sound, he probably considers himself as called to be one of its trumpeters, and is therefore practising for that purpose. As a matter of course he is an Englishman, for the most eccentric man here in the world, as well as the most practical, is most certainly an Englishman.

What more can I say about Jerusalem, that remarkable place of gathering for so many races and so many religions, the dissimilarities of which exercise greater power than their points of union?* Languages

* According to the census of 1851, the population of Jerusalem amounting at that time to 23,354 souls—viz.,

12,286 Mohammedans (Arabs and Turks).
7,488 Christians.
3,580 Jews.

In the Pachalik of Jerusalem the numbers were :—

137,001 Mohammedans.
12,462 Christians.
10,077 Jews.

159,540

seem to me also here confused, and the life, in the long run, not much pleasanter than at old Babel. Amongst the many conflicts which are here going forward, one is evidently becoming more general, more increasingly obvious, and that is, between barbarism and civilization, between the East and the West. Civilization builds hospitals, founds schools and churches, missions and consulates; cultivates fields, and spins silk in the shelter of the fortress-like convents. Yet still the rapacious Arab tribes draw ever nearer to the city, and the inhabitants feel themselves ever more and more insecure, as well within as without their walls. Within the city the Turkish Pacha rules, but not justice—neither any certainty of obtaining justice by legal means. The improvement which has been lately attempted in the administration of justice on behalf of the Christian population, by the admission of a portion of Christian members, forming a kind of provincial and municipal council (El Medschlis), has shown itself to be without beneficial result. In everything which belongs to government, arbitrary will and negligence prevail. Besides, the Mohammedan looks with suspicious and jealous eyes on the advance which the Christians are making by their buildings and their plantings. Even the desert itself seems to protest against them, sending forth its hot winds and its wild beasts. I have more than once seen foxes comfortably walking about on the heights close to Jerusalem, and this very evening I came upon a large snake twisting itself round the wooden projections of a house in the city. Nevertheless, mulberry plantations increase, and silk is spun all the more vigorously by active Christian hands. Their industry and organized power is full of hope, and evidently on the increase; but in the present state of affairs, and under the governmental system of

the Porte, they must live in constant apprehension of their peaceful progression being subverted by the barbarians, and of barbarism conquering, and then woe to the Christians here, woe to Palestine! Would that the Western Powers would consider in time, and no longer leave the beautiful, good country, the *Holy Land*, with the cradle of our Saviour and our Saviour's Sepulchre, a defenceless prey to the barbarian. For it is so now!

Even when the Mohammedan is mild and noble—and as a private man he is not unfrequently so—he is incapable of founding a realm of peace. He brings with him, as a matter of necessity, disorder and the desert—the fatality of fatalism.

"What has destroyed your cabbages?" inquired Mr. Hefter, one day, from a turbaned, grave-countenanced Arab, whom we found sitting cross-legged by the side of his withered-up cauliflower-bed.

"Allah!" replied the Mohammedan, gloomily.

"God has permitted this trial for my good, but—better luck another time!" the Christian would say, and not spare himself the trouble of manuring and watering. The Christian regards adversity as trial, as teaching; the Mohammedan as blind fate. His earthly realm has no ideal.

In the present state of Jerusalem I know no city and no place where I should be more unwilling to reside for any length of time, even though a number of Europeans reside there who are deficient neither in excellent natural endowments, nor more than ordinary cultivation. True it is that in the midst of this society I found myself unusually solitary, more solitary than anywhere else in the world. I have felt it with a kind of astonishment, sometimes with pain, because it is what I am not accustomed to; and I have some-

times asked myself, "Is it my fault, or is it the fault of others?" Perhaps, however, it is nobody's fault. Seasons of desolation—journeyings in the desert, as it were, through the desert—occur sometimes in life without our being able to say how or whence they come. Circumstances upon which we cannot calculate, little things which occur adversely, mistakes which we were unaware of or did not understand, may be the cause of our becoming solitary amongst people with whom we would willingly come into closer connexion, and we thus remain strangers to the best portions of their being, as they remain strangers to ours. Yet, neither are such seasons of desolation altogether accidental, nor without their significance for us. Why should we not be taught by them as by all else which occurs to us in life? During such time we are compelled to enter more into ourselves, and to discover to whom we must seek in our seasons of strippedness. For what Christian can feel himself alone, and not know that his life and his fate are placed in the hands of a Fatherly Providence?' He who showed us *the way* often went into the solitude of the desert to collect himself and to pray.

Such thoughts and feelings have come to me in my solitude, and sometimes during the long evenings when my weak eyesight compelled me to put aside every kind of occupation—they have come to me fraught with unaccountable joy. By degrees my solitude has thus become dear to me. Nor would I now be without it, and that which it has brought me. Nevertheless, it has made it easy for me to leave Jerusalem, because—I shall not be missed by any one there. Yet, what do I say? There is a child, a little Arab girl, who really will miss me, who really will grieve when I am gone. Little Rehane, thou dark-eyed child of

the desert! how I have won thy childish love I know not, but—I have won it, and thy silent, long embrace, thy tearful eyes, I shall never forget them. Thy gift, thy most precious little possession—the little book with pictures of flowers in it—I shall always treasure; and the remembrance of thee will warm my heart like a glance of the Eastern sun when I am far away, or if I should at any time again feel myself as solitary amongst my fellow-beings as I feel myself here. Thanks to thee, little Rehane!

Rehane is a little girl of seven years old, a child in the sisters'-home. She is not one of the loveliest, but of the best; most rich gifted, both in head and heart. Those dark eyes cast such fiery, and yet at the same time such knowing glances from that light-brown child's countenance. The Arab children are, on the whole, the most vivacious and the handsomest in the Deaconess-home. A few of them are real beauties. They are at the beginning, when they first come here, like wild birds, and unaccustomed to all order and discipline, they will sometimes, during the first few days, run away to their former homes and their idle, irregular life. But they soon come back again; the remembrance of the sisters' kindness, of the good treatment both of body and soul, attracts them again into their sphere, and by degrees they become accustomed to order and to work, and not unfrequently exhibit very good natural abilities.

Let me here say a few words regarding this sister-home on Mount Zion, which is overshadowed by one of the few beautiful palm-trees of Jerusalem, and which extends its beneficent protection over so many little children of the desert. It is an offshoot from Kaiserswerth, on the banks of the Rhine; an offshoot from Fliedner's nursery-ground, so to speak, which has

already sent out so many similar, to prepare homes of peace in the unpeaceful world. In the year 1851 a home was opened here for children and for the sick. Six deaconesses had the arranging and managing of it, and there they remained as mothers and wardens. The children and the sick came of themselves.

I never paid a visit to this home without feeling myself edified, cheered, satisfied; partly by the orderliness, the pleasantness, and the peace which prevailed within it; partly by the cheerful, merry children who flocked around me, threw their arms round my neck and called me "mother;" but most of all by the spirit which prevails amongst the sisters, most of whom are still young, and all of them agreeable. There is here no party feeling, no family egotism, no egotism at all, no thought of self, of their own individual convenience or dignity; no, they think merely of each other's interests, and that in a natural and affectionate manner. Every sister would have her own private little apartment, but that every sister has admitted into the room three or four little children, and, of course, with so many small beds there is very little space beyond what is wanted for her own. Both at their lessons and in their sports the children seemed full of life and happiness.

Order, fresh air, and comfort prevail also in the apartments of the sick-house. Upwards of thirty Mohammedans have here been cared for during the past year. There is no attempt to make proselytes of them, but Pastor Walentiner reads aloud every evening in the hall of the hospital a chapter from the Scriptures, together with a short prayer, which the Mussulmans willingly listen to. They are thus led to love the Christians and their faith. It is the best mode of conversion. The sisters have also an apothecary's

shop, where they prepare the medicines which they administer. I saw Arab families come more than once with their children, and receive assistance and medicines which the physician of the mission had prescribed. The beneficent activity of the deaconesses is so well known, that the Pacha of Jerusalem presented the institution last year with the sum of one thousand piastres. The Viceroy of Egypt gives to the Deaconess-home in Alexandria an annual sum—I do not remember how much—for the benefits which the population derive from it. The principal means of support, however, for the deaconesses are obtained from their own mother-country. But for these, they would not be able to continue their beautiful, but arduous, and at the same time expensive labours in these heathen lands. Sometimes, however, even these means fail, and famine has then knocked at the door of the Deaconess-home. But the sisters would not let it enter; they devise all kind of plans to support their little ones, their sick, and themselves. Amongst these is the preparation of lovely garlands, and baskets of pressed flowers and leaves from the Mount of Olives, from the hills of Jerusalem or Bethany, which they sell to European travellers in Jerusalem; and there have been times when they maintained themselves and a family of upwards of twenty children almost wholly by the income they derived from these garlands of flowers.

"But, how is it possible? How can it be sufficient for so many little ones?"

"God's blessing makes it suffice!" replied the good sisters, themselves astonished by those small means going so far, and by all things being so well with them. Nevertheless, they have lately been obliged to refuse receiving several little children from want of means, and this has been painful to them.

At the present moment, however, the prospects of the institution have brightened. The superintendent, the cheerful, excellent Sister Charlotte, has lately returned from a visit of some months to Germany, and with her have come fresh means for the Sister-home, both for support and extension. The deaconesses now find themselves in a condition to erect a building, which they have long wished for, and for which stone and lime have already been purchased—this is, an eating-hall for the children, instead of the washing-room, which hitherto has been used for this purpose, and also as a room where they may remain when rainy weather does not allow them to be out in the courts. The institution has also a small garden—small, but well managed. Beautiful flowers make it bright, as they do also the balustrades of the house, and the palm—the lofty date-palm—casts upon it its shadow. Down in the court below there is a fountain, of unusually good and abundant water, which never ceases to flow. It is both for the sake of the children, and for the whole family, an inestimable blessing in this hot and thirsty land. Thus, you may see the little ones clambering around it like bees round a blossoming tree, the merry, happy little ones—children of the Deaconess-home, as they are called! It is quite a delight to me to think that the sisters can now, in consequence of the new building, receive several more children. The Arabs are pleased that their children should be brought up here, and learn various things from which their families afterwards derive advantage, especially arts of domestic industry, besides orderliness and knowledge of many kinds. They desire, however, to have them home again too soon; and, in order that any permanent good may be done for the children, the sisters are obliged to have regular contracts drawn up with their parents or

guardians, that they shall retain the children a certain number of years.

Some of the elder Mohammedan or Jewish girls occasionally go over to Christianity, nor do the parents appear to make any objection if the child in so doing has a chance of being well provided for.*

May they increase and extend themselves, these good Sister-homes, in all countries of the earth; for more than by all missionary preaching is Christ's kingdom on earth advanced by the daily divine worship of unpretending works of love. Fliedner has the immortal merit of having prepared an opening, through these deaconess institutions, by which female souls, rich in love and earnest to labour, may use their powers and their gifts in a fuller measure than hitherto in the service of this highest object. The Deaconess-institution protects the solitary, and affords her the means and the power which enable her, if she will, to become on earth an active servant of the Lord.

I do not know whether I have already mentioned the essential difference between the deaconess of the Evangelical Church and the nun of the Roman Catholic Church. The former gives a promise merely for a certain time, usually five years, and these promises are not unconditionally binding. The deaconess does not break family-ties by her promise, and can and may, at any time, return to the home of her parents if she be required there. She is not, like the Roman Catholic nun, the slave of an outward institution which calls itself the *Church*, and which consists of its priesthood, and which she must *blindly obey* in whatever it com-

* A lovely young girl whom I saw in the Institution had lately embraced Christianity, and had been sent to the distinguished Normal-school at Smyrna — also a Deaconess-institute, to be educated as a teacher.—*Author's note, added* 1861.

mands, even when it commands her not to read the Bible or to meditate on the Gospel! She—the Evangelical deaconess—can even marry if a husband offer himself whose views accord with her vocation of love. Thus, during the past year, a young and universally beloved deaconess of the Sister-home in Jerusalem gave her hand to a missionary, and accompanied him to his station in Abyssinia, there to share his labours in good and in evil.

May 30th.—My last day in Jerusalem. Yesterday (Sunday) I was present for the last time at divine service on Mount Zion. The lesson was about the son of the centurion; the sermon was good, purely Christian, and referred to prayer in the name of Jesus, confidence and rest in God. Good tidings on the way!

Bad weather, storm, and rain prevented my taking a last walk, as I had wished, up the Mount of Olives. I passed the evening alone, put my travelling attire in order, and when this necessary work was ended it was midnight. I read, however, the last discourse of Jesus with His disciples during His last walk to the Mount of Olives.

It occurred to me as almost impossible that any one with a sound heart and understanding can attentively read this preparation for death—in which the institution of the Holy Sacrament must be included—without being deeply affected by the sense that He who here speaks is something more than man, and that He is accomplishing a work alone of its kind in the history of the human race! If I possessed nothing besides of the history of Jesus, and knew nothing more of Him than is related in these three or four last chapters of St. John's Gospel, they would be quite sufficient to make me regard Him as divinely sent, as He who alone can lead me to God. Everything else

in the history of the human race is preparatory, is the Father's drawing to the Son, to the *Son* who alone can lead to the *Father*. This view has, however, become clear to me in Jerusalem, and by this alone is my journey thither well repaid.

Without, it is cold and stormy, but I now feel more and more as if it had no reference to myself. How happy and calm is my mind! My heart has received a blessed message of assurance and peace—praise and thanks be unto God!

TWELFTH STATION.

On Board—Reminiscence of the Journey—Abugosch—Jaffa—Caipha—Missionary's Home—Days on Carmel—Journey to Nazareth—Genesareth—Tiberias—Former Days and every-day Life—Bath and Bedouins—Tabor—Again at Caipha—Something new under the Sun—Beyrout and Lebanon—Emir Seid and his Court—Sitti Camómilla—Druses and Maronites—Arabs—Mohammed and Al Koran—"Nurse of Calm Life."

JAFFA ROADS, *June 1st.*—It is now over, the worst part of my journey, the ride between Jerusalem and Jaffa, and wearied and with aching, but sound limbs and with a thankful heart, I am now rocked by the softly swelling waves like a child in its mother's arms.

It was not easy for me to get away from Jerusalem. I had engaged a good white horse, and the very day I was to have it, it was given to another traveller; I had also engaged a second horse for my baggage, and at the last moment they sent me an ass quite incapable of the long journey. The usual negligence and unreliability of the Arabs thus obliged me to set out three hours later than I had fixed, and I do not believe that even then I should have managed it, had not a young tradesman of the city helped me in the most kind and active manner to arrange my affairs, both with regard

to man and beast. Ill himself with a violent attack of ague, he had still time and attention to devote to me. I cannot sufficiently express how thankful I felt, and ever shall feel to Mr. Löwenthal* for this kindness. He obtained another horse for me. It was not handsome, like my white one, was of a rhubarb-colour, and had a large leech sticking upon its palate, which made it hang out its tongue. It did not look at all attractive, but it seemed to step safely, and they assured me it was a *rachuàn*—that is to say, a horse with easy paces. But, as I had no choice, I was obliged to take what was offered. Mr. Löwenthal sent back the ass which they had brought me, scolding the Arabs roundly; obtained a horse and a driver for him, and finally accompanied me himself out of the gate of Jerusalem. God bless the young man for his genuine kindness!

The sun was descending, but the wind had abated and the weather was fine. I soon observed that my rachuàn went safely and well, my confidence grew in him, and I felt easy and comfortable on his back. Mr. Finn had had the kindness to give me as escort, his dragoman Mr. Blum, also a Christianized Jew; a good man, on whom dependence might be placed. My Muckaro, Sulieman, in a splendid turban, walked beside my horse; everything was as it should be; I could almost enjoy the journey.

A little piece of good luck had happened to me this morning, which was like a good presage. I had not

* Mr. Löwenthal is a young Christianized Jew, and is connected with the Evangelical mission in this place, in so far that, as a trader in Jerusalem, he endeavours, by uprightness and reliability, both in business and general conduct, to bear witness to the doctrines of the Gospel, and against the deception and negligence which are practised amongst the Arabs.—*Author's note.*

succeeded, during the winter, in obtaining a single rose of Jericho. They were all this year, it was said, poor and small, and I kept hoping for a better chance of getting one till it was too late, so that I quite supposed I should be obliged to leave Jerusalem without a rose of Jericho! When, however, on the morning of my departure, I went to take leave of Mr. Rosen, the Prussian Consul, behold, there sate at the gate of the bazaar an Arab with a magnificent rose of Jericho in his basket. I had never seen one so full and so regular before. I bought it immediately, and the friendly Arab gave me, into the bargain, five or six lesser roses, which he still had in his basket. All this pleased me very much, and gave a little rose-colour to my not otherwise very bright state of mind.

In the evening, when Jerusalem and the winding path across the deep glen of one of its hills lay behind me, and the sinking sun gilded the hills around, as well as the beautiful valley of Kolonia, with its rich plantations of mulberry, olive, and fig-trees, how different was the aspect of this neighbourhood now to what it had been four months before, when I saw it for the first time. Now the pomegranate was bright with its fiery-red blossoms, and the vineyards in their fresh verdure at the foot of the hills. The corn waved yellow on the terraces. Of a truth this soil is rich and fruitful, and abundantly rewards the labour of the cultivator.

An hour after sunset I reached Abugosch, the former nest of robbers, but which now gives peaceful shelter to foreign pilgrims. I had arranged to pass the night here, and here it was appointed that I should be joined by Mr. Finn's young niece and little daughter, who, in company with me, were thence to make the journey to Jaffa. Little crimson clouds were still bright above

the castle and olive-groves of Abugôsch as I arrived there; I was received at the gate and kindly greeted by the stately Sheik, who then conducted me to a large and very splendid house, ornamented in the Arabic style, where I soon found myself in the midst of the Sheik's harem.

Miss H—— and little Constance Finn were already seated there, surrounded by smoking, talking, and inquisitive Arab ladies, who received me very kindly. The gate of the house was now closed, and we could no longer have conversation with any persons outside; from one of its roofs, however, which, as usual, was flat, we had a view all round the Sheik's dwelling, and could see the life that was going on—the driving in of the flocks, and the Sheik himself at his repast, which he took in company with his men, sitting upon the ground under the open sky. Four or five murders, and many other deeds of atrocity committed by him have not prevented the wealthy Sheik from being in unusually good condition for an Arab, and looking like an affable man, clever and happy, and perfectly well-contented with himself and his world.

Our repast was served in the harem, on a low table, round which the ladies took their seats on cushions; whilst they invited us also to partake of the meal. The various dishes were eaten, as usual, with the fingers. I did not dare to taste either of the fat pilaff or of other substantial meats, but I longed unspeakably for a cup of tea, which I must, indeed, have gone without, if young Miss H., who speaks Arabic fluently, had not cleverly and resolutely undertaken to make it for me herself, from the stores which I had brought with me. The tea and the water were boiled together, a goat was milked for the occasion, and I had a splendid evening meal. After this mattresses were laid upon the floor

for the sleeping accommodation of myself and my young friends. We were left to ourselves, and had a good night in the large airy apartment.

By sunrise we were all on horseback, for we had before us a fatiguing day's journey; but it was the most beautiful morning, the air was as clear and as pure as diamonds.,, I enjoyed it, as I had not yet enjoyed any morning and any air in this country. Very soon the difficulties and the fatigues of the road began; but the wind blew fresh, and my horse went safely, and evidently knew his way. As the road, in the meantime, was continually on the descent after leaving Abugosch, the riding was very much more wearisome than on our journey to Jerusalem. Our little train rode in this order: first went Mr. Finn's Arab kavasse, fully armed and in grand costume; then young Miss H., light and graceful, on her white horse; next, carried on an ass, little Constance, in a basket, from which she every now and then looked up like a little fairy, with a silk kerchief floating above her pretty head, and an inquiring, "Well, Miss Bremer?" with the affectionate child's blue eyes fixed upon me, who now came on my rachuàn, followed by Sulieman, and myself following the sure footsteps of Mr. Blum, the dragoman; lastly the horse with my baggage, and its leader.

We made a halt, and breakfasted under an aspen-tree on the road, and then proceeded onward. From four to five hours we clambered, or rather our horses did, through the indescribably difficult, and even dangerous mountain passes. It is really wonderful that the poor animals do not more frequently slip and fall on the smooth stones. We made the whole distance, however, without the slightest misadventure; but when we had issued from the last of these terrible passes upon the Plain of Sharon, it felt like a deliverance.

The corn was waving yellow, although not abundantly, on the extensive champaign, and here and there was falling before the sickle of the reaper. The reapers were singing over their work in chorus and in time with their work, unmelodiously, as usual, but yet not disagreeably. Other parts of the plains shone out yellow, from an umbelliferous flower, which I found to be wild dill.

Ramleh, with its lofty minaret and its palms, rises picturesquely above the immense plain. Still more romantic is the mosque and the palm-crowned well at the village of Jussaff, where tradition, which is based on error, has fixed the meeting of Eleazar with Rebecca. The well could not be more beautiful at the city of Nahor, on the way into Mesopotamia.

It was still considerably before sunset when we reached Jaffa. Its gardens were in full splendour; a kind of paradisiac wilderness of vines, cactus-plants, mulberry, fig, pomegranate, lemon, and orange-trees. It was a luxuriance and rich succulence of vegetative life which astonished the eye accustomed to the barren hills around Jerusalem. But Jerusalem has its Mount of Olives and its extensive views. Even the people who sit in groups, or wander along the road outside the Jaffa-gate, have a character of Oriental luxuriance which one does not see amongst the people up the country.

For the rest, I was not very capable of paying much attention to outward impressions this evening, so occupied was I with the weariness of the body after that eight hours' fatiguing ride. To have a warm-bath, drink a cup of tea, and go to bed was all that I was capable of; but oh, what a delight it was to rest with the murmuring cradle-song of the sea outside my window!

The following morning I visited the missionary, Dr.

Barclay, and his kind wife, at their lovely abode in the midst of gardens. I found him, like the good Samaritan, giving advice and medicine to Mohammedans, Jews, and Christians, who came to him in crowds. There is not, at the present time, a European physician at Jaffa, and the kindness of Dr. Barclay's manners and deportment attracts people to him no less than his medical skill. Miss H. and little Constance were already at home here. I breakfasted with them and our benevolent host and hostess, who had the kindness to wish me to spend the day with them. But I dreaded so much lest the wind should become more violent and render it difficult for me to go on board, that, spite of the pleasure I had, and always have had, in the society of this American couple, I took my leave of them, and engaged a boat, for which I was at first asked forty, and then twenty-seven piastres (an Austrian thaler), and was rowed to the steamer. The swell of the sea was strong, but once on board, it was not disagreeable; and I have lain the whole day upon one of the excellent sofas in the saloon, and let myself, half slumbering, be rocked by the waves, enjoying the calm and the repose after the difficult journey, and feeling the pliability of my limbs gradually return. It was an unexpected pleasure to me to see Mr. Rosen, the Prussian Consul at Jerusalem, come on board. He is one with whom I gladly converse, and to whom it is equally agreeable to listen.

We steam away during the night, and shall probably have a stormy voyage to Caipha.

Caipha, at the foot of Mount Carmel, June 2nd.— No, the sea continued calm, and the evening beautiful. Some clouds which had appeared threatening dissolved away, and the stars came forth brilliantly twinkling

above the great sea, above the most ancient city of Jaffa, where the lights twinkled in emulation of the stars above. I walked up and down the deck in the twilight, and enjoyed the grand spectacle and the sea, which became ever calmer. Through the night-voyage I slept.

In the early dawn we were approaching Mount Carmel and the little city of Caipha—the ancient Porphyria—at its foot. The earliest rays of the sun reached us above the rounded swells of the massive mountain. The land surrounded us in a semicircle almost like a haven. A sandy tongue of shore to the west was covered with palm-trees. On the loftiest declivity of the western ridge, close above the shore, lies the convent, which was built for pilgrims journeying to the Holy Land. In a few days I also shall take a ramble up there. I am now, however, lingering at the foot of Carmel, in the house of the missionary Kœlle and his amiable wife, and have never—except in my hospitable, warm-hearted America, and in my Swiss home by the Living Waters—felt myself so well off, so much at home, amongst strangers before. It is the sister of the English Consul here, Miss Rogers, whom I have to thank for this asylum. A kind invitation from her had brought me hither, and had awakened in me the hope of making in her company the journey from this place to Nazareth and Genesareth. But as my departure from Jerusalem was delayed nearly a month, I have arrived here just at the moment when Miss Rogers is obliged to return to England. But before she left, she prepared for me the friendly home where I now find myself so comfortable. Such service of love is inestimable to a solitary traveller like myself.

But how shall I reach Nazareth and Tiberias? All the pilgrims are coming away from there at this time, and by degrees from the Holy Land, where the heat

of the summer, especially in the Valley of the Jordan, is dreaded.

Carmel, June 5th.—To live separated from the world and mankind, to live without any of the comforts and amenities which are agreeable to the senses, without any of the amusements which shorten the hours of the day, and yet to know that life is rich, yet to know that it is full, and to increase in wisdom and spiritual strength—this is what only certain high-toned, unusually-awakened souls are capable of, souls which can converse with God, hear His voice in the exhortation of their own conscience, and perceive his nearness in the softly-whispering accents of nature. Therefore were they justly reverenced by the multitude and seers of the counsel of God. Such awakened souls were Elijah and Elisha, who cultivated Mount Carmel whilst they chose it for their dwelling-place. It was on the summit of Carmel, according to the Scriptures,* that Elijah fought out the spiritual fight with the priests of Baal—he alone against four hundred and fifty prophets of Baal—and succeeded, by his pious, fervent prayers, to call down that fire upon the altar of the holy God which would not descend upon the altar of the priests of Baal, spite of all their conjuration and their wild gestures, leaping and cutting themselves with knives—a magnificent scene! But the grandeur of this lies less in the miracle itself—which seems merely natural, inasmuch as extraordinary spiritual gifts must be able to produce extraordinary occurrences—than in the will and the aim which animated Elijah, who sought not his own honour, but that of God, and which made him reply to the Lord's question, "What dost thou here, Elijah?"

* 1st Book of Kings, chap. xviii.

"I have been very jealous for the Lord God of Hosts, because the children of Israel have forsaken thy covenant," &c.

Elijah and his adopted son Elisha stand very high in this class of character, and have with justice been regarded as princes and pioneers amongst all those who seek to obtain the glory of heaven by renouncing the glory of earth. But the fiery chariot of Elijah carries up only those who can wear his mantle, who seek heaven not for their own, but for the sake of God. And many of his successors in the outward had sufficient experience of the truth of this during their lives in solitude and the desert. But before the time of Christ mankind knew no better way to heaven. We find these hermits and ascetics early amongst all nations of the East. They constitute there the higher choir in the nations. The seers of Palestine take the highest place amongst these teachers of the people by their turn of mind and their inspired vision. They behold the kingdom of God, and fight and die for it; they are not inactive solitaries.

To Elijah and Elisha succeeded many of the sons of the prophets, and the men who saw the ideal of life in contemplation and self-mortification, and who dwelt in many of the grottoes and rocky caves of Carmel. The mountain became, so it is said, like a hive for "bees which prepared the honey of the spirit." But not Carmel only, Horeb also, Saba and Lebanon, and the deserts of Palestine and Egypt, were filled with solitary devotees and contemplatives, "who," says one of the Fathers of the Church, "when the Spirit drove them, went forth amongst mankind to preach repentance, or to announce the judgments of God against sin." By degrees they united to withstand wild beasts or robbers who threatened their holy mountain and

solitary cells. Thus arose convents and their brotherhoods.

Tradition says that the precepts which afterwards regulated the orders of the Rechabites, Essenes, and Therapeutes, and which lastly became the rule of the Carmelites, originated with Elijah and Elisha, although after Christ the ideal of life became quite different and far higher than the solitary's life of self-mortification. He who will become the disciple of Christ must not live alone as a hermit, separated from man. He may, it is true, like the Master Himself, withdraw into solitude, but merely that he may collect his powers for the service of his fellows, and for the advancement of the kingdom of God. He seeks not his own, but the advantage of others.

Carmel, in the meantime, had many conventual communities during the first centuries after Christ; but no single century passed without their being desolated by the Arabs. Under St. Louis the convent was built, which was designed for the benefit of pilgrims of all nations. St. Basil gave to the brethren of the convent those rules which, at the present day, make the order of Carmelites one of the most ascetic and strict in the Catholic Church. When Napoleon I. besieged Acre the Carmelite Convent opened its gates, not for pilgrims, but for the wounded and the dying. After Napoleon's defeat at Saida, the ancient Sidon, the Turks took forcible possession of the convent, killed the wounded, drove out the monks, and destroyed all the buildings.

The present magnificent convent was erected through the zeal and persevering endeavours of a monk, Brother Jean Batista. In the year 1819 he came, by command of his Order in Rome, to see what could be done for the re-erection of the convent, and arrived just in

time to behold its last remains blown up by Abdallah Pacha. In 1826 he came again, seated himself upon a fallen pillar in the scene of desolation, drew a plan for the new erection, and calculated the cost. He then went down, and in the first dwelling he came to, begged a piece of bread as his evening meal. He had calculated the cost of the building at 350,000 francs. The first man from whom he solicited aid for this purpose was a *Turk* with whom he had become acquainted in his wanderings. This man gave immediately nine thousand francs, but on the condition that the Christian *auberge* should receive necessitous pilgrims of all nations and religious professions, as well as that they should have free board and lodging for three days. During six years Brother Jean Batista travelled through all the countries of Europe, collecting means for the erection of the new convent on Mount Carmel; now and then also going thither to direct and push forward the work.

Thus it was erected by the means of many, but by the genius and unwearied zeal of one man, a Franciscan monk, as it now stands with lofty walls enclosing a large court, in the centre of which stands the convent, with its beautiful church crowned with a lofty cupola —a splendid building on the heights of Carmel where it most nearly approaches the sea. The waves lave its feet.

The rooms of the *auberge* are as large and airy as those of a palace. The view over the sea is glorious. Northward you see the coast of Syria and the cities that lie along the coast; beyond, the heights of Lebanon; and in the farthest distance the lofty cupola of Hermon.

Karm-el—God's vineyard—was formerly a rich and fruitful mountain, the valleys and elevations of which seem calculated for cultivation, but under the Govern-

ment of the Porte it has by degrees been converted into a wilderness, the pasture-ground of the Arabs and the abode of panthers and hyenas. I have, however, wandered alone to a considerable distance along these solitary paths without meeting either with man or beast, and have been able quietly to enjoy the pure mountain air and the magnificent views.

I have now been here for three days, entertained and treated in the best possible manner by the good Father Cyrillo, a lively, clever little Italian. There are here only thirteen monks, whose superintendent, the Prior, Father Octaviano, looks like a mild and sensible man. With the exception of two nuns from Nazareth, one of whom is ill, I am the only stranger here. The weather is glorious, and every evening has afforded me the lovely spectacle of the sun setting over the ocean. When its last fiery glance is quenched, the new moon is there seen shining out like a golden ring depending from the firmament, and sliding softly down also to the west, it weds itself with the sea. Everything in the convent and all around it is profoundly still. The little bell calling to prayer is the only sound which is heard; the only life which is perceived outside the convent is from the going out and the returning of the flocks morning and evening. A few camels with their foals graze near the convent. The little foals have remarkably lovely heads, which in expression resemble those of lambs. The large ones eat the usual Palestine thorn-bush—in Arabic, *Nebk*—as if it were the greatest delicacy; they crackle like a butter-cake in their mouths.

The cave in which Elijah is said to have dwelt is shown below the altar of the church, and is a natural cave of the rock. From this point he is supposed to have seen the little cloud ascend which foretold rain

after a long season of drought. Since the convent of Carmel has come wholly into the possession of the Roman Catholics, the little cloud has been converted into an image and prophecy of the Madonna, and the convent is now placed under her protection. Above the cave of Elijah sits a very well moulded, but very human image of the Virgin, cast in wax, which was brought hither from Rome. The Prior, Father Cyrillo told me, had himself the great privilege of undressing and re-dressing the Madonna and the child Jesus, in their various garments, according to the different festivals and solemnities. It is also the Madonna who is said to have given Brother Stubb the pattern for the dress of the Order which they now wear; and to her the church of the convent is dedicated.

This was related to me to-day by Prior Octaviano, during a conversation. He spoke highly of the calmness and the happiness which is obtained by a faithful adherence to the rules of the Order. Certain hours of the twenty-four—but no more than one at a time—are devoted to contemplation. Twice in the day they have self-examination. Once or twice in the week the monks scourge one another. They never eat flesh-meat, but they drink as much wine as they like; and the Cyprus wine which they drink is, if not of the best—because, from the preparation of the cask, it has a flavour of tar—yet most certainly it is one of the strongest of wines. Every hour in the day has its allotted duty. The convent-bell indicates when the time is come for it to be changed. The Prior commended the abstaining from flesh-meat as an important means of subduing the violent passions of the soul, and of assisting to obtain that peace which is perfected through contemplation and prayer. Prior Octaviano himself, with his gentle manners, his mild, pale, and sensible exterior, is a good

testimony in favour of his own doctrine. The appearance of the other Brothers speaks much less advantageously for it. Some look stupid and brutish, and Father Cyrillo, I am afraid, places more reliance on the Cyprus wine than on spiritual contemplation.

At the distance of some minutes' walk from the convent is a hermit's hut and a little chapel, erected by a man who wished to live there as an Elijah. He was now away. Was it like Elijah at the call of the Lord, or because the hermit's cell had become too confined for him—the time there too tedious? I do not know whether I myself should now have strength of body and soul for a hermit's life under these simple circumstances; I believe not. But there was a time when it seemed to me that it would be supreme happiness and beauty to live alone with nature and the Creator. The silence, the calmness during the alternations of the day and of the year; intercourse with the beneficent powers of nature, the fountain, the plants of the sustenance-giving earth; the great spectacle of the ocean, of the starry heavens; the few wants, the freedom from the many artificial duties and usages of social life, the being released from the necessity of carrying on and listening to "idle talk," one of the plagues which are expressly mentioned in the Koran as being escaped in Paradise; and again, *the silence* and *the solitude* which lead the soul to collect and to absorb itself—these certainly must open its ear to perceive the call of God, even if it came as to the first Seer of Carmel in the sound of "a small, still voice." But for this a higher purpose is required than a selfish enjoyment of solitude.

Carmel—less a mountain than a mass of lofty hills covered with wood—enjoys a mild climate. The vine flourishes in a little vineyard near the convent, and the wine is said to be remarkably good.

During my stay here I have, with the assistance of the kind missionary Mr. Kœlle, made the arrangements for my journey to Nazareth and Genesareth. I have engaged a couple of horses and an Arab, who undertakes to conduct me thither and to bring me safely back again. He is said to be a reliable Mohammedan, and speaks a little Italian. I have learnt some Arab words and phrases, and by these means we can understand one another tolerably well. The journey will occupy five or six days, and I am not without some anxiety regarding it; less on account of the Bedouins than that it must be made on horseback, for I am alone on the journey, and by no means an experienced horsewoman. Besides, the roads in this country seem simply made to cause both horse and rider to fall. But I could not forgive myself if, for want of a little courage, I should lose the knowledge of these remarkable places.

Nazareth, June 11th.—I have now seen them; my mind comprehends in clear pictures these scenes of the Saviour's childhood, of His first activity, during the short period of His great popularity, which caused men and women to leave the towns, even at the risk of suffering hunger, to go out into the desert to hear His voice and to witness His power. They were formerly as shadow-pictures, now they have become living scenes to my inner eye, these places with their familiar, and to every Christian heart, beloved names. I am now for the second time in Nazareth, and whilst I remain under the protection of the Franciscan monks at the pilgrims' *auberge* here, *Casa Nova*—partly for the sake of resting, partly that I may from this place ascend Mount Tabor, which requires a day—I will, both for your sake, my R——, and for my own, sketch the principal features of my somewhat perilous journey.

Behold me then, compassionate friend, on the height

of Carmel, in a strong wind and under menacing clouds, mount my white horse with no little anxiety on account of it and of the threatening storm, but resolved to "take it coolly," and not to let myself be hindered by trifles, and least of all by my own weakness. Before me rides my Muckaro Hameth, in splendid Bedouin costume, armed with his gun, and with pistols in his girdle, which murderous weapons I suspect to be perfectly harmless. He is mounted upon a large brown horse with a proud bearing and dancing paces. By my side, and leading my horse down the steeps of Carmel, and through the city-gate of Caipha, walks a tall dark-brown Egyptian Arab. Let me introduce him to you—Abdullah, formerly captain in the army of Ibrahim Pacha. Several years since, having committed a crime of insubordination, killed his officer, he was condemned to one of those horrible torture-punishments of which the marks remain as long as life, and which are universal in Egypt. That he is still a cruel man may be seen by his black-brown countenance; and I know that he is so also from my friend Mr. Kœlle, who nevertheless likes to visit him and to converse with him. He ill-treats his wife; but then he considers, as he himself says, that he has quite the right to do so, because *he bought her* with his own money. He lives in the benevolent hope of seeing the day when the heads of all the Christians in Turkey will be cut off, and he indicates the hope by an expressive gesture. He cannot see any other help for the present state of affairs in Turkey.

It is this cruel Captain Abdullah who now enacts the protector of the Christian *Sitti*, and he leads, with a sort of tiger-like politeness, her *farras* (horse) down the stony descent of Mount Carmel. Outside the gate of Caipha, he receives his *bachschish*, grins his

katter herac (many thanks), and now I am left to my own management to follow my guide, if my horse please. *Inschullah* (God grant it)! It does please him, and I observe with satisfaction that he is sensible and light-footed. The storm is but little felt since we have turned our backs to the sea; I begin to feel pleasure in the ride, especially as we proceed, and I become acquainted with beautiful and fertile Galilee. Here are hills, as in Judea, but they are covered with umbrageous woods of Palestine oak, and the St. John's bread-tree, *caroba*. To the right extends the lofty ridge of Carmel, with far-extending spurs, dividing Samaria from Galilee; to the left and eastward are billowy heights, branches of the Lebanon. We ride across the plain of Esdraelon, the scene of the oldest and the latest bloody battles of Palestine, of Barak and Deborah, of the Crusaders, with many others. Now it was covered with golden corn-harvests waving before the wind. We rode through country as beautiful as European parks—as beautiful as happy childhood; never could I have believed that tracts of country in the power of the Arabs could produce so much wood and impress the mind with such a peaceful charm. But the desolation is at the same time striking; one sees neither villages nor habitations, neither yet human beings, although the land is evidently cultivated. The soil seems fruitful, but the cultivation is evidently little attended to, and the harvests are accordingly; a great deal of the extensive plain is even totally untilled. The road is of the better class for Palestine, and the clouds and soft rain-showers mitigate the heat, which otherwise would be very oppressive during the long ride over the treeless plain. In one or two places we had to wade through bogs, in which I, and my horse evidently also, suspected that

we might stick fast; but we toiled luckily through, and reached dry ground again. The country becomes more bare and of a wilder character the nearer we approach Nazareth. The situation of a little village which lies at about an hour's distance from Nazareth, and which is mentioned as the birthplace of the race of the Maccabees, is ideally beautiful, on a terrace between mountains surrounded by palm-trees and gardens.

We arrived in Nazareth in good time in the afternoon. The ride hither is calculated at about eight hours.

Nazareth lies in its valley like a child in its cradle, a cradle of rounded granite-rocks ornamented within with olive and fig-leaves. Supported by the hill, as if by its pillow, the little town lies glancing towards the south, with its grey stone houses devoid of beauty or ornament, but larger in extent than I expected to have found it.

According to the Gospel narrative of St. Luke (ii. 49), Jesus accompanied his parents down to Nazareth, at twelve years of age, after he had stood forth in the Temple at Jerusalem astonishing the learned by his questions and answers, and when he calmed his anxiously-seeking mother with the words, "How is it that ye sought me? Wist ye not that I must be about my father's business?" The narrative adds, "And he went down with them and came to Nazareth, and was subject unto them; but his mother kept all these sayings in her heart. And Jesus increased in wisdom and in stature, and in favour with God and man."—A beautiful preparation—the ideal for every child's life.

Nazareth was the birthplace of Jesus's mother, and the history of Mary occupies more space there than that of her son. Tradition, which in the Roman Catholic Church so luxuriously decked out the image of Mary

after death, has yet been unusually frugal, or rather circumspect, in narratives respecting her life in Nazareth, and in doing so has displayed true Christian taste. You are here shown her humble abode, her little kitchen, the flight of steps by which she went down into Joseph's workshop, the spring whence she was accustomed to fetch water; all the places and circumstances which belong to the simplest, most everyday life of a woman of humble condition, and yet full of significance precisely because they belong to the woman who henceforth shall be called blessed by all generations of the earth. The spiritually great in that which is temporally and according to the world's esteem mean, is one of the peculiarities of the Gospel history; otherwise it could not have become what it is for the lowliest of earth.

A pretty and natural tradition of the childhood of Jesus tells us that when the women of Nazareth were troubled or out of heart about their children, they used to say, "Let us go and look at Mary's Son!" because a glance at this child was enough to console them. This was related to me by a good nun, a French Sister of Mercy who has resided here for some years, and who now, owing to a letter of introduction from the sick nun at Carmel, kindly accompanied me round to see the remarkable places in Nazareth. To these belong, before all else, the church which is built above the little chapel where tradition has placed the oratory of the Virgin and the spot on which she received the salutation of the angel "Hail, thou that art highly favoured!" The interior of the church has a character of freshness and spotlessness not usual in Catholic churches, and least of all in the East. The walls are hung with canvas, upon which scenes of the life of the Virgin are painted, with borders of palm-trees and other plants and trees of Palestine. The little chapel seemed filled

with the fresh and pleasant fragrance of the wild mountain upland plants, which are always kept here in large quantities, and the odour of which is diffused through the whole church. It was pure and lovely symbolism, and how agreeable in comparison with the usual stifling incense of Catholic churches.

The Catholics have, on the contrary, very unsymbolically, and in very bad taste, converted Joseph's supposed carpenter's shop into a little boudoir-like church, where the altarpiece represents Joseph like a Parisian beau who pretends to be a carpenter. But the church was yet unfinished, and it would be better for it to remain so.

Another building was in progress with a great deal of noise and chattering of the Arab workmen. It was an extension of the hospital with the residence of the Sisters of Mercy. These Sisters, who receive children as well as the sick of all religious persuasions, are said to do a great deal of good, and are gladly welcomed by the Mohammedan population of the place; but not so by the Greek orthodox, who look with suspicious eyes on all Orders which are under the dominion of the Pope.

Late in the evening I took a ramble in the valley accompanied by my Muckaro. The corn-harvest was in full operation there. The Arabs, in Bedouin costume, camels, and asses, were ranging about at will in the fields; merry lads were racing and tumbling about in heaps of reaped corn, of which the camels ate, and which was not put up into shock as with us. The field was bordered all round with beautiful groves of olive- and fig-trees, as well as with cactus-hedges. Such was the aspect of this lovely valley even during the childhood of Jesus, when he played there as do these children now. But I looked in vain amongst these little wild Arab boys for some one of whom I could have said in moments

of trouble, "I will go and look at that child." They were all dirty, and with an unpleasing expression, although many of them had beautiful eyes. Also amongst the women of Nazareth, though I saw some very handsome and with good carriage, yet I did not meet with a single one the expression of whose countenance we should appropriate to the mother of Jesus, according to the few traits which are preserved to us of her history, together with the words, "Mary hid all these things [the words of her Son] in her heart." Raphael has conveyed that expression to the canvas in the deep glance of his Sistine Madonna. The women of Nazareth look anything but deep-thoughted.

The setting sun illumined the gay, many-coloured scene in the valley, which presented at the same time both that picturesque and extraordinary character which belongs to Arab life.

I had taken up my abode in the *auberge* of the Catholic pilgrims' *Casa Nova*, founded by the *Propaganda della Fe* of Rome, and placed under the protection of the neighbouring Franciscan convent. The elegant stone house, the excellent enclosed court-yard, the pleasant room, in which I found a nicely prepared bed, and the honest countenance of the Christianized Arab Jacob, all rejoiced my soul, because I stood in need of rest and refreshment; and he it was who, under the oversight of the monks, had the charge of the *auberge* and its guests. And good refreshment in meat and drink were also set before me, but of rest I got none; for our excellent Jacob did not appear to consider that sweeping and washing belonged to the good keeping of a guest-chamber, and thus certain small, bright-brown Bedouin hordes had found the means of occupying both my room and my bed, so that it was impossible for me to obtain a moment's rest. I de-

sired him to deluge the room with floods of cold water against my return, in a few days, and set off at dawn on my further journey.

I had been strongly advised at Caipha to take with me a "cavalier," that is to say, a soldier of the Pacha's guard, on the road from Nazareth to Genesareth, because the Bedouins are dangerous in this district, as well as all along the shores of the Jordan. But the good, loquacious Father who manages the business affairs of the *auberge* at Nazareth, assured me that there was no danger of this kind to be dreaded on the road, and I, too, considered that a guard of one or two soldiers could not do much against a troop of Bedouins; besides, nobody would suspect the travelling Sitti to have much wealth about her, seeing her travelling alone, with merely one little portmanteau and one *muckaro*. I determined, therefore, to trust to my usual travelling-luck, and take the Bedouin raid coolly, even if they robbed me of my little portmanteau, and thus set off on my way with no other guard than my guide Hameth, taking with me from the convent, as a page, merely a Greek lad of seventeen, named Joseph—Orientally beautiful as the Joseph of the Bible could be—to walk beside my horse, and lead it on the slippery parts of mountains, because my white steed was not by any means surefooted.

When we had proceeded about an hour's distance from Nazareth, I saw on the right a little troop, seven or eight men, Bedouins with long spears, riding out of a coppice, across the arable land directly towards us. They paused for a moment, seemed consulting together, and then slowly continued their ride, but still in the direct course towards me.

"Now they are coming!" I thought, and in my mind's eye I saw myself plundered of my little pro-

perty—the greater part of my money, however, as well as my luggage, had remained at Caipha—and prepared myself to take it all in good part, because any idea of escape was out of the question.

The Bedouin troop came directly down upon the road or path, and closed it against us, drew up, and turned upon me their dark-brown countenances, in which their white teeth and fiery eyes glanced in wild beauty. They examined me with penetrative looks, and exchanged a few words with my *muckaro*—some of them laughed, which was like a flash of lightning through a thunderous cloud—after which they continued their measured ride, delighting me with the view of their beautiful horses, their red and blue saddle-cloths, above which fluttered in the wind the yellow and brown-bordered mantles from the heads of the riders, their long spears, their splendid wild figures. It looked really very beautiful, and I went forward on my way unplundered and unterrified.

The first remarkable place which the traveller reaches on this side of Nazareth is Cana, about an hour's distance. The portion of the village which is called the old is nothing but a ruin of blackened walls and stones; the newer is little better, and seems almost wholly desolate. But in the valley below—the village lies upon rock-terraces—fig-trees, olives, and pomegranates flourish most luxuriantly, apparently without cultivation. Vines grow altogether wild on the heights.

It was at Cana where, according to the Gospel of St. John, Jesus and his relatives sanctified the most important festival of family life—because it celebrates its commencement—and increased the beverage of earth's gladness by a miracle of His divine power, an evangel which should be presented to all those who appropriate

to themselves the innocent good gifts of the earth, for no other purpose than selfish enjoyment.

Leaving the verdant valley of Cana, the country becomes more bald; you ride across an extensive, unwooded plain, the hills become more and more naked, and opening to the left reveal a desert region, dried up and yellow. The lofty, calm, gently-waving contours of the mountain-ranges of Lebanon, and anti-Lebanon on the north, give repose to the eye. After having passed some smooth, dangerous hills, not far from Nazareth, the path becomes good and level. The road is one continual descent, and the heat of the atmosphere increases the farther we advance towards the valley of the Jordan; whilst swarms of small flies, which resemble a sand-rain, settle down on your face, get into your eyes, nose, and ears, and make the journey tormenting. Luckily there was on this day a great deal of cloud, and now and then it rained; very unusual weather for this time of the year, but to me a real benefit. By degrees the country became totally devoid of wood; the yellow hills and fields produced hardly anything but briars and thistles, as well as a kind of stiff, prickly grass; the thistles, however, have often beautiful flowers. Human dwellings there are none, neither are there any animals, nor yet man; it is a burnt-up wilderness. In the distance however, before me, I see a lofty stretch of hills enveloped in a misty atmosphere, a living sign which tells me that I am approaching the valley of the Jordan and the Lake of Genesareth. But still I have yet a long ride over sunburnt ground, in a hot, stifling atmosphere.

I cannot describe the feelings which I experienced when the yellow, parched hills opened all at once, as by a stroke of magic, and revealed to me a clear blue lake embosomed amongst softly rounded hills. It was the

Lake of Genesareth; and my eye rested upon it with unspeakable refreshment and joy. It seemed to me that I never had beheld any lake so heavenly blue before. But neither had I ever beheld any lake before in a setting of yellow and brown hills. I was yet, however, at the distance of an hour and half from it; but from this moment the journey became one of sheer interest and enjoyment, causing me to forget both heat and weariness. Hameth, who was accustomed to conduct Christian pilgrims on this road, knew what was interesting to them by the way, and told me the names of various remarkable places as we went along. There was the wilderness plain where Jesus fed the multitude who had come to hear him and were an hungered—a frightfully wild tract; here the hill where He preached His glorious Sermon of the Mount—a terrace-formed, isolated hill, a splendid natural cathedral.

The road now proceeds with long sweeps over the yellow, thistle-covered hills, ever increasing in steepness, and ever more beautifully expands the clear, heaven-reflecting lake, in a crescent form, before the enchanted eye. The lake itself resembles an eye glancing upward from a countenance deeply furrowed by age and labour.

The city of Tiberias lies like a lump of dark-coloured coral, a blackened ruin, without majesty or beauty, on the shore of Genesareth. It was not until I came nearer that I saw several beautiful palm-trees and small green gardens amongst the houses and ruins, for the ruins seemed to constitute the greater portion of the city from the walls to the dilapidated Turkish mosque, above which a beautiful palm-tree bends as if sorrowing. Judging from the arched arcades and towers of the other buildings, it may be concluded that

they were at one time magnificent. Many earthquakes, and especially the last great one in 1837, have produced terrible devastation through the whole of this country. Round the city was wilderness, scattered with a low and very thorny light-green shrub. A little higher up, however, on the terraces of the hill-side, some well-cultivated fields were visible. The shores of the lake seem desolate and deserted; not a single little vessel was to be seen on the clear water, which was now agitated by a violent wind. Heavy rain-clouds hung above it, and above the mountains to the eastward,—the heights of Lebanon concealed by cloud.

A few minutes after I had ridden through the unpretending city gate of Tiberias I found myself, to my astonishment, in the most charming little locality, with a family of Greek Christians, and in the Christian quarter of the city. My muckaro, who has a great inclination to play the part of my master and ruler, had conducted me, of his own head, to these his old acquaintance. I was at first satisfied with this arrangement. A palm-tree and a beautiful pomegranate stood by the clean little court, in which handsome and well-dressed children were at play, and the lady—a very handsome lady too—who wore a large gold plate on the back of her head, with blue silk tassels hanging from it.

I was conducted up into a little room furnished in Oriental taste with divans, red cushions, and many-coloured coverlets, all evidencing affluence; and, that which is more rare in the East, order and cleanliness. Close outside one of the windows a pomegranate was waving its branches laden with its brilliant flowers, whilst tall cane-plants formed a thick verdant screen outside the other; and from the roof or the piazza I had a free view across the lake. It was a pleasure to me to see

from thence the sun take leave of the eastern mountains amidst a combat with shadows and cloud, as well as to watch the life which was going forward in the streets, and on the roofs round about me, for my dwelling lay high. It astonished me to see that the people who wandered amongst or were upon the ruinous grey houses were so handsome, and generally so well dressed; to see signs of prosperity, and sometimes even of affluence, in their dress and their demeanour; even the drivers of asses had an elegant costume. The women went about with their faces uncovered, and the white linen, or veil, which was thrown over their heads, was fastened close under the chin, and thrown behind over the shoulders, down the back, displaying the gold neck-bands and other ornaments with which they love to adorn themselves. This day was a festival, and I therefore saw the Christian population of Tiberias in its holiday attire.

The Jews' quarter was situated nearer to the lake, also on a hill where, too, I observed some larger and well-built houses. "The Jews here," said my host, Signor Elias, "are rich, proud, and abominable. The Turkish population is also very bad." I thought that perhaps the Jewish and Turkish populations said the same of the Christian. "For the rest," said my host, "everybody is well off; there are *no poor* in Tiberias."

What I saw of the life of the people in the city seemed to me to confirm his words.

It was amusing at sunset to see the inhabitants of the houses come up to the roofs, where small huts of straw or clay were erected; the women, in their bright, many-coloured garments, bringing up coverlets and carpets, which they spread out in the airy huts, where the night was to be spent. The men sate down outside of them, smoking and talking with each other, or

caressing the little children whom the mothers brought to them. It was a scene of Oriental life which the pleasant, fresh evening air spiced as with ambrosia. Also upon my roof came the members of the family, and seated themselves; and there I too sate with a little black-haired Regina on my knee, until darkness and sleep summoned us all to rest. And I needed rest after the sleepless night in Nazareth, and the fatiguing day's journey.

They made a bed for me of red cushions by the open window, looking into the court; fine white sheets were spread on the cushions, and over the whole was displayed a grand new coverlet. My bed looked delicious; the twigs of the pomegranate came in through the open window, the stars shone through the crown of the lofty palm-tree, and the brightness of the new moon lit up the whole atmosphere. The night was so wonderfully beautiful and bright, that I thought, even if I should not be able to sleep through the night, I should yet enjoy its gloriousness. And thus I laid myself down on my bed by the window, and looked up at the beaming vault of heaven, and at the softly waving branches of the palm-tree.

But I discovered before long that I might just as soon expect to lie at peace in an ants' nest as in this room or on this bed. It was an actual nest of fleas, and I then remembered the dreadful saying which I had heard, that the king of the fleas had established his camp at Tiberias. I was obliged to call up the people of the house, who had also gone to rest, and beg of them to make me up a bed on the roof, or in the court in the open air—anywhere, only not in the house. They made me up a bed, therefore, on a large table under the pomegranate-tree in the court. The moon shone through its branches down upon my couch;

I heard the soft sighing of the night-wind in the palm branches; light dewy clouds sailed over my head, and scattered me with their drops; the air was pleasant: it was altogether romantically beautiful; but ah! those little Bedouins—more terrible to me than the great ones—left me, even here, not a moment's rest. At three o'clock in the morning, I got up, and dipping one of my sheets in the basin of the fountain in the court, wrapped myself in this Graefenberg envelopment, and succeeded in obtaining a few hours' sleep. On the following day, however, I should have to pay by headache for this night's entertainment. It was not amusing, especially under present circumstances. I longed for a cup of tea, but had neglected to provide myself with any at Jaffa, and at Tiberias tea was not to be obtained. I was told, however, that probably they might have some at the Greek convent in the city. I therefore hastened thither.

The convent is beautifully situated down by the shore of the lake, and the view from its flat roof is glorious. The monk who opened to me the gate received my petition for a few grains from which I would obtain the beneficent Oriental beverage, and replied kindly that I should have all that they had left of their store; and accordingly, searching in an old cupboard, he brought forth a dirty piece of paper, in which was some brown-black dust—a relic, indeed, of something which once had been tea, but had now lost all fragrance of and resemblance thereto. The good intention was not, however, the less worthy of gratitude. The convent is a substantial building, but its interior, as well as the church (which is built on a spot where tradition places one of the miracles of Jesus), evinces poverty; so did likewise the good monk's dress and appearance.

Whether, however, it was the decoction of the tea relic, or the delicious air—which at this time was refreshed by the abundant rain—or whether it was my own great desire to be speedily well again, but towards the evening I began to feel myself perfectly restored, and I then removed to the proper and only hotel of the city, built by a Jew, Mr. Weisemann, and where I was assured I should have to encounter no nocturnal enemies. Here I found myself in the midst of the Jews' quarter. The house was large, well built, and lying high, had a splendid view from the roof over the city and the lake. Handsome Spanish Jewesses came up there to stare at me, as at some extraordinary foreign animal.

The sound of a tambour and the clapping of hands in dancing time was heard from a house in the neighbourhood. There was a wedding at the house, and my host inquired if I should like to go there. I assented, and was conducted thither by Mr. Weisemann, and into a room full of women, some of whom were sitting on benches round the walls, the rest on the floor, in a compact circle, singing and clapping their hands, whilst a young dancer whirled round in the centre of the room. At the sight of Mr. Weisemann the hand-clapping, singing, and dancing all ceased, and a dreadful uproar and outcry arose amongst the women against the bold masculine violater of law who had dared to intrude into the peaceful circle of the other sex. All eyes, voices, and gestures were directed towards him with the strongest disapprobation. He did not look very much horrified by the demonstration; nevertheless, he soon vanished, and left me alone amongst the ladies, who now conducted me with much kindness of manner through the crowd, and made room for me near the open windows; after which,

the singing, thrumming, dancing, and hand-clapping began again.

The dancer was a pale young woman with delicate features and remarkably large, beautiful eyes with long dark eyelashes; dark painted shadows increased the beauty of the eyes. Her form was refined and perfect, the pose of the figure easy, and the bust especially lovely in the white spencer or vest, buttoned below the breast. She wore on her head a kind of turban. Her dancing was a softly gliding round and round, almost entirely upon one spot, with a variety of posture and raised arms and hands, which were bordered with paint of a rusty-red colour. She moved, as it were, in a dream, and the grave expression of her countenance, the action of the arms, more angular than circular, nevertheless graceful, the softly swaying movement of the body, gave a mystical character to this dance, which involuntarily riveted the attention. Yet the noisy music, a kind of kettledrum, the singing, which was a screeching without melody, and the hand-clapping, which, however, kept good time, were perfectly out of harmony with the dancing; nevertheless, the animated glances of the hand-clapping ladies showed that a cheerful state of feeling prevailed. When the pale dancer in her red tattered slippers had, amidst great applause, brought her monotonous circular dance to a close, another young woman took her place, who executed the same dance, but with less grace. I was told that it was Arabic. The company did not seem to me of a high class, although gold glittered on the heads, necks, and dresses of several of them; but their finery was without taste, and was not ornamental. The entertainment began with a variety of sweetmeats, of which I was pressed very kindly to partake; but after having done so, I soon left the intensely hot,

crowded room for the cool air and the free view from my roof, on a higher terrace.

The sun was approaching its setting, and it was an exquisite enjoyment to me to watch the lights and shadows on the surrounding scenery, and the life of the people in the city and on the roofs. And this was here much more various than in the Christian quarter, because here I was not far from the Mohammedan quarter, and could see many parts of the city and its population. On one roof in the neighbourhood a Mussulman was performing his evening prayer, whilst brown female slaves were preparing his couch in the night-hut with splendid carpets; on another roof handsome Jewesses were seated with their children clustered round their supper. The Bedouin smoked his pipe phlegmatically, sitting outside his door, whilst the Jew boys in fur caps endeavoured slily to fling stones from the street through the windows of the house where the wedding was being celebrated. Great herds of black goats were driven close together outside the city, and girls and old women with large vessels of white foamy milk tripped merrily through the streets. Cows and asses emulated them in finding their individual homes within the gates of the houses. Within the houses you saw splendid, many-coloured dresses shining out on men and women who were stretched at their ease on red divans. Children were playing round the sleeping-huts on the roofs, mothers were variously busied, the men were smoking, dogs and cats were running about, whilst an innumerable number of hens were cackling in the courts within. It was a mingling of the humble and the splendid, of the low and the lofty, of colour and form; in a word, it was true Oriental everyday life.

In the meantime the sun went down in beauty, and the ruined city, with its crooked streets and beautiful palm-trees amongst the ruins, and the clear blue lake, were enveloped in shadow, at the same time that a pure golden gleam extended over the purple-tinted hills of Bashan and Hauran, on the opposite side of the Sea of Tiberias. The heavy night-cloud which hung over the lake was absorbed by degrees; the moon rose and mirrored herself in the quiet lake; the heaven became clear and full of light; above Mount Lebanon, in the north, now merely rested some dark clouds.

No city, excepting Tiberias, which is called by the people of the country Tabaria, now rises on the shore of Genesareth. You are shown, northward, the spot on which anciently stood Bethsaida; some heaps of stones alone remain of Chorazin and Capernaum. These formerly proud cities over which Jesus uttered His warning "woe!" have totally disappeared. Far away, amongst the mountains of the north, you see rising the cupolas of Safed, an increasing trading town, where, as well as in Tiberias, the most Jewish of the Jews are said to have established themselves. It was at Safed and Tiberias that—at the time of the birth of Christ and afterwards—the learned Rabbinical schools flourished; those schools in which the Babylonian philosophy united itself to the sacred doctrines of the Jews, and gave birth to the so-called Judaic tradition, or *Mischna*, afterwards comprehended in the Talmud (the word signifies the doctrine), the chief book of the Jews of Palestine at the present day, and with many of them of higher authority than even the books of Moses. The author of the Talmud is said to have been the Rabbi Juda, surnamed the Holy, who lived on the shores of Genesareth, in the middle of the third century after Christ. He was regarded by his disciples with a

reverence which almost amounted to worship. He arranged, increased, and determined the Hebrew tradition, with its interpretations, legends, and stories, five thick volumes, in which much that is sensible and beautiful is mixed up with a great deal that is foolish and poor. The author of the far profounder *Kabbala* (the remains), or at least of its latter portion, the Book *Sohar* (brightness, glory), is said to have been the learned Rabbi Simeon Ben Jochai. Oriental philosophy and the Hebrew doctrine of revelation here unite in the formation of a spiritual doctrine of nature, or symbolism. The facts and realities of faith are shown as based on spiritual phenomena and natural laws. I have seen in this book thoughts and gleams of light which I shall never forget, and I wish that competent European inquirers and men of science would bring both these hidden treasures of Asia to the light more than they have hitherto done.

In the village of Meirom, not far from Tiberias, you are shown the graves of these two celebrated Jewish teachers and of several of their learned brethren, which causes it, at the present day, to be a place of pilgrimage for the Jews of Palestine, who celebrate here every year, in the month of May, a festival in commemoration of the masters.

These cities and their flourishing schools were laid waste by Mussulman oppression; and since by devastating earthquakes. They have converted the country round the Lake of Genesareth—the country which Josephus described as an earthly paradise, rich in the noblest fruits of the earth, and with the most lovely climate—into a desert. Tiberias, as well as Safed and other places near Genesareth, were shaken on the first of January, 1837, by a dreadful earthquake, which overturned a number of houses and killed several thousand

persons. My host, Mr. Weisemann, had then a house on the banks of the lake, which he saw fall upon his wife and three children. He himself was at the time in another house, which was also thrown down; one knee and leg became thereby severely injured, but he succeeded in crawling out from the heap of stones and up to a place where he was able to defend himself from the falling walls. He made a vow that if God preserved his life, he would build upon that spot a new house. The house is now built, it is the present hotel; and Mr. Weisemann is married again, has a remarkably handsome wife, and by her several children.

Tiberias has begun by degrees to recover itself, and its inhabitants derive some wealth by trading between the East and the West. They are in continual dread, however, of a recurrence of earthquakes and of the Bedouins, who live by plunder, and swarming along the shores of the Jordan, are the means of repressing any greater spirit of enterprise, and prevent the inhabitants from rebuilding their city. Tiberias, indeed, will never again be that which it has been. My host thought that the climate and everything else in the country was good, were the people only better. But "the people are bad." The Jews especially were severely treated; they were not able to undertake the least cultivation or planting. Thus a portion of the Jews here were extremely poor; they had scarcely daily bread, and would perish of hunger if the more wealthy did not help them. The family where the wedding was held the evening before belonged to the class who needed even the necessaries of life; nevertheless they had had a wedding for the daughter who had married the son of a family as poor as her own.

"But for all that, folks must be married," said Mr.

Weisemann. "The Lord will provide the means for their maintenance."

After I had listened for a good hour with much interest to my host's conversation—he is evidently a sensible man, with all the characteristic perseverance and instincts of his people—I went to take my supper, for which I had an extremely good broiled fish from the lake, with a bowl of rich goat's milk for my tea, Mr. Weisemann having tea at his hotel; and seldom have I partaken a more palatable meal. This ended, I went to rest in the large market-place-like apartment. But, woe was me! The night at Mr. Weisemann's hotel was just as sleepless and disturbed as the two preceding nights had been, and even worse.

At six o'clock in the morning I betook myself, attended by my muckaro, to the hot springs of Tiberias. White buildings, rising on a green bend of the shore at about half-an-hour's distance from the city, point out the situation of the bath. You walk to it along the shore. The morning was lovely, and a north wind blew deliciously cool over the quiet lake. A number of sea-birds, which seemed to me like spirits, lay by hundreds on the water, rocked by its motion and undisturbed by any sportsman. The shore was, as it were, strewn with ruins, low walls and heaps of stones, which showed that at some former period it had been closely built. Amongst these ruins stood, here and there, a shrub of oleander or agnus-castus, and bushes of the beautiful honeysuckle—perhaps descendants of former gardens which surrounded handsome villas. Thistles and the light-green thorny shrub which I have already mentioned, also grew there abundantly.

The hot springs issue from the sand in several places near the shore, and pour their waters into the lake. The water feels burning hot to the hand. The new

bath-house, a large, splendid rotunda of white marble, was built by Ibrahim Pacha, during his short but active government in Palestine. A guard of from twenty to thirty mounted Baschi-bassuks, in the Bedouin dress, surround the building for the protection of those who come hither to bathe, against the rapacious Bedouins of the neighbourhood.

I wished to take a bath, as a means of refreshment after the sleepless night which I had passed. The water in the large marble-basin, the temperature of which was reduced by cold water, looked very tempting; but there were no doors in the house, no female attendant was visible, wherever you went you had to go through steaming water which overflowed on all sides; outside the bath-house I saw only the Arab guard, and no possibility of having a bath in peace and quiet and afterwards dry clothing. I went on, therefore, to the so-called old bath. It was a small rotunda of grey stone, and the building looked old and ruinous. Here, too, an Arab guard was stationed. Within, however, I found it more comfortable than in the white-marble bath. The door of the bath-room might be fastened with a stone, and a brown-complexioned Arab matron sat on the edge of the bath. The expression of her countenance and her manner, as she saluted me, showed a degree of culture, as well as a gentle and kind disposition. She poured the water over herself from the bath with a little metal bowl, then she went down into the water up to her neck. Although the water here was also cooled down, still I found it so hot that I could not keep my feet in it for any length of time. To go down into it with my whole body seemed an impossibility. I seated myself on the edge of the bath whilst I put down my feet into the water and then drew them up again, and in reply to the questioning

glances of the Arab lady I replied with the Arab words *tschob, kitir tschob*—warm, very warm! The good matron comprehended my embarrassment, and kindly reached me the little bowl that I might pour the water over myself from it.

The cry of the guard outside now announced another bather; the stone at the door was pushed aside and a young Arab woman slipped in, and then as soon as she had again secured the door, proceeded hastily to undress, and without the least hesitation leaped down into the bath, and up to her neck as the old lady had done before. This last comer was a woman as lovely as a statue, with golden-yellow hair, fair skin, and blue eyes like a northern maiden—in form she was a perfect Venus. Her look and manners also betokened more than ordinary cultivation. The elderly and the young lady remained in the water for about half-an-hour, nearly immovable during the whole time.

I found the water to be bitterly salt, with a flavour which reminded me of the waters of the Dead Sea, although less nauseous. I continued seated on the edge of the bath, satisfying myself by laving the water over me, which I found to be extremely refreshing, notwithstanding its heat.

After having completed my bath, I was about to ascend one of the green headlands which run out into the lake, and which divide the creek of the bath and the whole of the district of Tiberias from the southern shore, in order that I might see the country on the other side; but Hameth and one of the guard ran after me in great terror, shouting "Bedouin! Bedouin!" A hostile Bedouin camp, it appeared, was located on the other side of the headland.

The River Jordan flows into the Lake of Genesareth at its northern extremity, passes through it like the

Rhone through Lake Leman, and issues out on its southern shore. The Jordan has probably many sources, but its principal source is at the foot of Hermon, and flows from a cave not far from Cæsarea, which anciently was dedicated to Pan, and called after him Panias. The water of the lake is delicious to the touch, and in colour light blue, like that of the Jordan at Jericho, yet much clearer. I should like to have an excursion by boat on the little lake, with its sublime memories; but I was told at Tiberias that there was not a single boat available for the purpose. I was obliged therefore to content myself with sending my glances across. The mountains on the other side remind me in form and colour of those of Moab as seen from Jerusalem. They have behind them highlands and luxuriant wood-covered pasture-grounds—the common property of the Bedouin—and beyond these extends the Syrian desert.

When I returned to the city, the inhabitants were busy on the outside of the walls killing goats and sheep. Nor have I ever seen fatter joints than those which were carried away, in large numbers, on the shoulders of the butcher-boys into the city. It seemed to me, from what I now saw, and from what I had seen the preceding evenings, as if good living were the principal object in life of the people of Tiberias. Was it much different in those days when the Saviour resided and walked here? Did not He also see these people thus satisfied with themselves and their own little world; see these home-scenes, this occupation with the petty pleasures and needs of every-day life, as if there were nothing else in existence of any importance? And yet He did not allow Himself to be disturbed by it. His large and profound glance saw through the every-day human being—the mortal and the trivial—the human being

of eternity, called to the kingdom of God, and destined to immortality. He too participated in the occupations and enjoyments of daily life, but always with His mind fixed upon His vocation and on the purport of life. On the mountain, in the valley, in Solomon's temple, in lowly huts, by the fountain-side, at the guest-table, amongst the worshipping or the deriding crowd, with the female sinner, with the fisherman, with Nicodemus, with Caiaphas, by day or by night, in seasons of joy as of suffering, His thoughts were always directed to, and His conversation was always upon that which is all-important for small and great, for man and for woman, for every one—union with God, life in God, activity for His kingdom, begun on earth, completed in heaven. It was on the shores of Genesareth that His voice struck the listening multitude with a feeling of supernatural power, and attracted to Him those who came to hear Him from all the regions round about, even from the mighty cities of Sidon and Tyre. But at the moment when His fame and His popularity were at their highest, and His delighted disciples waited to see Him come forth as a king over an earthly kingdom, a very different view and a far higher object was in His eye: "Behold, we go up to Jerusalem; and the Son of man shall be delivered unto the chief priests, and unto the scribes; and they shall condemn him to death, and shall deliver him to the Gentiles; and they shall mock him and shall scourge him, and shall spit upon him and shall kill him; and the third day he shall rise again."

No one understood Him; He alone knew the sublimity of this object; knew that His death would become the new life of the world, and that even they who did not believe on Him, would not be able to resist the clearness and the hope which He should bring forth

into human life, would not be able to resist the power of heavenly attraction, "For I, if I be lifted up from the earth, I will draw all men unto me."*

Again at my hotel I breakfasted, and then, accompanied by the son of my host, went to see the place where his former house had stood. Another very elegant whitewashed house stood now in its stead, upon the perpendicular edge of rock on the shore of the lake. Without any ceremony my guide led me into a well-lighted room, where a Rabbi, who looked like a learned but not a good man, was walking up and down with small slips of olive-wood bound upon his forehead and wrists. These ornaments, which are called phylacteries, and which symbolize, as I believe, the ark of the covenant, are placed upon the Hebrew when he would engage in especially earnest prayer. I was sorry to disturb the learned gentleman; but, however, he did not allow himself to be disturbed; cast at me a cold, absent glance, made no reply to my unlearned greeting *Salaam, Alicham!* but continued to pace up and down the room, muttering to himself half-aloud.

Some minutes later I was seated on horseback, and rode up the western hills of Tiberias. It was a glorious morning. For the first time since my stay at Tiberias had Lebanon thrown the hood of cloud from his ancient brow, and the lofty Sunnin, the highest cupola—which resembles the back of an elephant—shone forth beautifully with his snowy furrows and flecks against the dark blue sky.

I felt light and cheerful of heart this morning; the bath had wonderfully refreshed me, my horse carried me as lightly as a breeze up the heights, and with thankful glances I photographed upon my inner life

* John xii. 32.

the picture of the beautiful lake, with its shores and magnificent surroundings, and its immortal memory. With every new turn of the road the lake lay before me, as if with a greeting, and shone in the ascending sun for an hour's time; then it was lost, shut out from view by the yellow hills around its deep bed. The Mount of Beatitude stood transfigured in the golden sunlight of the morning; an eagle hovered calmly above it, resting on his pinions. I saluted these scenes with love and gratitude, glad that I was able to behold them, and that my soul henceforth could hover above them, like the eagle, on reposing wings.

The wood-crowned summit of Tabor showed itself above the hills to the westward before me, now entirely free from cloud, although its top is said to be generally veiled with cloud in the morning. A fresh wind blew from the north, and chased away the swarms of flies which I heard buzzing and piping in the air round my head. The journey seemed to me wonderfully easy to-day; I could scarcely believe my eyes when I again beheld the beautiful verdant valley of Cana. Here we and our horses drank from the fresh, flowing fountain, and I seated myself in a shady grove of fig-trees to take breakfast, as did also Hameth and Joseph. I plucked some leaves from a wild vine as mementoes for myself and several others in Sweden, and early in the afternoon I again found myself at *Casa Nova* in Nazareth.

Tall Jacob had obeyed my exhortation and washed my room with plenty of water, so that I now passed such a night there as, compared with the three preceding, was like paradise compared with purgatory. The friendly care which here, as at Carmel, is taken of Christian pilgrims, of whatever profession they may be, cannot be gratefully enough acknowledged. For

it and for the care which is bestowed upon the remains of antiquity and traditions in Palestine, the whole of Christendom has to thank the Pope and the Propaganda of Rome.

Early the following morning I was on my way to ascend Mount Tabor, one of the most fatiguing and even dangerous excursions in this district. Not long since, a young French tourist, whilst ascending, fell with his horse and broke his leg; after which he was nursed and cured by the nuns of Nazareth. And if the traveller have not a safe and strong horse for climbing, he had better make the ascent on foot, however difficult it may be, for the stones along the path are often actual giant-steps.

I never made an ascent on horseback without experiencing considerable anxiety (which, however, I keep to myself), and if I perceive that my horse is not safe-footed, this anxiety continues during the whole ride. This feeling naturally embitters the journey, but it seasons or sweetens the rest afterwards, and makes me enjoy in twofold degree every journey brought to its close, every completed day of travel, as a danger luckily overpast. And so especially with the present day's journey. My white horse was not sure-footed, but stumbled and even fell on the smooth hill, or amongst stones, and more than once on the road I was obliged to pluck him up violently. On the day when I was intending to ascend Tabor he was discovered to be unfit for travel, from a tumour on his back; therefore I was obliged to take Hameth's horse, the horse of the cruel Abdullah, which was large and very fiery. Hameth obtained another for himself in the town. I was rather afraid of my large, spirited horse, and found also that his paces were very fatiguing. But when he began to climb, I saw every reason to be

highly satisfied, for where in all probability my white horse would have stumbled and fallen, the brown one clomb up with strong and secure foothold.

The ride to Tabor occupied about three hours. Half an hour before the foot of the mountain is reached, the country becomes woody, and you have here the rare pleasure in Palestine of riding in the shade of trees. They consist, for the greater part, of the beautiful Palestine oak, with short and thick stem but bushy crown, and of the caroba and terebinth-trees. When I first got sight of Tabor this morning, its head was enveloped in a light cloud, most singularly resembling that in Raphael's picture of the Transfiguration. Tabor rises from the plain entirely isolated, infinitely soft, and so symmetrical in outline, that at a distance one seems to see a gigantic sepulchral mound, or an altar formed by the hand of some Titanic artist. The nearer you approach, the more the mountain appears to elevate itself, and to assume a lofty conical form. It is covered with wood on all sides.

Critical travellers have maintained that Tabor could not be the mountain which the Evangelists wished to describe as the spot on which the Transfiguration took place; because, even before that time, as since, the summit has been built upon and fortified. But this criticism has little worth; for, whilst ascending the hill, which is done by a winding, spiral path, I observed that the mount has a number of little elevations and platforms, any one of which is sufficiently large to have been the scene of an unusual occurrence, without its having been necessarily witnessed by the dwellers on the summit, even if we accept the Transfiguration of Christ as a circumstance which would be seen by uninitiated eyes. These critics have asserted that not

Tabor, but the Great Hermon, the Sheik of the Mountains, as the Arabs call it, is the mountain which the Holy Scriptures refer to. But, whether Hermon or Tabor be the scene of the Transfiguration, the environs and the views are not essentially different. They were to me a principal fact. Tabor is infinitely beautiful and picturesque, with its wealth of lovely wood and rock, and its magnificent views, which expand on all sides as you circle the mount in your ascent. In about an hour's time you are on the summit in the midst of a glorious natural park, and can wander about freely and look round you on all sides. On the south your eye commands Galilee and Samaria as far as the hills of Judea; on the north lies the mountainous region of the Lebanon, the northern barrier of Palestine; in the far east the softly-waving blue horizon line points out the hilly country beyond Jordan; and in the far west you are conscious of the Mediterranean, which yet, however, my eye could not discern. All around below Mount Tabor lies an elevated extent of fertile plains and hills, where, amongst isolated groups of rock, stands forth, here and there, a little village. Highest among these hills is the Lesser Hermon, at the feet of which are seen the villages of Endor and Nain; in another direction, a little place is pointed out which bears the name of Deborich, and is remarkable as the birthplace of the celebrated judge and heroine Deborah. Some years ago "Deborah's palm-tree" was shown there.

When I had alighted safe and sound from my tall horse, I felt myself unspeakably happy. It was Whitsunday, and the day was Orientally splendid and lovely. The morning sun shone gloriously above the grand, joyous picture. Near and afar off, an indescribable freshness and peace breathed around here, and

everything was so large, so calm, so beautiful, my soul sang with David, "Tabor and Hermon shall rejoice in Thy name." Brightest, most delightful of all was to me the remembrance of the festival of light which once took place here.

No one has given a better commentary on this glorious subject than Raphael in his celebrated picture. As in the Evangelical narrative, he has brought into juxtaposition the bright scene on the mountain, and the fearful darkness of the unhappy youth at its foot. You see the transfigured Saviour on the summit stretching forth His healing, blessing-giving hands over the earth; in the valley below is seen the unhappy boy, whose mother points with a kind of defiant pain to Christ, and says upbraidingly to His disciples, "Why could you not help him?" The disciples, sympathizing but powerless, look up towards the top of the mount where they know that the Master is, and say, "Wait! He is coming. He will do it!" This consolatory answer has remained in Christianity, and is repeated to this day by all sufferers whom the faithful disciples cannot help: "Wait! He lives, and will do all things well! He will, He can do it—all the sorrow of earth will be transfigured in His glory! Wait; trust on Him!"

I rambled about and rested for a full hour on the mount; partly amongst the ruins, partly under beautiful, umbrageous trees. You find many monuments of Roman and Saracenic architecture. A Russian priest of the Greek Church has built for himself a little dwelling and a little chapel amongst these ruins. I could almost have envied him this abode, its pure air, and glorious views over heaven and earth. He had clear, lively eyes, like one who could fully understand and appreciate the treasures of Mount Tabor. The

worst of it was that I could not converse with him, as he spoke only Russian and Greek.

There is a deep cistern on the Mount containing deliciously fresh water. Of this I drank, eating to it a piece of bread, in the shadow of an oak, with a view over the sunshine-illumined Galilee. No breakfast could possibly have been more refreshing. Around me grew tall wild mallows, poppies, and honeysuckles; brilliant flowers shone out amongst the shadowy trees; and the wind breathed fresh and invigorating! I should have liked to linger a long time here, to build myself a hut, because here, upon this summit, "it seemed good to be." But I was obliged to return to the trivial and every-day concerns of earth. Supplied with flowers and plants, I therefore took my way on foot down the glorious Mount, which I shall never see again, but shall never forget. Tabor is a prince amongst the hills of Palestine, a glorious natural altar, crowned with perpetual verdure, consecrated by an immortal memory.

And now I am again in Nazareth, and write this with joy in my heart, inasmuch as I have seen Genesareth, Nazareth, and Tabor, and that I now possess these places in my soul, traced there with features as clear and definite as any spot in my native land. Formerly they were to me shadow-pictures, now they have become sun-pictures to my mind. Yet another day's journey to Caipha and Carmel, and then I hope to have ended for ever my travels on horseback, at which I shall be no little pleased.

The town of Nazareth has, like all other towns which I have seen in this country, a mass of mean houses built of grey stone, with flat roofs, narrow, dirty, ill-kept streets, with rubbish-heaps on the right and left, with very few buildings of the better class. Amongst the so-called "Holy Places" here, is a beautiful Greek convent built over the Fountain of the Virgin. The

Maria Fountain, at some distance, may always be seen surrounded by a chattering, noisy crowd of young girls as little resembling the Madonna type as possible. So it was also in the evening. The girls, most of them quite young, came to fetch water in brown clay vessels, and were very much decked out with diadems of silver coins, breast and neck ornaments of gold and silver, and other finery more showy than beautiful. Their countenances, and in particular their eyes, were handsome; but their appearance and their manners betrayed so much boldness, as to create disgust. Poor, neglected children, it was no fault of theirs.

Nazareth possesses a small Evangelical community and a missionary, Mr. Zeller, whose management of the school is highly spoken of. He, however, was now absent, on account of his marriage to a daughter of Bishop Gobat's at Jerusalem, and I thus did not see anything of the Evangelical community.

On my return through the town Jacob took me to his home. The tall Jacob is an original, who would be worth both studying and painting; his Christianity is, I am afraid, only "a blotted-out Paganism." He is full of the credulity and superstition of his native land (Arabia). The idea had entered, I cannot tell how, his not remarkably lucid brain, that I was a lady very learned in the stars, and learned also in every kind of magical and mystical science; he therefore asked me very seriously this morning if I could discover where hidden treasures lay? I replied, smiling, that if I could do so, I should be richer than was now the case, and denied all knowledge of forbidden subjects. My friend Jacob, however, did not believe me, and returned again and again with new and equally idle questions, for example:—

"There was a monk in the Franciscan convent whom

he could not bear; could I tell him whether this man would soon be coming back?"

"There was on this day a wedding in his family; could I say whether the young couple would be happy?" and so on.

Arrived at his house, therefore, he asked me to tell his children's fortunes. As I saw it was no use to oppose Jacob's fixed idea regarding myself as a mistress of the secret art, I took courage and began boldly to predict the children's fortunes, that of a girl and four little boys, and so doing astonished even myself at my own assurance and impudence. Yet I based all on prudent preliminaries. The step-child of the house, a little boy, of whom the father thought nothing could ever be made, I predicted would especially be a great man, and have great luck, only he must be treated very well, sent to school, and so on. The daughter, a perfect Arab beauty of twelve, who was to be married in a few weeks to a young tradesman in the town, would, I foretold, be very happy, if she became a good, prudent wife and mother—and so on.

Jacob and his wife—who was still a lovely woman of the same type as the daughter—were holding at their house to-day the wedding of a young relative. She had been married that morning; but, according to the custom of the place, was not to see nor yet be seen by the bridegroom during the whole day until evening, neither to leave the house. She now was sitting here, therefore, in full bridal state, very much adorned with silver and gold. She was eighteen; looked good and sensible, but not happy. Jacob's wife was preparing the wedding repast, and invited me to taste of the dishes, *Cucuzza*, a kind of gourd filled with boiled rice—a favourite Arab dish—minced meat mixed with rice, rolled in vine-leaves like small sausages; and thick, boiled, sour

milk, *Lebben*, with rice, like a kind of porridge, also a principal Arab dish. Rice plays a conspicuous part in all Arab entertainments, with savoury, sour, or sweet dishes; at the beginning and at the end of the meal rice must always have its place. I am making no objection to it; I believe this species of food to be as wholesome as it is agreeable to the palate, and hold in all esteem the Arab art of cooking.

The Valley of Nazareth is, in the evening, full of harvest life and labour; reaping, thrashing, winnowing, all takes place in the fields, and all is done with the hands and feet. Camels and asses lie in the heaps of grain, and eat as much as they can.

Yet one more fatiguing day's journey and I am then at the end of my Palestine travels. How I long for the good Carmel!

Caipha, June 15th.—Not on Carmel, but at its foot, in old Porphyria, have I taken up my agreeable abode during the few days that I must wait upon this coast for the arrival of the steamer which goes hence to Beyrout. How good it is, how delightful it feels, after the fatiguing journey through those barbarous regions with *auberges* not much better, to be now able to rest in one of those English homes where daily life blossoms into beauty even in the minutest thing, and with a human couple the most amiable that I have met in this land of the East; where the Christian life actually transcends in blossoming, and the flower diffuses, by a beautiful natural power, its fragrance to every one who approaches, even to the passer-by, even to the stranger. I am in the house and home of the Anglo-German missionary, Dr. Kœlle, and his wife, which, though provisional for them, they have furnished and fitted up as a charming home both for soul and

body. I spend the greater part of the day alone in the cheerful drawing-room, with its excellent books, engravings, and many other interesting things, whilst just below the grand glorious ocean utters its thundering voice.

Dr. Kœlle, who seems to have an unusual gift for languages, and the researches into language, is now busily occupied by the acquisition of the Arab tongue.* His wife, an Englishwoman, looks after his house and her little child. I have in this child become acquainted with one of the greatest rarities in the world, something actually new under the sun—namely, a baby which does not cry, which, let it be laid down wherever it may, lies quietly good and happy, with its little arms stretched out, and those bright blue eyes gazing as if it had, at eight months old, its own little reflections to itself, and the perception of a more beautiful world. Have the goodness and the love which are so evidently to be read in the features of this young mother, given to the child this heavenly temperament? Nevertheless, weakness and delicacy of health press heavily upon this mother, and the expression of anxiety and unrest often reveals itself on her gentle countenance. And nobody can imagine the difficulties which Europeans, and especially delicately educated European ladies, often have to encounter in this country, partly in the obtaining help for the family, partly from the indispensable

* He has made himself known in the scientific world by the discovery of a language spoken by the race of Wü-negroes on the west coast of Africa, and with a peculiar form of alphabet and grammar constructed by one man of the race. The greater part of the words are expressed by literal signs, a portion by certain symbolical signs; as, for example, the word *water*, by two wavy horizontal lines. This discovery constitutes also a new evidence of the intelligence of the negroes.—*Author's note.*

requirements for life and health. Mrs. K.'s health has been broken by this struggle, and it must wholly give way if she cannot soon return to Europe. Her life here is a daily conflict against the climate and the difficulties for the maintenance of life. In the meantime she nurses her baby, and the child is, as it were, in the kingdom of heaven. Explain it to me, ye wise teachers and physicians. I do not understand it; and I look at this child with astonishment.

"When a mother does everything for her child, when she can so manage that it never experiences a single moment of discomfort or unpleasantness"—said the young pale mother, in explanation.

Caipha, June 18th. — The delay of the Russian steamer has caused me to linger longer in this home than I had intended; but I am thankful for it, because it is good to be here. I rest both body and soul. The young couple are always equally kind, and never is a sound heard excepting of joy from that captivating little child, or angel; for I begin to doubt whether it be one of the human race.

I yesterday took a walk along the shore to the mouth of the little river Kishon, which, after a short course through the country, throws itself into the sea between Caipha and Akkra, the former splendid city of St. Jean d'Acre, now a small, unimportant town, which is seen from this place, on a point of land running into the sea. The walk was fatiguing, because the whole shore consists of deep and extremely fine sand. Kishon flows into the sea amidst a desert of sand-hills. It was here, it is said, that the Phœnicians discovered the art of making glass, for which this sand was exactly suited; and they had upon this coast large glass-furnaces. Whole cargoes of this sand were anciently

carried away to Europe. The coast is extremely dangerous to the mariner in stormy weather, because there are neither rocks nor islands to break the force of the waves, neither are there any harbours. Thus the whole extent of coast is strewn with the hulls of ill-fated vessels, which resemble the ribbed-carcases of immense animals. One of these hulls is evidently that of a new and finely-built vessel. On one stormy night, during last winter, above eighty vessels were stranded along the coast between here and Beyrout.

Caipha, as well as Akkra, have now been for some years growing cities, in consequence of their trade in corn and oil, and they would speedily increase greatly if human prudence and industry would perfect the design of nature so as to have good harbours in both places. But the government and condition of the country make such undertakings impracticable. Akkra is the most northerly coast town of Palestine. It is, even there, an image of Palestine's fall from its former greatness, and of its present state between "to be or not to be," between cultivation and barbarism.

When I look back upon my journey in Palestine, especially on the last portion of it in Galilee, I can only be astonished at myself and thank God that everything went so well with me; for others, in their journeyings in the East, more accustomed and better protected travellers than myself, have fared much worse. Many have been injured in their limbs, or have been plundered, or even murdered. Not merely the perils of the roads, the wretchedness of the inns, but above all the solitariness of these countries, and the constant proximity of the rapacious Bedouins, make travelling everywhere dangerous. Nevertheless, there is in Palestine an increasing Christian population; the soil is excellent, and productive when cultivated. The great

extent of valley in Galilee, from the sea to the Lake of Genesareth, on which a human being is now but rarely seen, and the soil of which principally produces thorns and thistles, would alone feed many thousand inhabitants.

In the evening the Russian steamer is expected. In the morning I shall see Syria and Beyrout—if all be well.

Beyrout, June 20th.—If I had known as much Arabic as Mohammed himself, it could not have helped me more than the three words which I knew, and made use of in the hour of need yesterday when I was about to come on board. The Russian steamer arrived late, towards dusk, and lay to at a distance from the shore. I had hired a boat with four rowers—Arabs—to convey me thither. The swell was strong, and as we neared the steamer I saw an actual tumult of people coming down and going up the ladder of the vessel; people crushed through, screamed, and fought their way; the noise was dreadful. I foresaw of a certainty that there would be an end of me if I got into this tumult, which the Arabs seemed to think was altogether in order. I touched the principal rower of my boat on the shoulder and, pointing to the scene on the ladder and the sea, uttered the significant words, *Hosper schivej! Bachschish!* (I write the words according to the sound), which is to say, "Wait a little—Drink-money!" These words operated like a magical spell. The Arabs repeated them with sparkling eyes, nodded, smiled, and instead of hauling me up the ladder like a bale of goods, hastily removed the boat from the vessel, and continued to row quietly backwards and forwards, carefully keeping the boat in equipoise on the waves, during the whole time that the tumult at the steamer

lasted. I gave them their well-earned *Bachschish* before I left the boat; after which, with the utmost care and attention, they assisted me, and took charge of and safely conveyed my luggage into the vessel. We parted with the kindest Oriental salutations and *Katter heracs*.

The vessel steamed away. The next morning we approached Beyrout, and beautiful was the view of the brilliant white and green city by the dark-blue sea at the moment when the sun rose above Lebanon, and illumined the snow-furrows on the crown of Sunnin.

The ancient city of Beyrout, known before the time of the Apostles, extends itself along the shore, at the foot of Lebanon, like an assemblage of white villas amongst umbrageous gardens and parks. It is the largest and the most beautiful city of the East which I have yet seen, and is—thanks to European cultivation and architecture—a real refreshment to the eye, long accustomed to the meagre view of the grey towns of Palestine, their flat outline of walls and roofs broken merely by palm-trees. Large plantations of mulberry-trees—for the production of silk, which is here carried on to a great extent—brighten the landscape with their cheerful verdure seen against the grey background of Lebanon.

I find myself here in a dwelling which resembles my narrow home in Jerusalem in the same degree that a fairy palace resembles a peasant's cottage; I am surrounded by the beauty and luxuriousness of the East, whilst all the amenities and comforts of life are afforded to me by the most kind and cordial hospitality; I have nothing to do but to receive, to enjoy, and to be thankful. These large, light, airy rooms remind me of the home of my childhood and youth. When I awake in the morning it seems to me as if there were some

enchantment, as if it were all some lovely imagination; but it is a lovely reality, and I am unspeakably thankful that before I have left the East I have been permitted to enjoy its fascinating beauty and hospitality in a measure which I neither hoped nor expected would fall to my share. It is, however, in a Western home, on the soil of the East, where I enjoy them. It is at the beautiful villa, built in the European style, of the Prussian Consul, Herr Weber, situated between the sea and Lebanon; and his sister, Rosa Weber, is the amiable fairy, who, during her brother's absence, has fixed me here under a spell for a week. During this time I shall visit Lebanon, the Maronites, and the Druses, and make myself acquainted with the religion and manners of the latter, which have for me all the interest of peculiarity and mystery. The traveller always desires to be acquainted with that which lies beyond the mountain. The Druses' "horn," their isolated life, their mysterious divine worship, dogmas, &c., are to me like the mountain.

June 23rd.—Yesterday at sunrise Miss Weber and I, seated on a couple of pretty asses, ascended "Lebanon and the good mountain." As a matter of course, the morning was beautiful, Orientally beautiful—all mornings are so in this country at this time of the year; one becomes quite accustomed to this agreeable fact. That, however, which astonished and delighted me, was the beauty of the landscape at the foot of Lebanon, and in its lower region.

We rode in the first instance for an hour on the level ground by the sea, through a landscape of Oriental, idyllian loveliness; mulberry plantations and cactus-hedges along the line of the road, with here and there luxuriant, beautiful thickets, interspersed with palm-trees. A rapid brook, Nahr el Beyrout, ran

across our path, bordered with oleanders. After some protest from our asses, we crossed the brook, and then soon began to ascend between hills covered with the loveliest little clumps of pine-wood, oaks, and other deciduous trees. The sun shot down his fiery glances between the crowns and stems of the trees—a glowing "good morning." They murmured a reply, giving forth their fresh fragrance which regaled our sense of smell. I know of no odour in my northland woods. But here there were blossoming myrtles and other fragrant mountain shrubs, and they, too, adding a richness to the odour, made it more spicy, almost intoxicating. Higher up, we saw cultivated terraces; still higher, bare, craggy hills; still highest, the snow-furrowed summit of Sunnin. The morning ride was charming. Now and then we met camels, with their majestic look and gait, bearing on their backs immense squared logs, or newly hewn trees, from the higher mountain-valleys of Lebanon. Thus of old was conveyed the timber for Solomon's Temple, from Lebanon down to the coast.

We continued to ascend—often by extremely dangerous and stony paths—amongst hills and valleys, for between two and three hours, till we reached Beth Maré, one of the fertile ridges of Lebanon, and the residence of the Maronite prince Emir Seid. The Emir's dwelling and village, the Maronite convent and churches, as well as several villas belonging to the inhabitants of Beyrout, and to European strangers, rise along this ridge, which is of considerable extent, and also platform-like breadth. Here, standing in the shade of some beautiful, umbrageous, fine-leaved oaks, we had a glorious view to the west, over Beyrout, its fertile, sun-bathed, verdurous plain, over the desert of sand which, driven by the winds and waves of the sea, seeks to encroach upon it, and over the thick pine-woods

which oppose its advance and combat with the sea, the infinite sea, which here, without any interruption of islands or rocks, extends to the distant horizon.

After we had rested for a short time, we proceeded along the ridge to the eastward. Here again an extensive view expands over the interior of the mountain, its fertile hills and valleys, amongst masses of naked grey rock, which rise like waves, ever higher and higher, towards the grey-white cupola of Sunnin, and southward, far-extending mountain ridges, here and there furrowed with snow. Close to us, in the abyss below—the bed of a river, now perfectly dry—rises a hill with bright green, cultivated terraces and heights—the rough, grey rock cropping through its green covering. On the highest of these terraces stands a splendid stone palace, built in the Oriental style of architecture. It is, I was informed, the residence of one of the principal Maronite Emirs of Lebanon. A man, however, who is so detested by a great party of the mountain population—calculated at about five hundred thousand souls—that he dare not reside there, but dwells for the present at Beyrout. The fertile valley is closed on all sides by mountains. Far off, in the distance, we had glimpses of many similar upland valleys and scenes, all of which are very peculiar, unlike anything which I have seen elsewhere.

Whether it were the cool mountain air in the early morning, or from any other cause, I cannot say, but I felt extremely unwell; and whilst good Miss Weber went to the villa of the Sardinian Consul, at about ten minutes' distance from the place where we were, to ask from them a few moments' hospitality, I sate down on the roots of an old pine-tree. After a few minutes I heard myself addressed by some one, and looking up I saw before me a fat lady, with her head and neck

covered with gold ornaments, and at a little distance from her three other ladies standing, with the same style of ornaments, but in ragged dresses. The stout lady, who had the bearing of a princess, and besides that, a very good-natured, benevolent countenance, seated herself on the ground with her legs crossed, and endeavoured to enter into conversation with me. She evidently sympathized with me, and wished to offer assistance. But I could only thank her in Arabic, shake my head, and by the word *mafisch* (nothing) express that I did not wish for anything.

Miss Weber returned with an invitation from Madame Villani, the lady of the Sardinian Consul, that I would go to her house. I found there a handsome and amiable young Italian lady, with two very sweet children. She did all that was possible for me, and gave me some excellent tea with wine. After an hour's time I was perfectly restored, and, in company with our amiable hostess, Miss Weber and I paid a visit to the Prince of this mountain district, Emir Seid.

We were received by his wife sitting on the floor in a large room nursing a little child. She was young and very pretty, looked pale, and was graceful. The ladies of her household, all with dresses more or less dirty and ragged, did not, on the contrary, look at all attractive. We were requested to seat ourselves on a sofa; and having done so, a kind of dumb conversation commenced with the young lady, *Sitti Amira*, about her two pretty little children, Selim and Rosa. After a minute or two the Emir entered, in a dressing-gown, and with his long pipe. He was still a young man, with refined, handsome features, and a certain high-bred politeness in his manners. He inquired after the news from the theatre of war in the north of Italy, and seemed to listen with great interest to what Miss

Weber, who speaks Arabic fluently, could tell him. He takes part with the French. During this conversation the fat gold-ornamented lady whom I had seen under the pine-tree, entered, and was introduced to us as the Emir's sister, *Sitti Amuna*, or Camomilla, for the word Amuna signifies camomile flower. Her three ragged court-ladies accompanied her.

The whole of the Emir's family formerly belonged to the Druses, but went over to the Maronites; that is to say, became Roman Catholic Christians. Sitti Camomilla had been married to a Druse prince, and had then worn the silver horn of the Druses—*Tantura* or *Tasa;* but had laid it aside when she became a widow, because it occasioned her severe headaches, from which she still suffers. Nearly all who wear the silver horn suffer in the same way, become bald, or have boils upon the parts of the head where it presses; nor is this to be wondered at, for it is above a foot high, and although of perforated silver, very heavy. From the tip of the horn depends a long white veil, which as drapery has a splendid effect, but is rather peculiar than beautiful, and gives great stiffness to the head and the carriage. The horn is now increasingly laid aside by the Druse ladies, whilst those who continue to wear this ornament, frequently will not even remove it at night, from the difficulty of replacing it on the head.

Emir Seid, who seemed evidently to enjoy much respect and obedience from the inhabitants of the village, appeared also to have his gentlemen of the household, corresponding to the ladies of his wife. These attendants of the Emirs of Lebanon consist, probably, of their poor relatives, whom they provide for by giving them board and lodging in their houses. Clothing they must provide indeed for themselves. We were

regaled with coffee, wine, and sweetmeats, thanked with Arabic compliments, and took our leave; after which we went to a Maronite convent, which is said to have been built on the ruins of a celebrated Pagan temple. That it was so, was apparent. Gigantic remains, broken columns, stones, foundations, Greek and Roman inscriptions, proved this very clearly to be the case. The ancient temple and the present convent had a proud situation on a steep platform of the mountain, with a magnificent view. But more inquisitive, dirty, ignorant, coarse men, with a more sensual and less spiritual physiognomy than the monks who here gathered round us, chattering, laughing, asking questions, I never saw anywhere. Their black dresses and their food, bread, &c., betrayed great poverty, over which they also laughingly lamented. But I question if they felt their spiritual necessities.

Beth Maré is one of the best built upon, and most populous heights of Lebanon. When the Prince of Lebanon, Emir Beschir, the great Emir, ruled over all Emirs and Sheiks on the mountain, great order and security prevailed from the dread of his power; and many stories are current of his magnificence, his castle, his court and Oriental splendour, as well as of his despotism. This and his rapacity, which increased with his increasing power, excited against him silent enemies, and amongst these his nephews. He discovered their machinations, put out the eyes and cut out the tongues of two of them, committed many violent and tyrannical acts, and finally rose in rebellion against the Porte; whereupon, supported by the European powers, with England at their head, the Porte put an end to his sway, in the year 1825, I believe, and compelled him to fly to Egypt. The Prince of Lebanon is now dead; but his widow, beautiful even in her old age, still main-

tains, on the wreck of his former wealth, a little court and the shadow of a princely life. I was shown her summer residence at Beth Maré. The population of Lebanon is now placed immediately under the sceptre of the Porte, but it is known to be in no small degree disobedient and disorderly. Ever since the tyrannical rule of Emir Beschir ceased in Lebanon, its various sects, and in particular the Druses and Maronites, have lived in a continual state of hostility with each other, which has of late years greatly increased.

The return down the mountain was fatiguing and warm. It felt indescribably refreshing, however, when, towards sunset, we had reached the beautiful plain, to hear the murmur of the water in the aqueducts, and to see it pouring round the plantations. We arrived at home just as the sun sank into the sea. And then to be able to rest, to refresh oneself, and in deep repose, from the verandah to enjoy the wonderfully lovely evening, the view of the sea, of the starry heavens above it, was—enchanting!

I will now relate to you, my R——, that which I have learned regarding the population of Lebanon, partly orally from the inhabitants of Beyrout, partly from books, the statements of which I have compared, and now thrown together in a concise form. As regards what I have to say respecting the two most celebrated sects of Lebanon, the Druses and the Maronites, my principal authorities are the French work of Sylvestre de Sacy, and the extremely interesting one of Colonel Churchill. For the last ten years this gentleman has resided in Beyrout, and passed a great part of that time amongst the Druses on Lebanon, where he has married a Druse lady, and, as is also asserted, become a convert to their religion. Yet it appears to me, from his work, that if he have to a certain degree united him-

self to this religion, it has been done rather from a desire for knowledge than any other motive, because he is by no means blind to their failings. Colonel Churchill is at the present time on a visit to his Druse connexions in Lebanon; for which reason I shall not have the pleasure of seeing him here.

Lebanon — the White Mountain — that elephant amongst mountains, bears on its colossal back, between the Mediterranean and the valley of Cœlo-Syria, between Palestine and Syria Proper, half a million of human beings, for the greatest part of Asiatic descent, but of many various religious professions. In seasons of war and oppression, or under religious persecutions, the people from the open country have from time immemorial fled up to "the good mountains," there to find freedom and protection. For in the valleys amongst the mountains spring forth affluent streams of water; and the fertile soil, heated by the sun, abundantly repays the labour of the cultivator. Into those lofty regions, and by those difficult rocky paths, the hosts of the enemy could not easily pursue them; and even if they did so, were soon driven back. Thus, by degrees, came one race after another, one sect after another, and planted themselves down on the terraces of the various segregated mountain-regions. Freedom and dangers made them warlike, necessity and the character of the mountain made them hardy and industrious. They cultivated silk and produced wine, they built villages and habitations. Disciplined under their Sheiks, Emirs, priests, and patriarchs, they became by degrees rich and powerful. The rulers of Syria dreaded the people of Lebanon, and did not demand from them more tribute than they themselves were willing to pay. The princes of the mountain regarded themselves as born lords of the soil, and have to this day continued such in comparison

with other princes under the sceptre of the Sublime Porte.

Were it possible, from the summit of Sunnin, ten thousand feet high, to survey the entire mountain, we should enjoy an extraordinary view. We should behold Mohammedan mosques, Druse chalmys, or Hallowés, Maronite as well as Greek Christian churches, chapels, and convents, rising by hundreds on the rocky platforms and terraces of the mountain, surrounded by small villages and by a population which differs amongst itself in appearance, costume, manners, and language, as well as in religious worship. In one particular only are they all agreed, namely, in vilifying and hating one another, especially the Druses and Maronites. Beauty and bravery distinguish the people of Lebanon. Religion rather than nationality is their bond of union. They are firm in character, as are mountaineers generally, and have patriarchal virtues.

The Druses, the most populous sect of Lebanon—of whom it is said that the number living there and in the wild region of Hauran amounts to about 60,000 souls—are of Asiatic origin. They made their first appearance as a distinct religious sect in the fifth century after Mohammed, when a certain Arab, Kalif Hakem, a descendant of Mohammed, four hundred and eleven years after his decease, or disappearance, and in the year 1021 of the Christian era, was deified by his minister and successor Hamzé, who declared him to be God's last incarnation and revelation on earth, and he himself as his prophet and only mediator between God and mankind. Versed in the Oriental religions of a date anterior to Christianity, somewhat also in Christianity itself, but most of all in its echo, the Koran, he has introduced various of its higher doctrines and morals in his religion of Hakem, which, added to his own

boldness and the credulity of mankind, obtained for him a crowd of adherents, who gradually, under the name of Druses, formed a separate religion and a political sect. Persecuted by the Mohammedans and Christians, the Druses finally fled to Lebanon, where they succeeded in making themselves esteemed by their bravery, ability, and pure morals, as well as exciting the curiosity of all thinking people by certain peculiar usages, and by the strict secrecy in which they involved their religious faith, and in particular their divine worship. Latterly, however, by means of the unwearied endeavours of European inquirers, sufficient knowledge of the former has been obtained to enable thinking Christians to judge of its tendency.

The following may be given as the principal features of their belief:—The Druses acknowledge one only God, the Creator of all things. Hence they call themselves *Unitarians*. They believe that God first created the universal *Intelligence*, which is the only immediate product of His omnipotence. His will, His justice, and His other attributes are also His creations and His ministers. The Druses acknowledge that God cannot be comprehended by the senses, nor described by language. They believe that He has several times revealed Himself on earth by incarnation in human form. Thus he was incarnate in Moses, in Jesus Christ, in Mohammed, and lastly in the Lord *Hakem bi-Amar Allah*, after which no further incarnation of God can be expected on earth. They believe that Hamzé became immediately inspired by Hakem; that he, Hamzé, alone was the possessor and interpreter of all truth on earth, that he preserved it in his writings, and directly or indirectly communicates the true light to the believing, and in various degrees to the whole human family, all living according to the divine

Hakem's determination. This is the Druse faith. They believe also that all souls were created at once by the Universal Intelligence; that the number of human beings is always the same; that it can neither increase nor decrease; but that souls go from one human body into another, and rise or sink in so doing, according as they obey or disobey the laws and prescriptions of Hakem and Hamzé. They believe, further, in a last day and judgment, on which occasion Hakem will give Hamzé the sword which will utterly destroy all his adversaries and make his religion triumphant. At that time also will all mankind be punished or rewarded according to their deserts. The rewards and the felicity of the blessed are described in terms which resemble those of the Apocalypse. Finally, they believe that all the foregoing religions on earth were only types, more or less imperfect, of the one true Hakem's religion; their statutes and ceremonies only allegories, which must, in the true divine worship, fall away of themselves; for which cause the Unitarians or Druses have removed all forms, images, or ceremonies from their worship. The seven commandments, which the followers of Hamzé must obey, are a compendium of the Mosaic decalogue. Weight is especially laid upon truth and compassion towards the brethren, entire renunciation of all preceding religious dogmas, as well as a perfect submission to the will of God.

Hamzé wrote as follows regarding the being of God:—

"God is eternal; the Ancient of days, the beneficent Lord, and merciful Master. No one can comprehend His being. Imagination cannot comprehend Him. The tongue cannot worthily express the Creator's unity. How, indeed, is it possible to express the unity of Him who is illimitable, without beginning

and without end? Our Lord is the King of kings; all denomination of Him is vain and impotent," &c.

"Praise be to Thee [says Hamzé], oh Thou who art distinguished by greatness and power, who art far separated from all created beings!

"Uncreated Creator, origin of all things, without competitor; mighty Lord, against whom nothing can stand; Conqueror, for whom there is no place of refuge excepting within *Thyself;* supreme Judge, from whose judgment there is no appeal, who dost whatever Thou willest," &c.

This, with infinite repetitions of the same class, is the description of the Supreme Being whom the Druses worship.

When we come to a more definite description of the Being, and the qualities of the Supreme, as they were revealed in "the Lord Hakem," we are presented with a very peculiar ideal of divinity.

In a book called *A True Narrative,* Hamzé writes of him thus:—

"If I wished to give an account of all the wonderful signs and revelations made by our Lord Hakem, paper would fail me, no amount of pens could write them down, as it is said in the Koran! If all the trees of the earth were pens, if the sea were turned into ink, and seven other seas as large added thereto, it would not be sufficient to describe all his works."

The great exploits which Hamzé now relates as proof of our Lord Hakem's divinity, are all and every one of them evidences of courage as well as of cruelty, and a power devoid of any higher character. "Hakem," it is said, for instance, "feared neither great nor small, neither was he afraid of the rebellion of his troops; but when this occurred, he rode into the midst of them, and cut off with his own mighty hand a great number

of their heads. No king on earth would have dared to act thus."

But the most wonderful proof of Hakem's supernatural power was, that he, spite of the sun's fervour, was accustomed to ride out in the middle of the day, in the burning heat, without the slightest injury accruing to himself.

"One day, when the hot wind was blowing with fury, and the air was so full of dust that it penetrated into the houses, our Lord undertook a ride over the plain. On his return there was not one of his attendants whose eyes were not running over with tears, and whose tongue was not parched with heat and dust. Our Lord Hakem, on the contrary, was just as cool and fresh as when he left his harem. No one ever saw our Lord's countenance change colour or express fatigue. Nor did any one ever see him eat or drink, or betray any natural want. Far from him were all such things. He was far above all that the polytheists say of him. There never was a king nor any other man who can compare with him in these things.

"That which the polytheists say about his sickness has been dictated by the wickedness of their hearts. He was often seen—speaking from appearances—to be inclosed in a palanquin, which was carried by four polytheists, right through the crowd of his godless and excited enemies. There was not a tribe, in all his army, the chief of which he had not punished with death. All nations stood opposed to him in religious questions, except the few who acknowledged his unity, believed in his divinity, and obeyed his commands."

Hamzé could only succeed in converting an individual of this character into a god, by declaring that all his actions were symbolical, and attaching to them certain significations and teachings already acknowledged by human reason. In such interpretations he

has shown himself to be a great juggler. For the rest, the moral teaching of Hamzé comes much nearer to that of Zoroaster and Buddha than of Christianity. The intellect is with him most highly valued.

The Druses divide themselves into two classes—the *enlightened* and the *ignorant*. The former are the aristocracy, and the natural guardians of others, princes and teachers.

The so-called Ockals, amongst the Druses, are those men and women who devote themselves to a holy life in the Buddhistical sense. They live separate from mankind, devote themselves to the contemplation of the qualities of the Supreme Intelligence, to the reading of the holy writings of the sect, to self-mortification and prayer, and thus become priests and priestesses. Before they can be received into the circle of the holy, they are obliged to pass through a long period of probation; only after which they are initiated into the innermost mysteries of their religion, which they bind themselves by a solemn vow never to betray. The holy Ockals perform the rites of worship in the Druse temples or Hallowés. But their worship consists chiefly of contemplation on the perfections of the Supreme Intelligence. They read the writings of Hamzé at their spiritual assemblies. Their prayers are only utterances of praise. They are strongly opposed to all forms in the worship of God; to set and prescribed prayers, ceremonies, pilgrimages, and all such religious usages. They desire that the spiritual bond with the Supreme should alone exist through the intellect and by obedience. The Druses pay great respect to their Ockals, and kiss their hands in salutation—a salutation which the holy usually return even to the meanest, thereby to prove a humble disposition, as opposed to the pride of the Christian prelates.

They erect their Hallowés, or churches, on the summits of hills, commanding extensive views. There is generally near every Hallowé a *Chalmy*, or the abode of a Druse hermit, inhabited by an Ockal, who devotes himself to a life of contemplation and self-mortification. He, or she, takes care of the room where the congregation meets and reads the prayers, &c. The Druses meet in their Hallowés every Thursday evening, when portions of the writings of Hamzé, and also of the Koran, are read to the assembled people, amongst whom strangers are admitted. The greatest unconstraint prevails; they walk about and converse freely together, partake of refreshments and eat fruit. Later, however, when the crowd has been shown out, the doors are fastened, the Ockals remain alone in the temple, and a guard is placed outside that nobody may disturb the secret worship of the holy initiated. The Freemasons are not more careful in preserving their mysteries from the eyes of the uninitiated, than are the Druse Ockals with regard to theirs, which they have also succeeded so far in concealing from the knowledge of the inquisitive public, probably because there is nothing particular to conceal.

It has been believed that they worship the golden calf, because there have been found in some of their sacred Hallowés, small molten calves of gold; but these images are, on the contrary, with them, images of the evil against which they should contend, and which they treat contemptuously in this symbol. "The calf," say the Druses, "is irrational, and leaps without sense hither and thither." Certainly, to those who worship the Supreme Intelligence, the calf must be a symbol of the very opposite. Two or three of these Hallowés are consecrated to the Prophet Job, and in one of them at Necha, a lamp is kept burning day and night.

When Ibrahim Pacha committed his ravages in Lebanon, he destroyed more than sixty Druse temples and Chalmys.

The morals of the Druses are pure; they practise monogamy, and the woman enjoys equal privileges with the man in education and spiritual rank, but not as regards inheritance. The daughters are excluded from inheritance. The birth of a daughter is also considered a misfortune, and in that case they ignore the fact of a human creature being born into the world. The birth of a son, on the contrary, causes the greatest rejoicing. The quarrelsome disposition and life of the people, the position of hostility in which they always stand to their neighbours, are the cause of this old injustice, which otherwise were irreconcilable with their religious faith. They live in clanship, under princes or emirs. Amongst their rules of life, in which they have adopted a great portion of the Christian code of morals, is toleration to the religious doctrines of others. They may even, "in case of necessity," adopt these forms under the consciousness that they are merely the husk, and that the Druses themselves are possessed of the kernel in the doctrines of Hakem or Hamzé.

There is, nevertheless, a golden calf brought forth and worshipped under these doctrines, with great industry, by the Druses, without they themselves having an idea of it—and that is the golden calf of pride. This leads them to believe that they are superior to all other men; and they are, in consequence, more touchy on the point of their dignity, and more easy to offend, than the kings of the earth. A cup of coffee offered to them in a manner not according to their etiquette, or a letter written upon half a sheet of paper instead of a whole one, or a letter in which the usual compliments

and Oriental grand phraseology are not fully observed, is regarded as an affront. They are extremely passionate and revengeful, even amongst themselves. They are, in their vengeance, irreconcilable and cruel, but at the same time, incomparable in their politeness and hospitality to strangers. Nevertheless it is better not to put overmuch faith in their beautiful speeches and expressions.

With the Christian, the Druse praises Christ and his Gospel; with the Mohammedan, he exalts his Koran above all books; but behind their backs he says that the only proper, real Messiah is Hamzé; and with regard to the Mohammedan faith, he says, agreeably with the writings of Hamzé, "We have not a god who keeps himself invisible and inactive, so that people cannot know who and what he really is. We have a god who reveals himself on earth, so that men can find him, and comprehend him." They have here evidently made use of a fundamental doctrine of Christianity, although they have caricatured the Deity.

In their catechism they endeavour to explain and to defend the contradiction which they maintain, and which has led to the belief that they now attach themselves to the doctrines of Christ, and now to those of Mohammed. "They are," they say, "in duty bound to protect their holy religion and its professors from persecution. The unbelieving are not worthy to hear the truth." The excuse is the best proof how small the faith must be in the strength of the truth, and how small the love also.

But love has no place in the doctrines of Hamzé. He speaks merely of the intellect, of the understanding. "This, indeed, every one can rationally conceive!" is an expression with which he frequently closes his explanations.

Although some portions of the Druse worship may still be kept secret, yet their sacred writings and doctrines are now sufficiently known to be estimated according to their worth, and to save us from the disquieting supposition that they might contain something importantly "new under the sun," but which was unattainable by us. New, these doctrines assuredly are not; they are only a compound of old and new, in which ingredients older than Christianity have the ascendancy, and which the master-cook Hamzé—evidently a genius in his art, in concert with the most ancient satrap, human pride—has had the talent to present to his pupils as something both new and alone all-sufficing.

The Maronites, the other important sect of Lebanon, take their name from a certain Bishop Maron, who, in the fifth century after Christ, converted a Syrian race to Christianity. They obey the Pope, but in various particulars separate themselves from the Roman Catholic Church. In virtues and failings, in life and temper, they are but little different from the Druses, although they acknowledge the Christian doctrine of love, and the Gospel is read in their churches both in Syrian and Arabic. They unite with the Greek Christians in Lebanon in intolerance towards the Evangelical Christians; and it is sometimes at the peril of life that the missionaries of the Protestant Church venture amongst them. A young Maronite, Asaad Esch Shidiak, distinguished by excellence of character and by his knowledge of languages, a friend of the Maronite Patriarch at Canobin, and also his secretary, was converted to the Evangelical faith in the year 1826; whereupon he was imprisoned, and treated by the Patriarch in a manner which resembled that of the Romish Inquisition in its darkest times, and which showed what the servants of the Papal doctrines still could dare to do in countries

where no watchful public spirit, no free constitution, restrained the violence of fanatical zeal or passion. The young man lived for several years through daily maltreatment, patient and immovable; still he might be heard sometimes calling on the passers-by for help. One day they carried to him burning coals and a picture of the Virgin.

"Either kiss these, or the Madonna!" commanded his tormentors.

The young martyr kissed the burning coals.

He was living in 1830, and there is reason to believe that he was still living in 1832. At that time an English merchant at Beyrout, Mr. Todd, becoming acquainted with his situation, hastened to the camp of Ibrahim Pacha, at Akkra, and obtained from him a command to set the young Asaad at liberty. Unfortunately, Mr. Todd's return was delayed for a few days. The Patriarch of Canobin had received intelligence of his proceedings, and when he came, accompanied by the soldiers of the Pacha, the doors of the convent were opened to him, but the captive Asaad was no longer to be found there. The narrow, dark cell, in which he had been immured, was empty. They said that he had died two years before, but in consequence of what treatment, the Maronite Patriarch did not state.*

Such a disposition is a brand which sooner or later must produce misfortune. The fanatical intolerance which exists between the Maronites and the Druses of Lebanon has more than once broken out into a bloody feud and incendiarism, and it has done so now, when not unfrequently from Beyrout may be seen the glare of burning villages in Lebanon, which have been fired

* From the account of Jonas King, American missionary in Syria and Palestine, for the present in Athens.—*Author's note.*

by the hostile sects. The Maronites believe, either with or without reason, that they may look for assistance from France, and are at the present time very overbearing towards the Druses. The Maronites are said to amount to about 150,000 souls on Lebanon and in the circumjacent cities, Beyrout, Latakia, Aleppo, and others.

Several minor sects are also scattered amongst the mountains of the Lebanon, in Syria as far as Caucasus, as the Metouallys, Ismaëlys, Ansarias, Yezidis, and Nouars. Amongst them all may be found certain traits of Oriental religions blended with Mohammedanism. Some of them, at the time of the Crusaders, were politically important, or dangerous, and seemed to have attained to influence through bold and fanatical party leaders. Certain traditions and customs constitute a bond of union between the sects or races. They also belong to the spiritual cryptogamia of Asia, and are said to be dangerous to their neighbours and to strangers.

One of the most original of these sects seems to me to be the nomadic Yezidis, who are met with in considerable numbers in Northern Syria, and even in Asia Minor. They entertain the belief that the Evil One will some day be converted, and become powerful in doing good; they, therefore, will never speak ill of him, and take care not to affront his Majesty.

Nouars, or Nourys, are the most indigent of the nomadic sects of Syria: they wander about in small parties, under chiefs whom they obey; they practise a kind of music, speak Arabic, as well as another unknown language. Some say that they believe in the God of Mohammed, others assert that they do not believe in any God. Their faith seems as dark as the hue of their complexions. They appear to resemble the

gipsies. Poor children of the twilight of the old gods and of a past civilisation! Like the larva of the sphinx, they have no foreknowledge of the butterfly's wings, and life of light. But for them, as for it, there is a change before them, because—God the Almighty lives!

Beyrout, June 24th.—Our Swedish midsummer-day, when the sun at the hour of midnight stands bright above our most northern mountain, and we decorate our houses and churches, bonnets and horses, everything, with flowers and foliage, and dance round lofty maypoles! The summer festival-day of the north is here in the south merely a day like any other day, neither celebrated nor observed. People have too many summer days on the sunlit soil of Syria for any one of them to attract particular attention. This day is merely celebrated as the festival of John the Baptist by the Christians of the Roman Church.

For some days the weather here has been perfection itself. The heavens without a cloud; a fresh wind blowing continuously through the sunny atmosphere and ameliorating the heat. It is impossible to conceive anything more beautiful, anything more perfect in air and light, especially in the mornings and evenings!

The French steamer *Clyde*, which will to-morrow morning convey me from the shores of Syria to those of Asia Minor, lies out in the bright, blue bay. Before I leave this country, however, I will cast a glance backwards upon the people who now live as rulers on the soil of Syria. The Europeans usually see the shadow-side of these people; but in the light of the glorious sun of the East I will endeavour to discover whether there be not also a bright side, some points of light which made them at one time not undeservedly to shine out, a sun bright even as this.

At one time! . . That was a time—but is long since—a day of creation, of a thousand years—when the Arabs extended their dominion and their cultivation over three continents; when the learned men of Europe studied the practical sciences in schools founded by the Arabs in Bagdad, Ispahan, Cairo, Cordova; and when the Arabs, themselves disciples of the Greeks, became the teachers of the Europeans in mathematics, medicine, astronomy, geography, poetry, architecture, &c. The people of Europe have since then built beyond them, broken up new paths, left the old masters a long way behind, and—forgotten them, as formerly Alexander forgot Aristotle. Like those bright glances from the fresco-figures on the walls of Pompeii, here and there shines forth a name, a memory from out the great folk-ruin, now entombed by the rain of ashes of ages in the sand of the desert, and gazes at us with large, bright eyes, as if they would say: "Dost thou no longer know me?" We return, it is true, a glance, a greeting, a cheerful recognition, a "thanks for past favours!" but the sons of the desert, the Arabs, are, of all our Oriental teachers, comparatively speaking, the most overlooked; and perhaps with justice. We have—we human beings—you and I, a kind of teachers who form our souls, our principles, our spiritual being; we have also others who have at certain times instructed us in certain special knowledges, masters of another order, although they may be the very first in their particular branch. The Arabs seem to me to stand, with regard to the great pupil, the human race, like teachers of this latter class. They themselves divide their history into two principal epochs, the one when they were *in ignorance*—before the time of Mohammed—and the other after Mohammed, when they became *possessed of knowledge*. Out of the former period, however,

arises a noble figure, testifying of no small degree of knowledge and cultivation, and of that which is still higher, of a pure seeking after the highest. It stands forth from the paradisiac land of the Arabian peninsula, the fruitful, spicy, balsamic Yemen; it is the queen of Saba whom we see two thousand years before Mohammed, in far Arabia Felix, travelling through the desert to Jerusalem to hear the wisdom of Solomon, trying him with dark sayings, and conveying to him, as gifts of honour, the splendid productions of the wealth of the south. The capital city of Saba was no longer in existence at the time of Mohammed; it had been destroyed by earthquakes. The present Arab generation denominates the oldest departed race, the *Bajadite*, that is to say, *Lost*. Yet, just before Mohammed, were found great remains of the past in science, common phrases, tales, and legends, as well as peculiar customs, which showed the remarkable characteristics of these ancestors. Already before his time, public games were held at the Kaaba at Mecca.

The Arabs divided themselves into many tribes, with distinct ancestors and temperaments. There were three principal:—the *Bedouins*, sons of the desert, and princes, nomads, and the oldest inhabitants of the country; *Jocktas-Arabs*, with fixed residences, who cultivated the earth, and called themselves the Arabs proper; and the *Most-Arab* tribe, which considers itself to be descended from Ishmael, the son of Abraham and Hagar, and constituting the aristocracy of the country. The people of Europe and Africa called the Arabs *Saracens*—that is to say, east-land people; whilst, on the contrary, their eastern neighbours called them *Arabs*, or west-land people.

Mohammed—born in the sixth century after Christ, according to some in the year 569, according to others

in 571—found the Arabs star-worshippers in great measure, and polytheistic in faith. He found also many Christians and Jews resident in the country. The Nestorians, a schismatic Christian sect, had in particular taken root there, and in part diffused, in part adopted new errors. Mohammed heard tell of the Christian disputes, and saw their pictures and worship of saints. During his trading-journeys through the desert, as agent for a rich mercantile house of Mecca, he came into connexion with a Christian monk who made him acquainted with various things connected with the Judaic conception of God, together with much chaotic information regarding the Christian doctrines. This knowledge the young Arab worked up in his own way, in his enthusiastic, not dishonourable, and yet not entirely honourable, strong, ambitious, and unenlightened soul. One truth, however, had become to him above everything else clear and certain, during those long journeys, and in the silence of those star-bright nights, in the great, solitary desert, and that was the *unity and omnipotence of God.* This truth inspired him, and with immovable stedfastness he proclaimed and maintained it against all opponents; it became his sword of Gideon. He acknowledged Christ as "a supernatural and divine being, born of the angel Gabriel and the Virgin Mary."

The narrative of this in the Koran is the most evil chapter in that work. He adopted and promulgated various portions of Christ's moral teaching, but he did not exhibit, as he ought to have done, either his character or his Gospel—with which, however, he was but very imperfectly acquainted. All the more for that reason could he exhibit what he wished regarding himself. He made himself out, therefore, to be the *Paraclete,* the Comforter which Christ had promised, "the Holy Ghost" which should come after Him, and

lead mankind into all truth. Mohammed declared himself to be the proper perfector of the work which Christ had commenced—but of which he had small knowledge—gave himself out as being the last and only perfect prophet or seer of God's counsel, and devised as the watchword and doctrine of the true believer—*There is only one God, and Mohammed is his prophet.*

How much honest belief, how much half-insane self-delusion, how much conscious deceit, had part in his teaching regarding himself and his mission, God alone knows. All that I have read about him, and all that I have read in the Koran (*El* or *Al Koran*—"that which above all is worthy to be read," "that which ought to be read"), and I have here read not a little of it in an improved translation, in three languages, and with a mind which no one can accuse of prejudice, or with any want of willingness to see light rather than darkness—and all has merely tended to make me see in the religious doctrines of the Mohammedans a very peculiar psychological phenomenon, as to union of great and small, lofty and mean, wise and foolish, such as is seldom found to the same degree in a human being; to see a man who excites my astonishment, but not my admiration.

As he is himself, such is his work—*Al Koran.* It might be said of it, as indeed may be said of more than one book, "there is in it many things both good and new; but the good is not new, and the new is not good." It appears to me like a colossal arabesque, in which the scenery and productions of Arabia, which are so affluent in contrasts, the desert and the garden of Yemen, the simoom and the manna, the hyæna and the gazelle, the human being and the ape, are woven together or intertwined in thousandfold fantastic circles

and twistings, with flowers, birds, and ornaments so abundant, that they conceal the serpent that glides from beneath them. That Mohammed determined to make all this subordinate to, and to aid one single, simple, universal idea, comprehensible to all men—but nevertheless it was not his—in this lies his greatness, his mastership, and the key to his progress amongst the nations, fallen into ruins, as it were, by their old religious doctrines, divided amongst themselves, wearied by their polytheism and internal contentions. Mohammed's doctrine, "God is one, and Mohammed his prophet," offered to them the regulating unity. They who were not convinced by his word were compelled by his sword, and to those whom he compelled he gave order and rest under laws which in part made a compromise with the Oriental's bosom sins—which were dear to himself—in part combated certain manners and customs injurious to the Oriental nations. He insisted upon virtues already familiar to and esteemed by them; he favoured several of their passions which were less commendable, such as hatred and violence against enemies, but the highest motive of all actions must be blind obedience to the will of God as promulgated by Mohammed—eternal rewards or eternal punishment being the consequence of this or the contrary. Death, whilst fighting for the Prophet and his kingdom, the highest happiness: the delights of Paradise and houris awaiting the faithful soldier.

By this doctrine and its promises, Mohammed inspired his own and many bordering races. But over those people who already possessed a higher revelation, and knew a higher unity, his doctrine produced little or no effect. The Brahmins and Buddhists of India despised his heaven; the Jews, and still more, the Christians, despised his empty idea of God, his im-

perfect moral law. The latter in particular knew better. And if they had everywhere, and in all cases, been faithful to their better knowledge, if they had everywhere retained the first inspiration and the first love, then the doctrine of Mohammed would not have gone forth victoriously, like a swollen mountain-torrent, over the nations. But the Christianity of the East had deteriorated, "the salt had lost its saltness;" it was no longer good for anything but to be thrown out and trod under foot of the new Prophet's fanatical adherents.

Mohammed brought the life of his people to its highest development: its peculiar gifts blossomed, as teachers, warriors, legislators, rulers and writers—in everything he was its head, its leader. He was an Arabian Odin, and only greater, mightier than he, because he had the support of a higher religion.

How the Arabs under and after Mohammed grew to a great conquering people, who, wherever they went, carried with them a certain amount of cultivation, certain noble sciences and arts; how after him great Khalifs (governors) arose, who, under the dynasties of the Abassides and Omyades, gave to the dominion of the Arabs a power, beauty, and splendour which fascinated both the East and the West; how, nevertheless, this power succumbed to a Tartar robber-race from the central highlands of Asia; how the Turks, from being the body-guard of the Khalif in Bagdad, soon gave Khalifs to Bagdad, became, from the disciples of the Arabs, their masters; how the Emirs of the Turks grew to be Sultans (the first Osman, or the Leg-breaker, in the year 1300); how, during a succession of great Sultans, the Arabian and Byzantine realms, Egypt, Palestine, and Greece, were changed into Turkish provinces, and Turkey herself, with Mo-

hammed's banner and sword, went forth on conquering expeditions against Europe, the Crescent against the Cross—all this is known to history, and to every one familiar with its pages.

The Arab dominion, as well in the East as in the West, did not alone owe its fall to outward impulse, but above all to that internal disruption into races and groups which had its foundation in the original nature of the peoples, and which no higher moral ideal had overcome. The laws of Mohammed, which favoured immorality, put a stop to the sanctuary of the home, and the intellectual and moral development of woman, and so doing placed a gnawing serpent of destruction (the Niddhögg of the Scandinavian mythology,) at the root of the tree of social life, and prepared or expedited its decay. Mohammed, for whom one woman—his first wife, the wise Kadijah—did everything, did himself nothing which was essential for woman. Kadijah's spirit has avenged itself.

The Mohammedans have, in fact, female slaves, or mistresses, but no wives; no *Hustro*, in the beautiful sense of the old Scandinavian word; the nation has women, but not *wives*, not *mothers*. It must then die by degrees. The Mohammedan conception of Deity, so exactly that of a blind fate, without heart and without reason, and the gloomy resignation, the want of hope and quiet, a change for the better, which is the result of hope, are also corroding, destructive influences in the life of a people. Under such circumstances we must commend the Arab for the virtue which yet remains to him, for the good which he still possesses.

The proverb says, "hospitable as an Arab," and the proverb is true at the present day. The Arab is the most hospitable amongst the Orientals. If you exclaim to the rapacious Bedouin, "I am thy guest!" he will

then lead you into his tent, defend you from your enemies, and entertain you with the best that he has; but he will indemnify himself by means of your neighbour who is not his guest. The poorest countryman even, will bid you welcome to his dwelling, and share with you his last morsel of bread. (But, it must be said, that he expects twice as much in thanks.)

The Arab is contented. He is more frugal in eating and drinking than any other man, whether belonging to the East or the West. If he be rich he is intemperate in nothing but munificence. If he become poor, he submits to his lower circumstances without shame and without troubling himself. He must part with his splendid divan: very good; the ground becomes his divan. People can sit and can sleep on it just as well, sometimes better, than on gold embroidery. "Allah wills it; Allah is great! Allah is over all!" And his climate is genial.

The Arab reverences equality, at least in the outward. He despises not the poor for his poverty, and honours not the rich for his riches. He honours, in particular, the gifts of the spirit. The wealthy Effendi places a learned man or a poet on his right hand, even though he may be in rags, and kisses his hand in token of his veneration.

The Arab is born with *savoir vivre*. He is never embarrassed or at a loss to know what he shall say or do. The Bedouins and the Arabs in general, with the exception of the Fellahins—the lowest people of the working-class—are in their manners perfect gentlemen.

The Arab is pious and God-fearing, as far as his conception of God and the fear of God extends. The Mohammedan Arab* throws himself down in the dust

* There are, as I believe I have already observed, in Palestine and Syria a considerable number of Christian Arabs; but I do

before the Omnipotent, whom man must obey and fear. Of the *All-good* he knows but very little, neither of his law of love. Of the *Father* he has no knowledge at all.

And now I have said all that I know regarding the light side of the Arab character.

Of that of the women I have little to say, because they are debarred from all development of self-consciousness or self-responsibility. It is only exceptionally that they can attain to a higher position in society. They resemble children, are not without poetry, not without good dispositions, but they are deficient in culture and grace. Often very pretty in early youth, they age early, and have, as elder women, something coarse, silly, soulless, frequently a something much worse in their expression.

Of the relationship between the sexes and of marriage, I have already spoken. Here, in Beyrout, as at Bethlehem and Jerusalem, you see little girls of eight years old, married to old men. Miss Weber was one day at an Arab marriage-feast. A girl, quite young and very pale, danced the Arab solo whirling-dance to the delight of every one. When it was ended, she sat down and began to cry bitterly, but to herself. Miss Weber, who sat near her, inquired sympathizingly the cause of her grief, and was told by her that her relatives had, a few years before, given her in marriage to an old, bad man; she had escaped from him, and re-

not believe that their Christianity in general is greatly superior to the Mohammedanism of their Arab brethren. They belong mostly to the Latin or the Greek church. They have not the Holy Scriptures in their hands, and no spirit of Christian community, no living literature sustains them or developes their newly acquired life. The desert sand encroaches upon the oasis of which the fountain springs are rendered turbid, or are obstructed.—*Author's note.*

turned to her mother's house where she had been permitted to remain quietly for twelve months. But now this period of liberty was ended, and on "the morrow she must go back to her detestable old husband of seventy." Nobody could save her. The woman, amongst the Mohammedans, is the property of the husband, and the harem is her prison. Should a wife be loved by her husband, it is not in a noble manner. She is influenced accordingly, and her feminine temper and whims not unfrequently become her avengers, and make his home-life bitter. Hence it is not an unusual thing to hear an Arab say that he loves his horse better than his wife. The relationship between brothers and sisters is, on the contrary, frequently cordial and beautiful. The brother is not unfrequently a chivalric, devoted friend and protector of his sister. I have heard affecting, romantic histories of such attachments.

The patriarchal life, and its most ancient usages, still prevail amongst the Arabs. Sons and daughters, even after they are married, live in the house of the parents, and have one common table with them. Even married brothers will thus keep house together. Two or three generations of the same family partake the same dwelling. Nor is it to be wondered at if, under such circumstances, things are not always harmonious, and that less agreeable collisions take place. In the meantime it is so, and the indolent disposition of the people and the prevailing habits of life make this state of affairs possible. With us it would be impossible, at least in the more highly cultivated classes. (In Dalecarlia, however, I remember to have found three families of three generations, all living in the same large cottage-room—each in their own corner—all apparently well off and well contented.)

Here, in the house where I am staying, I have occasion to see daily some exemplification of the Arab principle of equality, which above all seems to acknowledge that "we are all little mites before our Lord." The cook, *Abunesche*—a splendid Arab, who cooks and then brings up the dishes for dinner—usually places himself near the table, and talks with Miss Weber, about whatever he likes, in a loud voice, and with energetic gesticulation of his bare sinewy arms. His wife not unfrequently comes into the room where I am reading, and seats herself, with flowers in her hair, and her bare legs crossed, beside me, making all kind of attempts to get up a conversation in Arabic. Little Fatmé again, her daughter, the little housemaid of the family, does not at all hesitate to seat herself quietly on the divans of the drawing-room, to say nothing of more free-and-easy and less agreeable habits.

That I may do them full justice, however, I must not omit to mention that Arab historians, and other writers, have preserved to us traits from the lives of some Arabs, which evince a high-mindedness worthy of the Christian and the spirit of Christianity. I will introduce one which I lately read in the autobiography of a lady who long resided amongst the Bedouins—with one of their chiefs, a friend of her father's. She is, in short, Maria Theresa Asmar, daughter of the Emir Abdullah Asmar. Her father, a Greek of the Greek Church, resided near the ruins of Nineveh, where he commenced a considerable manufactory; but being suspected of possessing great wealth, was imprisoned in consequence, and tortured to death by the Pacha of the province. His daughter found an asylum, in the first instance, amongst the Bedouins, and then with Emir Beschir, Prince of Lebanon, and finally in England, through the late Duchess of Kent.

The narrative of which I spoke is as follows:—

The History of a Bedouin, related in a Bedouin tent.

There was once a Bedouin chief called Rejal el Hamel, whose lucky star had made him the possessor of a mare of rare beauty and excellence, the speed of which was beyond that of *el shemale*, the north-east wind of the desert. Day after day came the most tempting offers to Rejal el Hamel, from chiefs of tribes on friendly terms with him; but neither prayers, gold, nor any other inducement could persuade him to part with his favourite mare.

Now there was another chief, called Faris el Aanta, who greatly desired to become possessed of this wonderful mare, the fame of which was so spread through the land, that there was no one, from north to south, from east to west, who had not heard speak of its incomparable excellence. Many were the offers which this chief made to Rejal el Hamel, but they produced no other effect upon him than to make him more resolutely determined to keep his mare himself, for she was as sunshine to his heart, with her speed like the wind, and her eyes like living fire.

The chief, Faris el Aanta, quite maddened by the immovable obstinacy of his rival, determined to obtain by cunning that which he was unable to obtain by open dealing and great offers.

He therefore changed his dress, and dyed his complexion with the juice of a plant which gave it a mournful and deathly appearance. Thus disguised, he laid himself down by the side of the road along which he knew that Rejal el Hamel would be riding. Nor was it long before he saw his envied rival coming slowly riding along on the mare for which he had so long sighed in vain.

"Esaaf! Help, good stranger!" exclaimed he, with a weak voice, as if he were at the point of death; "do not desert an unfortunate being who, without thy merciful aid must die like a dog. Already I see the birds of prey gathering around me to suck my blood. Help! Allah will reward thee, and thy days shall close in peace. By thy father's beard, I conjure thee, do not abandon a fellow-creature in his utmost need! I have neither eaten nor drunk for four-and-twenty hours! Save me, else I shall die!"

Now Rejal el Hamel was a good man, whose heart was always open to the sufferings of his fellow-creatures, and the condition of the false chief produced a great effect upon him.

"Thou shalt not die!" he exclaimed; "mount behind me, and my mare, with the speed of the eagle, shall convey thee to my own tent, where thy health shall be restored, and we will eat the salt of friendship together."

"Ah!" sighed the false chief, "how can I do as thou desirest me. My arms are weak as those of a sucking child, and my legs are as weak as if I had seen a hundred summers. How can I mount upon thy mare?"

The kind-hearted sheik, moved by compassion, dismounted without further parley, raised the apparently dying man, and lifted him with great difficulty upon his own saddle.

Just, however, when the good sheik was about to mount behind him, to complete his intention of kindness, the ungrateful Faris el Aanta seized the bridle, pressed his heels to the sides of the fiery mare, and before the astonished chief could make any attempt to hold him back, he galloped off with his long-coveted booty. When he had gone a little distance he was aware of the loud voice of Rejal el Hamel calling him to stop for

a moment, and to listen to one only request which he had to make. Faris el Aanta, knowing that he held in his hands the means of flying in a moment far from the mare's possessor, stopped, curious to hear what was Rejal el Hamel's desire.

"It is true, thou false-hearted deceiver," exclaimed the sheik, "it is true that thou hast, by thy cunning guile and thy pretended suffering, succeeded in depriving me of that which I valued beyond all the wealth of the earth. But the thing is now done, and who will quarrel with fate! *Takoun aradil* Allah! (God's will be done!) But there is one thing which I beseech of thee, and that is, that thou wilt never tell a human being what thou hast done. My mare thou hast, and without doubt thou wilt keep her. But, I pray thee, on no account tell how thou hast obtained her."

Faris el Aanta asked, "Why dost thou so earnestly desire that I should never speak of that?"

"Because," replied the good sheik, "if thou wast to do so, there would be an end of all compassion amongst men. The hungry would perish of hunger, the sick would die by the wayside without any one to help them. For who would take to his bosom the serpent which would suck his life-blood?"

The deceitful Faris el Aanta felt himself smitten. He repented of his mean action, dismounted from the saddle, embraced the good sheik, assisted him again to mount his beloved mare, and bade him farewell, saying:

"Thou hast spoken the words of wisdom, oh! sheik. Thou hast turned my soul from its baseness. A moment since and I was thine enemy, and behold! now I am become thy friend. Take thy mare. May the blessings of Heaven follow thee, and may thy years become as the sands of the desert."

I will, with a few concluding words, take leave of the Arabs and of their great Prophet, whose dogmas are still, at the present moment, the guiding-star of a hundred millions of human beings.* I have already said sufficient regarding this faith to show its essential merits and deficiencies. There is in its chief features an eclecticism of the doctrines of the older and later religious dogmas of Asia, a compromise between heathenism and Christianity, in the twilight of which the half slumbering spirit of the nations might exist and grope about, but hardly progress. It has plucked them up out of the confusion and degradation of Polytheism, but only to give them up to a God who is rather a fate than a father.

Mohammed wrote down his revelations or inspirations in small paragraphs, which he published and then threw into a chest, where they all were collected. Each such paragraph, or memorandum, was called by him a *Sura*, pronounced *Syra*—that is to say, announcement, or chapter. They were supplied by him with name, number, and notification as to the place where they were given. "Because," said Mohammed, "every Sura which I write down is beforehand written by God in heaven." Whence comes the current saying amongst the Mohammedans, that the whole Koran came ready written down from heaven. But it was not until after the death of Mohammed that his one hundred and fourteen Suras were arranged under variously headed chapters, and collected by Khalif Abu Bekhr, in a

* According to the latest calculations, it is considered that the Jews amount to about five millions; the professors of Islamism to 160 millions; of the more ancient religions of Asia, 400 millions; of other heathen faiths, 200 millions: and of Christianity, 335 millions—a small number in the midst of all the rest, but the only one which is on the increase.—*Author's note.*

book, *El Koran*, the book worthy to be read before all others.

These one hundred and fourteen Suras contain dogmas and statutes on all important questions and subjects, together with a great number of declamations, separate effusions, some of poetical beauty, but in no case comparable with those of the Jewish Law-giver either in beauty or sublimity: many of them are simply bombastic, others the utterances of anger and superstition.

I will give some examples in proof.

Sura 1.

Called *The Preface* or *Introduction;* revealed at Mecca.

In the name of the All-merciful God.

Praised be God, the Lord of all created beings; All-compassionate, King of the Day of Judgment. Thee we worship, and we pray Thee for help. Direct us in the right way, in the way of them to whom Thou art gracious, not in theirs, with whom thou art angry, nor yet in theirs who go astray.

This Sura, which is held in great veneration, constitutes to the Mohammedans also a prayer, which they regard as the quintessence of the whole Koran, and which they often repeat during their devotional exercises.

Equally highly valued with this Sura is the following, which is also frequently repeated.

Sura 112.

Called *The Declaration of the Unity of God.*

In the name of the All-merciful God.

"Say,—God is one God: the eternal God. He begets not, neither is he begotten; and there is none who is like Him."

To these two Suras, the following (and the two last in the Koran) stand in tolerably strong contrast as *revelations*.

Sura 111.

Called *Abu Lakeb*,* revealed in Mecca.

In the name of the All-merciful God.

The hands of Abu Lakeb shall perish, and he himself shall perish. His wealth shall not profit him, neither shall that which he acquires. He shall go down to be burned in flaming fire, and likewise his wife, bearing wood, and with a rope of twisted palm-tree fibre round her neck.

Sura 113.

Called *The Early Morning Light.*

In the name of the All-merciful God.

Say,—I fly for protection to the Lord of the early morning light, that He may deliver me from harm of the things which He has created, and from harm of the night when it comes down, and from hurtfulness of women who blow upon knots, and from harm of the envious when he envies.

Sura 114 (and the last).

Called *Men.*

In the name of the All-merciful God.

Say,—I fly for refuge to the Lord of men; to the king of men; that He may deliver me from harm of the whisperer, who steals in clandestinely, who whispers evil thoughts into the human breast; from spirits, and from men.

* Mohammed's uncle and opponent.

Mohammed has also written twelve separate and very wordy prayers, not without poetical elevation, but wearisome from the infinite repetition of adjectives and titles. The greatest part of the prayer is occupied with the appellations of God; all imaginable appellations being applied to him excepting *Our Father*.

The Arab taste for superlatives and ornamentation is manifested by Mohammed in his descriptions of heaven and hell, those powerful spurs by which he drove on his disciples. He has sugared Paradise, and he has salted Hell; he has spiced with choice taste the delights of the former, and the torments of the latter, all sensual, gross, material. He feeds, he satiates therewith, the delicate Oriental imagination. Obedience and alms-giving, daily ablutions and prayers, according to the formula, together with the reading of the Koran, lead the faithful to Paradise. A pilgrimage to the holy places, Mecca and Medina, will gain for him the highest felicity there. *Hadschi*, a pilgrim, is equivalent to a title of honour amongst the Arabs and Turks, and the Christian pilgrims in Palestine also find the benefit of it. More than once has my Arab muckaro opened a way for me through the throng in the streets, and before the city gates, by the cry, "*Hadschi! Hadschi!*" At the sound of this word the throng divided, camels and asses were driven aside, and the road was unimpeded. I, therefore, have cause honestly to thank the Arabian prophet.

Mohammed placed, like all Arabs, great value on beauty and elegance of style, and he used to commend his Suras as examples in this respect. So are they also regarded by the faithful. These faithful, however, after Mohammed's death, became split up into a great number of sects. It is calculated at the present time that there are more than seventy Mohammedan sects,

and it is remarkable to see, by their writings, how, as amongst the Christian ecclesiastical parties, the same questions and controversies have arisen on the nature of God and His relationship to man, &c. &c. But the view of the Mohammedan in the solution of these questions is different to that of the disciples of Christ.

The principal Mohammedan sects—under which all the others may subordinately be classified—are the *Shîites,* or orthodox, and the Sunnites, or heterodox, also called Traditionists. The former read and refer everything to the Koran alone; the latter place on an equality with it a tradition which explains and elucidates its purport. The Shîites and Sunnites are bitter enemies. A Shîite, so I have been told, will indeed give a Sunnite a draught of water, but he will afterwards break in pieces the vessel out of which he has drunk.

I would refer any one who wishes to know more regarding the Mohammedan sects, and their contentions, to G. Sale's interesting treatise on this subject in the introduction to his "Translation of the Koran."

The Arabs have also had their celebrated poets. Chief amongst these are *Firdusi* and *Motenabbi,* and the unknown author of *Hariris Makamen* (Hariris' Narratives). Many of their master works have found an excellent translator in the German poet and Orientalist, F. R. Rückert. By this means I have become acquainted with them, and feel for them that kind of admiration with which I regard a rich arabesque full of elegant flowers, ingenious fancies, graceful curves and figures. These Arab poets emulate each other in flowers of rhetoric; but their poems are as inferior to the poetry of the Book of Job,* both in expression and

* Learned inquirers of later times have regarded the Book of Job—one of the oldest, if not the oldest of human books—as an

contents, as Mohammed himself is inferior to Moses. I will not here mention a yet higher name. The great Arab poets have now for a long time lived only in their

Arabic production; but this seems to me contradicted by its character, so unlike that of all other Arabic literature. And if it had been of Arabic origin, would indeed the Hebrews, so jealous as they were of their nationality, have received it amongst their sacred books? A later discovery makes it probable that this remarkable book, containing the most ancient lamentations of the human race, their most ancient doubts, questionings and replies, may be traced back to the friends and people of Abraham. A young, courageous English scholar, Cecil Graham, made his way, following the footsteps of Suzen and Burckhardt, during the winter of 1857, into a portion of the ancient Chaldæa, into the forbidden land of Bashan and Haurân, now occupied by plundering Bedouins. From the fortified city of Saleah, and from a mountain on the borders of the Syrian desert, the traveller looks across an immeasurable plain, formerly rendered fruitful by intersecting canals, but now transformed into a sandy desert. Upon this plain are seen a number of dark spots, which on closer examination are discovered to be ancient, deserted cities. Suzen and Burckhardt were compelled to return from Saleah to Damascus, because their guides refused to accompany them into the desert. The young Graham, bolder and more fortunate than they, and provided with a guard of ten Druses, ventured, although at the peril of life and with many risks, further on. He visited several of the deserted cities, and found in them, to his surprise, not ruins, but perfectly well-preserved houses and dwelling-places, although evidently of a very great antiquity, so old, indeed, "that king Og might have inhabited them." In several of the houses the doors were still standing, doors, like the houses themselves, of stone, half open, still supported on their iron hinges. He found on various stones and walls inscriptions, in wedge-formed letters, altogether unlike that hitherto known. One of these cities, Suweideh, was stated by the natives of the country to be the birthplace of Bildad, Job's friend; and another, *Kunawât*, some miles north-east of Suweideh, is said by its present nomadic inhabitants to be the *city of Job*. Jerome, the old Church father, says that Job was a native of Haurân, anciently the same as Bashan. There are at Suweideh

songs. Motenabbi died as early as the year 344. The Arabic poets and story-tellers of the present time bear the same relationship to the former as linnets to nightingales. The inspiration has fled, the fountain has dried up.

If you have, my R——, followed me so far with any degree of attention in my flights amongst the Asiatic religions and founders of religions, as far as I have spoken of them in this station, I may venture to believe that you will agree with me in the good old proverb, which is here applicable;—

*The pagan wisdom may, it is true, come into the Church, but it must not be placed upon the altar.**

Beyrout, June 25th.—An ancient Greek poet called Beyrout "the nurse of the calm life;" and Beyrout has been that to me in a manner which I shall always gratefully remember. My beautiful airy dwelling, my kind

many remains of Roman palaces and temples: but the dwelling-houses themselves belong to a very ancient period. Kunawât is the ancient Kenath, one of the oldest cities of Bashan, which was conquered by the Israelites under Joshua. In this city the high-priest, or Imaum, of the Druse religion has now his residence.—*Author's note.*

* The fact of there being many Mohammedans, as there are many Jews, unquestionably better men than many Christians, ought not to make us hesitate as to the relative value of their religious doctrines. The life and doctrines of Christianity are now so widely diffused, that we should have to go to Mecca or to Ispahan to find Mohammedans, and to Tiberias and Safed to find Jews beyond its knowledge and influence. "They who love the light come to the light," even if they do not call it light. And the Christian who does not love the light, may, even in the region of the light itself, become dark. Besides, Oriental Christianity is, in general, a long way from the light, a long way from the Christianity of the Gospel. It is in their high points that dissimilar religions, like dissimilar civilizations, should be compared.—*Author's note.*

hostess, the loveliness of the mornings and evenings, little excursions on land and water with new and kind acquaintance—all has been calm, cheerful, and good, full of repose both for soul and body.

Ancient Beyrout has now, for some time, through the influence of Europe, begun a new youthful life. Everything there is on the increase—trade, wealth, habitations, inhabitants, and especially Christians of the Greek Church. The population of the city is said now to be about 60,000 souls. They buy and they sell in profound quietness at the foot of Lebanon, under the protection of the mercantile flags, and do not trouble themselves about the thunderstorms which rumble and flash above them amongst the mountaineers. Nevertheless, now and then comes a threatening rumour of the increasing proportions of the struggle, and the small protection which they have to expect from the Porte.

The Porte, it is said, cannot pay its troops in Syria; for ever since the war in the East, it has not received a para—the smallest coin—of revenue from Syria.

I now leave Syria with a little regret from not having seen its most celebrated cities, Damascus, Sidon, and Tyre. But Damascus does not sufficiently interest me to venture my neck upon the break-neck mountain roads thither. What should I see there? A nest of filth and of sin, with some Orientally beautiful dwellings, in a paradise of verdure, amidst the sand of the desert, produced by streams of fresh water; for thus is described "the Smaragdus of the East." Tyre possesses now nothing remarkable but its name, the contrast between its former greatness and its present littleness, and, I believe, a purple dyery. Sidon (Saida), nothing except its gardens; but I have seen such at Jaffa, and thus I console myself for the necessity of

the case, as the fox did respecting the grapes which he could not reach.

I should have been glad to see the cedars of Lebanon and the old temple of Heliopolis (Balbech) in the valley of Cœlo-Syria, the ruins of the Temple of the Sun, which are said to be the most beautiful which the sun shines upon, and where Phœnicians, Egyptians, Assyrians, Greeks, and Romans worshipped. I should have been glad to see the mountain flock of Anti-Libanus, with Hermon as the sheik; but one cannot see everything. I thank God for what I have been able to see, and for the kind ministers of my need which He has granted me—his beautiful richly-watered oases on the earth.

THIRTEENTH STATION.

Voyage round Asia Minor—Tripoli—Latakiah—Entertainment and Ball—Iskanderoun—Mersina—The Companions of my Voyage, and Conversation on Board—Rhodes—The Grecian Islands and Memories — Smyrna — The Deaconess-home—House of the Swedish Consul—Life in Smyrna—Greece in Asia — Three Days in Mytelene — Again at Smyrna — The Martyr Polycarp—Turkish Dervisches—Departure to Constantinople.

First day and night of the voyage, June 26th.—On board Le Clyde.—We are lying outside Tripoli (Tarabulum), and have lain there the whole day, unlading and relading all kinds of wares. Syria sends wool, cotton, dye-materials, and receives in return from the French vessel, coffee, sugar and spices, which are brought from the islands of the East and West Indies to Marseilles, and conveyed from Marseilles to other places.

Before us, on the shore, behind the little city of Tripoli, rises, towards the west, the highest ridge of Lebanon, *Muckmel*, 10,000 feet above the sea, richly adorned with belts of snow and ice-mirrors. On the other side of it—merely at the distance, it is said, of half-an-hour from this point—stand in the shelter of mountain-clefts, the celebrated cedars to which pil-

grimages are made, as to the patriarchs of Lebanon. They now comprise merely a small wood, but are said to repay the fatigue of the pilgrimage. They are visited on the road to Damascus; from this place it is not done. Within the last few years other cedar groves have been discovered in the valleys and mountain-clefts of Lebanon, but none of them can rival the celebrated primeval forest-sheiks. Farther away, to the eastward, the eye can discern—the inner eye, of course—the ruined temple of Heliopolis, and beyond it, on the other side of the mountains of the Anti-Libanus, watered by its streams, Damascus, celebrated for two conversions, that of St. Paul, and afterwards of Mohammed, who, at the sight of its verdant environment, seen from the summit of Anti-Libanus, *turned about* as he said, "I will only know *one paradise*, that of heaven!" Still further eastward, on the borders of the desert, I behold—a vast shadow, Palmyra, with its broken columns, scattered over the desolate plain, and the memory of Zenobia—a palm-tree amongst them.

The sunset is glorious. The cupola of Muckmel glows like pure gold; its belts of snow are changed into belts of fire, its ice-mirrors flame! What colouring, what splendour! Solomon in all his pomp was not arrayed as Lebanon is now and—was before the time of Solomon. It is the farewell glance of Syria to a humble pilgrim on its soil. She will preserve it in the sanctuary of her soul!

Second day and night, June 27th.—From Tripoli to Latakia.—The shore is green and leafy down to the sea, as if it were the coast of Sweden. But a dark, picturesque ruin in the foreground, and a mosque with the red Turkish banner and crescent, remind me that I am in the East. Some white houses near the shore form a suburb to Latakia, which lies higher up, and is

concealed from sight by woods. It is supposed by some writers, that the present Latakia was the biblical Laodicea. Some beautiful ruins show that the city was at one time considerable: now it is a small place, which is daily decreasing, because of the increase of Beyrout, which absorbs to itself all the trade of the surrounding small towns. 'Northward rises the lofty pyramidal mountain Cassius, in Arabic, Jebel Okkra. The eye, bent upon making discoveries inland, finds nothing remarkable, excepting the little city of Höms, formerly Emessa, where Queen Zenobia with her brave army was besieged by Titus. Taken captive, and compelled as such to adorn his triumphal march along the *Via Sacra* at Rome, she was yet possessed of a soul rich and strong enough to survive this humiliation, and afterwards to exercise a new dominion in the realm of the sciences and of the heart. To the west lies—at a few hours' distance—the Island of Cyprus, celebrated for its natural beauty, its Mount Olympus, its worship of Venus, its wine, its cauliflowers, and, above all, for its lovely queen, the Venetian Catarina Cornaro, who so won the love of her subjects that they followed her with tears when, owing to Venetian intrigues, she was obliged to leave the beautiful island in the year 1473. Cyprus, which is now under the sceptre of the Porte, is said to be declining, as is every other place which is subject to that Power. The island probably possesses at the present time above 100,000 inhabitants.

The English Consul, Mr. Grierson, fetched me in his boat to his house at Latakia, where he and his handsome, agreeable wife made the day a festival to me. During an excursion into the environs—here a vast, natural park—I saw a great number of olive-trees, which, in age, size, and beauty, surpassed any

which I had hitherto seen—actual Herculean, splendid forms amongst trees.

In the evening was a ball at the house of the English Consul. The wives and daughters of the European consuls at Latakia and Alexandrette, were the ladies who figured there. I saw handsome young ladies, swinging round in crinolines and garlands of flowers as if in London or Paris. The French steamer, and an English one also, furnished a number of gentlemen twofold to that of the ladies. The wife of the French Consul from Alexandrette, a handsome Arab lady, of European culture, danced, at the request of many of the company, the Arab-dance. She danced remarkably well, and in the same way that I had seen at Tiberias. The court was lighted up with coloured lamps. The company did not separate till late at night.

The day at Latakia was an unexpected, charming European episode in my Asiatic coast-trip.

The third day and night, June, 28th.—From Latakia to Iskanderoun (or *Alexandrette*).—The sun shines, the waves are bright, the wind is still; we steam along on a sea of light! We steam past the ancient Daphne, now Beit-el-ma, where the oleanders grow above the Temple of the God of the Sun, and the story of Daphne and Apollo is no longer believed. Let faith in the stories perish, but faith in the God of the Sun perishes not. It merely changes, like the crimson light of morning. A little more northward I see—that is to say, I *should* see, if my bodily eye were a little clearer—Antioch, the anciently powerful capital, where the followers of Christ were first called Christians. Antioch (Antakiah) is now an Arabic city of the third class, but where Christianity still holds up her head.

We passed in the early morning Cap El Kanzir, with its magnificent wood-covered hills and heights. The people of the neighbourhood are described as

savage and rapacious, and dangerous to travellers. In the afternoon we cast anchor at Alexandrette, the most wretched of the coast towns of Syria, and famous for its malaria from the extensive swampy plain near which it is situated; but important for its harbour, the only one on the coast of Syria where no shipwreck occurs, and important also because of the trading-road—in consequence of the harbour—which goes to Aleppo—the largest, most opulent, but not the most beautiful, nor the best reputed, city of Syria—as well as to Bagdad.

Amanus, lofty, wavy in its outline, and of a velvety green, forms on the north of the town a beautiful amphitheatre, behind which the snowy peaks of Taurus shine forth. The town consists principally of warehouses and the residences of the European Consuls, with from forty to fifty miserable huts running along the shore, where—says our comic gentleman, for we have one on board—"the townspeople live together with their sheep, asses, dogs, and hens, and sing *où peut-on être mieux qu'au sein de sa famille?* Of course he is a Frenchman. We took in here a quantity of bales, principally of wool and cotton.

We now leave the coast of Syria, and turning west, sail round Asia Minor.

Fourth day and night, June 29th.—We are lying outside Mersina, a little city not much larger than Alexandrette, which is said to have sprung up since the last war in the East. Here, in the beautiful bay of Adalia—according to tradition—Alexander the Great bathed when on his expedition to Syria.

During the night we passed Tarsus, the birth-place of the Apostle Paul, which lies distant from the shore only a few hours. The heat is oppressive, without a breath of wind. The gentlemen sigh and groan because we are lying idly here. Reading and conversa-

tion with some agreeable and educated passengers of various nations have made the time pass rapidly and agreeably for me, especially when, as is now the case, I alone am the possessor of the ladies' cabin, and find good company on deck. A General Jacobs, from India, where he has long resided, tells me much that is interesting about the Hindoos; a Polish gentleman, about Poland, its people, its now living high-minded poet Mickiewicz, and others, and of its newly-dawning future. Such subjects interest me greatly. Polite Englishmen oblige me with English newspapers and periodicals.

Mersina seems to be a still-born little town. No interchange of merchandise or of life takes place between it and our floating city, the *Clyde*. No people, not even a little boat, is visible on the shore.

Fifth day and night, June 30th.—At sea! A brisk wind, metallic-blue, bright sea, brilliant sky, glorious sailing! The lofty mountain-chain of Taurus rises in proud waves on the coast of Asia Minor. Towards evening they become ever loftier, ever bolder, and highest amongst them towers the mountain Calypso, captivating the eye by its beautiful form, its commanding character. The spectacle is magnificent.

Later.—Whilst the setting sun gave by its crimson and golden glory new splendour both to the sky and the sea, and those magnificent mountain-tops, I stood on deck with the Polish nobleman—one of those gentle, profound natures which I love—contemplating the grand scene, our minds and our conversation brought into solemn unison therewith. We entered upon the innermost questions of life—those of religion. The Pole is by profession a Catholic, but evidently by turn of mind a thoughtful Protestant.

"What should we Catholics have been," said he, "without *Luther?*"

Luther is to him a refining, purifying spirit. Beyond

that he does not comprehend the great reformer's efficacy. For the rest, he confessed that the Christian doctrine of eternal punishment and eternal damnation prevented him from attaching himself heart and soul to Christianity. I observed to him, that Christianity was not altogether the same as the dogmatic church which regarded itself as its infallible interpreter. I told him that which I had learned from erudite Hebrews, that the word *eternity* has no fully equivalent term in the Hebrew language, and that the expression which Christ made use of, and which in the European translations of the Bible is given by the word *eternity*, cannot be any other than that which corresponds with the Greek word *Aiōn*, that is to say, an undetermined period of time, and which also was applied in this sense in the Greek originals of the Gospels. The original expression, from *Aiōn* to *Aiōn*, has been thus incorrectly rendered by the words "*from everlasting to everlasting.*" But even leaving the Saviour's words in their greatest possible strength, yet is it evident that the knowledge of them did not prevent the Apostle Paul, in the moment of enthusiasm, from preaching a universal restoration, a final transfiguration of all beings and circumstances in Christ (see his glorious Epistle to the Ephesians and to the Colossians). Was it not because Paul saw in the person and works of the Saviour something yet more than even in his isolated teachings and expressions? Was it not because he saw in the heart of Jesus the centre of gravity for the world's development? There is a beautiful expression in the religious doctrine of the Druses, addressed to the Divine, "Thou for whom there is no refuge excepting in Thyself!" In God, in His love, through His efficacy, all can be perfected, all can be glorified. That which is impossible to man

is yet possible to God. It must suffice us to know how He works and what He wills—suffice us, at least, for a boundless hope. Christ's own words frequently give occasion for this: and if there be other expressions which seem to contradict them, it may be owing to His view being directed under different circumstances to different points in the world's development. We may even suggest the inquiry, whether God himself *knows* in every respect the development, the termination of the world's drama. When He gave man free will, He indeed limited by so doing His own omnipotence, and when He limited His omnipotence, He also, of necessity, limited His omniscience. This His limitation became our dignity. God knows what He wills, that is His supreme wisdom; He wills the harmony of the world, the perfection and the happiness of all existence, and works unceasingly for this purpose —this He has told us in His revelation. The free being who will not obey Him, who persists in opposition to Him, must stand in disharmony, perhaps *harden*, or even *be dissolved* in it. That seems to me to be a clear, holy, spiritually natural law. Could individual spirit-being thus stand whilst their species ascended to glorification?—this is the question. The words of the Saviour, Paul's enraptured vision do not perfectly resolve it. A dark "whether—or" remain, and must perhaps always remain on earth. One thing is certain to my mind—there can be no perfect heaven so long as there exists a hell in sharp discord. But there may be a something, as the *second death*, when all becomes silent, the last blasphemy like the last sigh. This, however, is incontrovertible—"man's dignity consists in his free will; his nobility, like his happiness, depends upon the right use of this free will. It cannot be otherwise."

Thus we conversed whilst the sun sank, and in unspeakably glorious evening splendour cast its transfiguring brightness over all objects, even over ourselves. We were silent, for it seemed to us as if the heavens spoke.

Amongst the interesting passengers on board is Professor Tischendorf, the Paleologist, now on his way to Patmos, where, in a Greek convent, some valuable ancient manuscripts are believed to be preserved. He told me about the manuscript of St. Mark's Gospel, which he had found during his journey in the East with the monks on Sinai. It probably may be one of the oldest—from the fourth to the fifth century—is well preserved, and remarkable from this cause, that several of the last verses—I will not say what number from the fear of being mistaken—of this Gospel, which are printed in our Bibles, are here wanting—a little stumbling-block for those who place so exclusive a weight upon the literal inspiration—the mechanical!

Sixth Day and Night, July 1st, Rhodes.—Rhodes stands out from a semicircular embrace, as it were, of grey rocks, with its old, yet still in part well-preserved walls, and a splendid square tower breaks the foaming waves, whilst defiantly stepping forth into the sea. The figure of the cross on the tower reminds the stranger of the rule of the Knights of St. John at Rhodes. But ah! the red flag of Turkey flutters above, and reminds also of their overthrow.

We went on shore, because our vessel would have to lie here some hours. Oriental disorder prevailed in the city; but beautiful green trees, fresh flowing fountains, bazaars, small cafés, a bustling throng of people, an abundance of fruit, figs, apricots, almonds, melons, and many others, also grapes near half-ripe, and the Oriental costumes of the island, altogether made the disorder picturesque in the principal street of the city.

Another street still remained in good preservation from the time of the Crusaders; there were also houses with outbuildings of small towers, galleries, and balconies decorated with the arms of the knights; griffins, lions, and other chiselled beasts of prey, looked forth from the walls. But the street was deserted, and silent as a street of tombs. Some houses had suffered very much in the late earthquakes. The last earthquake, in the year 1859, had caused terrible destruction in the higher part of the city. Masses of rubbish, stones, and fragments of great buildings are here everywhere to be seen; the beautiful ancient church of St. John lies in ruins—a lamentable sight.

The island of Rhodes is, as it were, engirdled with rocks, but they have a beautiful and fertile upland. I have already mentioned how unwilling the Knights of the Cross were to leave this lovely island, which flourished under their protection; how the inhabitants accompanied them in great numbers on their wanderings in search of a new home. I have also mentioned the respect which the Turks felt for their bravery and magnanimity towards the population of the island.

The harbour is small, imperfect, and not to be compared with the deeply indented bays of Malta, which the Knights of St. John afterwards fortified, and which now protects the fleets of the Christian nations—the defender of the Mediterranean against the barbarians.

A Greek lady and her daughter came on board from Rhodes. They complained that the trade and the population of the island decreased yearly. Even the climate, they said, formerly so celebrated, has deteriorated. The rose of the Grecian islands has lost its beauty and its health. Both mother and daughter are agreeable, intellectual ladies.

We left Rhodes at noon, and sailed amidst the

Greek-Asiatic Archipelago to the Sporadic Isles, now also principally populated by the descendants of the Greeks, although Turkish subjects. The islands, lofty grey rocks, unpleasing and barren—at least, they appear so—rise around us on all hands. Several of them are said to be possessed of fertile valleys and fields, behind the mountains. These islands have been the cradles of celebrated men. The descending sun shines on the island of *Cos*. A row of white houses shines out from amongst green woods, along the shore—it is the little city of *Cos*, the birthplace of Hippocrates. The breeze blows cool and pleasant hence, as with the power of health.

Seventh Day and Night, July 2nd.—We have passed *Patmos*, where the visions of the Apocalypse were written down, and upon the barren rocks of which a Greek convent still preserves some memoirs of the earliest Christian Church: *Samos*, where Pythagoras was born, and where Herodotus wrote the first book of his History, and where good wine is still produced: *Lemnos*, with its dangerous rocks, where Æschylus laid the scene of his "Prometheus," and Sophocles of his "Philoctete" —master-works of magnificent pathos: *Chios*, the wealthy Greek and native population of which was not long since massacred and their buildings destroyed by the Turks, with almost unexampled barbarity—a tragedy of the present century. We have passed, and are passing a number of other greater and lesser islands, altogether rocks—rocks—rocks, upon which the eye seldom discerns a tree, still less seldom a dwelling-house. I am not at all captivated by "the isles of Greece," seen from this distance; but their sky and sea are beautiful, beaming with light.

We have left behind us on the shore of Asia the ancient Ephesus, the city famous for its statue of the great goddess Diana, and its Christian community, to

whom St. Paul addressed the most magnificent of his prophetic epistles.* The Apostle of Love, John, died there at the age of one hundred, repeating the words, "Love one another!" We are now approaching Smyrna.

Smyrna, July 4th.—We entered a deep bay, which extends into an immense circular basin, enclosed on all sides by massive hills with verdant slopes—in fact, a beautiful, magnificent panorama! But where, then, is Smyrna?—for Smyrna ought to be here—the great mercantile city, whence all the delicacies of Western Asia flow to Europe; the city with 150,000 inhabitants. I do not see Smyrna! Look there—before us, in the bottom of the wide basin, on the broad slope of the hill, a mass of low, yellow and red wooden houses, with tile roofs, some white stone houses, some minarets, like guards by the Turkish mosques—that is Smyrna. Formerly the city lay higher up on the hill, as high as the old ruined tower which now stands on its summit. Smyrna then produced more effect; but earthquakes overthrew the higher quarters of the city: since which it has drawn itself, as it were, closer to the shore, where also it is now somewhat lost in the mass of the hill. But see, what a throng of large vessels and steamers lies before it—they are a sufficient evidence of the great mercantile city, with the splendid incomparable harbour. Now we are lying still; now we are there—at Smyrna!

The view of this world-famous city is not imposing. Perhaps the effect increases on a closer acquaintance. The gentlemen hasten on shore to secure themselves quarters in the only good hotel of the city, *Les deux Augustes*. I, as usual, do not hasten, and when I

* Ancient Ephesus is now an insignificant Arab village, which is called Aja Soluk, or Ajasluk.—*Author's note.*

come on shore the hotel of *Les deux Augustes* is quite full. I am therefore conducted to the *Hôtel de l'Orient*, at no great distance. The name sounds well, the situation is on the shore; there are no guests at all in the few ill-furnished rooms, and the hostess, an old Frenchwoman, looks like a—wicked old Frenchwoman, the worst sort of old lady that I am acquainted with in the world. She resembles a gold-adorned hippopotamus, but with a countenance—ugh! In the meantime, where was I to mend myself? I did not know, therefore I stayed where I was. The view of the harbour was enchanting, and the supper very good. But the night—woe was me! Tiberius and Tiberias! have you sent your tormenting spirits hither to persecute me? Or do they belong to the housekeeping of the hostess, and is she their secret queen? Bed, sofa, arm-chair, are all swarming over with the little brownies to which we in Swedish give so polite a name. It is impossible to have a moment's sleep!

Wearied and restless, I betook myself in the morning to the Deaconess-home, the great educational institute of Smyrna, with which I had a strong desire to become better acquainted. I made my way through narrow, winding streets, where the people were already in full movement, to a tolerably large, newly-built house, in a simple style of architecture. This was the Deaconess-home. I rang, and the door was opened; ah! how beautiful it was within! I looked through a vestibule with white marble walls, and a mosaic floor of small circular stones, into a garden, where the sun was shining upon lovely flowers and trees. I was conducted up a flight of white marble steps into a cool, light room, where everything spoke of purity, comfort, and good taste. Graceful female figures were flitting about the passages. Everything, however, was quiet and silent,

almost solemn. I was taken into a small room, hung and furnished with green; a tall lady, still young, wearing the little Kaiserswerth deaconess-cap, and with a kind, though grave countenance, received me. She was the head of the establishment, the Sister Minna Grosse.

I greeted her from the sisters in Jerusalem. This, and my apparent interest in the good works of the deaconess, opened her heart to me. She had just now a few minutes' leisure, and she conducted me herself through the more important parts of the establishment. I found here, in every respect, fitness conjoined with a degree of elegance which I had never before seen in an educational establishment for young girls. The whole establishment struck me as "lady-like," to use an expressive English term. It was commenced only a few years ago by Minna Grosse and four young deaconesses, and so successfully that it now is self-supporting, with an increasing number of pupils from the best families of differing Christian faiths, both from Smyrna and other Eastern cities. As Sister Minna made instruction in Biblical knowledge and Christianity an unalterable condition of the pupils' education, the Catholic priests violently opposed the entrance of young Catholics into the institution, and even threatened their parents with excommunication. But the moral training and the general instruction which the young girls receive here are so superior to anything which has hitherto been known in the East, that Christian Catholic parents have had courage enough to dare the threat, and to place their daughters in the Evangelical school. The present house was erected only two years ago by Sister Minna, with the assistance of an Arab architect and Arab work-people—an admirable building, in truth, with its beautiful garden, and other tasteful Oriental arrangements.

On taking leave, I inquired from Sister Minna if she could recommend me to a good hotel, besides the *Hôtel les deux Augustes*, which was now quite full. She replied, "But—here! Come, and take up your quarters with us. Here is a room for you!"

And so saying, she opened the door of a small room, with green venetian blinds, fresh and pleasant, like everything else in the house.

I left the sister-home with lighter steps than I had entered it, and returned to the *Hôtel l'Orient*, where I made known my intention of leaving, and desired to have my bill. But Madame Hippopotamus set her arms a-kimbo, and said that I should not go unless I paid down at once twenty francs.

"Twenty francs!" I exclaimed, "for one day and night!—and such a night!—you cannot with any reason demand more than ten."

"It is all one. I shall have twenty francs, or you do not leave my house!"

"Twenty francs are unreasonable," I replied. "Twenty francs, I will not give; I will give you fifteen —only let me go!"

"Not a sou less than twenty francs; twenty francs, or here you stay!" shrieked Madame Hippopotamus; and thereupon she called to her servant-man, and placed both herself and him so as to prevent my exit.

"My portmanteau stands there," I said, calmly; "you can keep it till we see further; in the meantime you cannot prevent *my* going out of *your* house!"

"Good—you may go!" said the lady, with the look of a dragon at my portmanteau, and taking her gold-adorned fat arms from the door-post, made way for me to pass.

Fortunately I was aware that there was a Swedish Consul, Mr. Van Lennep, at Smyrna, though where

he lived I did not know. I returned, therefore, to the Deaconess-home to make inquiries. A gentleman was standing at the gate, when I reached it, waiting to be admitted; seeing that he was one of those whose appearance and countenance inspire confidence, I ventured to say, as we were standing together—

"Perhaps, sir, you can tell me where the Swedish Consul, Mr. de Lennep lives?"

I made my inquiry in French, and he replied, smiling, "M. de Lennep? *Mais—c'est moi.* My little girls," continued he, as he fixed his eyes upon me, with a keen but kindly inquiring glance, "have told me that Miss Bremer is here, and I am come to pay my respects to her."

"*Mais—c'est moi!*" exclaimed I, in my turn.

We now were mutually introduced, and before I had entered the Deaconess-home, the Swedish Consul had, in the kindest manner, invited me to his house and home.

Madame Hippopotamus came soon afterwards on the tapis. I related the occurrences of the night and the day at her hotel.

"Be perfectly calm," said Mr. V. Lennep; "I know the lady, and have also had a money transaction with her. I shall at once have your luggage removed to my house, and you shall not pay at the *Hôtel l'Orient* more than you yourself think right. You will to-morrow come to my house?"

I gratefully accepted the invitation; because, as preparation was making for a great examination, which was to take place in the Deaconess-home, I could not but fear that I might inconvenience the kind sisters by remaining under their roof. In the meantime, I spent a beautiful evening and a beautiful day with them. In the evening we sat on the roof of the house, in the balmy air and under the star-bright sky,

and the sisters sang with harmonious voices some of the lovely spiritual songs of their native land.

The following day, I heard some lessons excellently given by the sisters, and one by the superintendent herself, in Biblical history. Her good watchful care over these youthful minds was apparent in every glance and look, both from her and from them. They were all—the young girls—like lighted tapers, and emulated each other in their clear and correct replies. At noon, I dined with the whole numerous family. The large light dining-hall looking into the garden, the snow-white table-linen, the cleanliness of everything, the simple, but well-prepared and nourishing food, all made an agreeable impression; but above everything the appearance and manners of the young girls themselves. I know not if I have ever seen so many handsome blooming young girls all together. Several Greek girls exhibited the ancient Greek type of beauty, with moreover an expression of modesty, purity, and joyousness such as is delightful to see in young women. Their dress was summer-like and tasteful.

After dinner we went into the garden. Two most sweet little girls, of from ten to twelve, came up and presented to me a bouquet of flowers. They were the daughters of the Swedish Consul. Whichever way I turned my eyes, I saw pretty graceful figures—human roses in a rose-garden.

In the evening I sat on the shore, and watched the splendid sunset from a home of European comforts and luxury. I found there a good family father, a captivating young wife, handsome children—two girls and three boys—the youngest little boy, Oscar, a perfect *Amorino*—a happy domestic circle—the greatest of all home's treasures. Such was the house of the Swedish-Dutch Consul Van Lennep. My luggage stood in my

chamber. Mrs. Hippopotamus I never saw more; but in the joy over my release from her,* and of my new home, I sent her the fifteen francs which I had offered her.

And now, good night!

July 5th.—Everything in Smyrna is unlike that of the cities of Palestine and Syria. The people are handsomer, and have a more human look; you find order, beauty, and taste, both within and without the houses, you see—*Greece in Asia.* The language which is spoken in Smyrna is Greek; they will have nothing to do with Arabic. The countenance, manners, costume, all remind the stranger of the Greek colonies on the shores of Asia Minor. The ancient Smyrna, Ephesus, and Miletus, are no longer existing, any more than the men and women who made these shores famous—Homer, Herodotus, Anaxagoras, Aspasia, Sappho, and in later times the Apostles and Martyrs of Christianity; but it is clear that the people who first carried hither their fire,† their arts, their industry, and their laws, who first established European free communities in the soil of Asia, groaning under tyranny—that people still live here, live still full of strength, although under the yoke,

* An English traveller was some time since less fortunate than I. He came to the *Hôtel de l'Orient*, and after being there a few days, and when about to undertake an excursion inland, he left in the gold-adorned hands of the hostess a heavy purse of money, desiring her to keep it for him till his return, which would be in three or four days. The hostess promised to take good care of it for him. When, however, he returned, and desired to have his purse back, the hostess of l'Orient looked very much astonished, and boldly denied ever having seen such a one. The Englishman had no witnesses, and thus paid very dearly for his good faith.—*Author's note.*

† Every Greek colony had to carry with it fire from the sacred hearth of Prytanei. Such was the law of the mother country.—*Author's note.*

and every day still more and more is extended their free, European, enterprising spirit. Still, as formerly, they establish schools; still, as formerly, they plant olives, spin silk, and attract to themselves navigation and trade; and would still more do so, did not the jealous Orientals again and again oppose their progress, now by rude arbitrary rule, now by the power of oppressive laws. But, nevertheless, Europe advances in Asia, and it is Greece which has pointed out the way by her genius for trade, her industry and enterprise.

On Sunday afternoon I undertook a journey of discovery through the streets of the city. Everything throughout the city was festively quiet. I saw gardens shining out green through the open gates of the houses; these gardens constitute the inner court and ornament of every superior dwelling. Here and there I could see handsome marble entrance halls with mosaic pavements and statues. In these cool arched apartments, sometimes also outside the houses, ladies were sitting with uncovered hair and in full holiday attire. I saw many handsome countenances, with noble expression and bearing—Aspasia, the pupil of Anaxagoras and the teacher of Socrates, might have thus appeared—many fine forms unenveloped by any envious cotton covering. The complexion was pale, sometimes sallow, but at the same time healthy; the form fully rounded; the dress tasteful and in the European style, but not extravagantly modern. The dark eyes seemed to me singularly fine and brilliant, and the hair beautiful and well arranged, without ornament. I did not see a single man amongst these groups of ladies, who seemed to be amusing themselves by looking at the passers by or at each other; but, truth to say, they did not appear to find very much amusement any way. Their countenances seemed to me to express a certain indifference

and laziness. Perhaps their souls have not yet fully freed themselves from the swaddling-bands of the Gynaikeîon. The spirit of the East may still breathe its sirocco-wind over their life.

I also saw some Turkish or Arab ladies in the Turkish quarter of the city; but the hideous Arab cotton envelopment with which the ladies in Syria and Palestine conceal their faces, and which makes them resemble ghosts, I do not see here—a sort of gauze veil only (jackmack) conceals, and that transparently, the lower part of the face, from the tip of the nose to the chin, leaving the eyes, which are generally beautiful, free, and is rather ornamental than otherwise. I closed my ramble at a large café on the shore, where I glorified the progress of European civilization on the soil of the East by a remarkably good vanilla ice.

I shall in the morning proceed to Mytilene, the old poetical, celebrated *Lesbos*, the coast of which rises in dim indistinctness on the horizon, at some hours' distance by steamer from Smyrna.

Mytilene (*Lesbos*), *July 8th.*—Mytilene was anciently called the most beautiful island of the Greek Archipelago; most beautiful at the present day is the island of Sappho and the wise Pittacus, although song is there silent and the wise have fled before the barbarians. Unlike all other islands of this archipelago, this charms at a distance. Lofty pyramidal rocks encircled by open ground studded with deciduous wood, embosomed in which lie groups of white or coloured houses, well-built villages on terraces extend from the heights down towards the sea. Between two such verdure-clothed heights lies, a little in the background, half hiding and half revealing itself, the city of Mytilene, shining out with its cheerful colouring. A rocky point

northward of the city, which extends its foot into the sea, is crowned by a fortress, the circular form and indented pinnacles of which make it resemble a colossal crown.

The view of the city and its environs was so captivating, in the golden light of the setting sun, and later in the silver lustre of the new moon, as we lay quietly between the two lighthouses in the eastern harbour of Mytilene, that several of my voyaging companions regretted that they had paid their passage to Constantinople, and followed me with envious glances when I left the steamer and descended into a little boat which was to carry me to the lovely island, where I intended to spend a few days. A young Greek, a native of Mytilene, who was now returning to his native place, after some years' study in Athens, was to be my cavalier and cicerone to the house of the Swedish vice-consul, and actual consul for I cannot remember how many countries, Mr. Georgi Amirâ. My young guide spoke a little French, and was amiably polite and obliging in a somewhat French manner. When we parted I asked him to give me his name. He wrote with a lead pencil on a visiting card, Aristeides Anastasiades. A splendidly sounding name.

There is in Mytilene neither hotel nor any habitable *locanda* for decent people. Mr. Amirâ's house was full of friends and relatives; but he obtained for me a room in a private house belonging to a young father and motherless girl, *La Smaragda*, who spoke Italian. The large clean room, the pretty hostess, the freedom and the peace which I could enjoy here in the shade of the acacias, pleased me greatly. Besides, Mr. Amirâ invited me to his table and his house during the day.

I have now been in Mytilene three days, made ex-

cursions on foot and on horseback (the last to the celebrated Porto Oliveto, a few hours' distance from the city), and I must say, and again say, this island is an earthly paradise of beauty and fertility. I cannot cease to wonder that it is not more visited, more talked about, more inhabited by the lovers of the beautiful and sublime in nature, of the peaceful and the free in life, the salubrious in air, in water, in everything. It is an enigma to me why the opulent inhabitants of the neighbouring coast-cities of Asia and Europe do not here build villas for themselves; why the beauty-loving tourists of Europe do not come hither and settle down for some weeks or months, to behold this loveliness of land, and sea, and sky, to breathe this pure air, to bathe in the warm springs, or in the invigorating waves of the sea, wander about and repose in the shade of olive and fig-trees, by hedges of cactus and oleander, by sweetly-murmuring brooks. The people who now build and live at Mytilene have evidently but little feeling for its beauty; they are deficient in the sense of beauty, they are deficient in education. But there was a time when the flower of the beauty-loving people of Greece built and dwelt in Mytilene; when Aristotle and Epicurus had schools here; when the sages and poets of Greece selected Mytilene as their home. How has the enchantress sunk thus from an inspired virgin of song to merely a common island, the export of oil being now reckoned its highest value? It is said that Epicurus found there more disciples than Aristotle; that Mytilene became the home of effeminate manners and luxurious living, which gave rise to pride, and envy, and secret quarrels, then war with foreign nations, finally the barbarians.

Porto Olivcto may be taken as a type of the peculiar

beauty of the island. Porto Oliveto deserves its own description; so also my journey thither.

Mr. Amirâ sent me for my use on this occasion a large horse and a little boy who was to be my guide. I mounted the large horse, and the little boy went—to wash himself at the nearest brook. I waited for his return; but at the next brook he was again away. The boy seemed to have an actual passion for water. At every fountain, brook, or puddle near the road he must stop to dip in his head and hands and wash his face. In the meantime my horse had to be left to himself; and as the paths branched off diversely, he kept every moment going in some direction which, when my little cicerone returned from his ablutions, proved not to be the right one. Talk to him I could not, because he neither understood me nor I him. I soon saw that, at this rate, I should never reach Porto Oliveto, and therefore at once turned back to the house of the consul, where I requested, and soon obtained, a full-grown, regular guide, as well as the boy, who was now left to follow his own impulses, and to plunge into all the wells of water and all the brooks that he came near; and they are not a few either. The wealth of Mytilene in springs of water is one of the sources of the island's beauty and fertility; and the springs, it must be confessed, to the credit of the Turks, are looked after and preserved by them with a religious solicitude. On every estate, therefore, a fountain is erected, or its water is conveyed to places by the way-side, where it is conveniently supplied for the use of man and the refreshment of animals. The water pours through metal pipes from a marble wall beautifully ornamented in bas-reliefs of flowers and arabesques, sometimes in the form of a mosque. Above is inscribed in Arabic—the classical language of the

Turk—a sentence from the Koran in praise of God's gift of water, together with the name of the person who erected the fountain, and often, also, secured a fund for its maintenance—a benefit to man and beast, which cannot be sufficiently estimated in these hot and dry countries.

The fountains of Mytilene are especially tasteful, often even magnificent.

The road to Porto Oliveto is here called heavy and difficult. In Syria and Palestine it would be regarded as a really royal road. The greater part of it is paved in the Turkish manner, with large round stones; but my excellent horse stepped securely along them. The road lay between olive-clad heights, by murmuring brooks, oleander and agnus-castus hedges, and regularly ascends for half an hour to a height from whence you see dark-wooded mountains rising on the other side of a misty, airy dome of that bluish vapour which shows that between you and the distant mountains lies water. And anon you discover, in the depth before you, a glorious azure watery mirror, encompassed on every side by higher and lower wooded mountains.

You might imagine yourself transported to the shores of Lago Maggiore, merely with the difference that here the circumference is less, and the shores solitary. You imagine that you behold a lake; it is not a lake, however, but a deep creek of the sea, which enters through a narrow, deep pass, and then widens into a large basin of several miles, extending into the bosom of the island. It is Porto Oliveto. From the shore on this side it is not possible to discover its connexion with the sea. Olive-trees and bushes of oleander garland the shore, and extensive olive-woods cover the hills. I wandered quietly along the seaside as far as the warm springs, which gush up

from the earth just by. How charming, how picturesquely lovely is this region, yet, at the same time, how solitary! On the beautiful bay, which abounds in fish, and has good harbourage, not a single vessel, not even a little boat; and at the crystalline, deliciously warm Thermæ, with their marble basins, not a single bather (my boy was, long ago, far out in the lake—in the bay, I should say), only a guard. In a large, well-built, but ruinous village, not a soul was to be seen, excepting a man who lay on the ground asleep. At one villa, with a beautiful garden, the "gentlefolks were away—always away," said the head-gardener. Wherefore exists this solitude in this paradise? The government of the Turk and malaria is the only answer. The olive woods alone bear traces of care and good condition. Stone terraces and earthen walls support the trees, which are planted upon the more steep slopes of the mountain. But then the olive is the principal source of wealth to the island.

There are, however, it is said, on the other side of the island, many large and wealthy villages. It is calculated that there are sixty villages in Mytilene, and about 100,000 inhabitants, partly Turks, partly Greeks. During the last few years, it is stated that the island has begun to improve, and that the Greek population is again on the increase, both as to numbers and in other respects.

The city has now a superior school, built and supported by the Greek residents. The school contains about one hundred pupils, who are prepared for entering the high schools of Athens. A school has also been established for girls, so that the young daughters of Mytilene may be sufficiently educated for the girls' schools in Smyrna or Athens. The Deaconess-home at Smyrna has already several pupils from the island.

I yesterday visited the new school-house—it is now the vacation—and I was conducted through the establishment by—Homer and Aristides. I crave all due respect to the classical pair! Mr. Homer is a really classically-educated Greek of Smyrna, where the name has been from ancient time a common surname, and he is now on a journey of pleasure to Mytilene. Mr. Aristides is the head of the school, the museum, and the library—everything here is in its commencement. These modern Messrs. Homer and Aristides were very agreeable and educated men; but about the old Homer, who was born, as it is said, and who sung on the shore of Mele, in Smyrna, his immortal songs; about Sappho, who was born here; about the sage Pittacus, who gave wise human laws to Mytilene—they could not tell me any more than Brockhaus's *Conversations-lexicon*, and that is—but little!

I should have liked to know something more, particularly about her with the warm heart, who was fostered in this home of beauty by the sun and the god of song, in order afterwards, on another island, to endure the bitterest suffering, and not to find consolation or peace excepting by a violent death. On the rocky island of Leucado there is, it is said, a lofty headland running into the sea, on which anciently stood a temple dedicated to Apollo, and where annually a festival was celebrated, at which a criminal—not worthy any longer to behold the light of the sun—was thrown from the rock in honour of the god of light. From this cliff, adds tradition, the poetess threw herself, with her burning heart, alone in her suffering. I here read a song of hers—the only one of which the authenticity is reliable—and most assuredly her death-song. It is not a pleasantly complaining song, but a cry of anger and suffering from the depth of a powerful soul, full of

melody and love—a soul which knew itself deserving of a better fate than that which was hers. This song and the worship of Apollo are enough to glorify the death of Sappho. Under such torture and such gods a noble nature must choose death rather than life. In pagan ages self-destruction might be a virtue. Now it is otherwise.

But I am getting too far from Mytilene, of the domestic manners of which I would now speak somewhat more particularly. The oldest name which history inscribes in the annals of the island is that of Pittacus, one of the seven wise men of Greece, who was born at Mytilene and became its king. I take it for granted that from him has descended a custom which has prevailed here from time immemorial, and which shows both goodness and wisdom. It has reference to woman, and, contrary to the custom of the East, which makes woman dependent and in bondage from her birth, it seeks to secure to her a certain independence, and to preserve her from want or the arbitrary rule of others. According to this custom, a father is bound to give his daughter—and every daughter whom he may have—a house, or at least half of a house, as dowry, or as property. A daughter of wealthy parents obtains one house in the city and another in the country, and will then most certainly have more than one wooer. The poor girl will not have any at all if she have not at least half a house to bring with her. This seems to belong to her indispensable outfit; but belongs to her alone, and cannot be alienated without her consent. If she be an orphan, like my young hostess La Smaragda, she can then, although young, live there alone and independently; and need not fear, under these circumstances, either as unmarried or as a widow, being without house and home in her old age.

She has always her little domicile—every house here has usually an open plot of ground and some trees —and she can let off a few of its rooms, or can there attend to some kind of work, which helps to maintain her. A father in Mytilene provides for his daughters in preference to his sons. "The boys," he says, "can take care of themselves. They can go out into the world; but the girls must remain at home."

The father's care for his daughters is said to surpass all bounds. For, in order that he may secure a provision for them—which is here regarded as a point of honour—a father will deny himself all pleasures, and nearly what is necessary in clothing and food.

A natural, but less admirable result of this state of things is, that a man is afraid to have—daughters; that they are looked upon as a burden; that brothers call their sisters—*robbers*. Another such result is, that a father thinks that he has done all that is needful for his daughters when he has provided each with a house. But—the snail has also its house. Nevertheless, it crawls slowly and wearily along the earth.

Honour and thanks, nevertheless, to the wise man who, in the darkness and disquiet of antiquity, endeavoured to give protection to the educators of the human race, whom barbarian laws had placed beyond the pale of justice! More honour still to the wise and the just who have in later times liberated the whole being of woman! And honour and thanks also to the women who have opened noble paths likewise outside the home for themselves and their sisters, and have shown that in all ways, and everywhere in the world, woman may become an active handmaiden of the Lord. The father, in the nations of the West, needs not, as the first and foremost requisite, provide his daughter with a

house; he needs merely, in the first place, think about making her a perfect, good, and useful human being. It may chance that she will build a house for him some day. And the brothers, on their part, so far from calling her *a robber*, often, on the contrary, call her mother, helper, or friend. The daughters of Mytilene will most assuredly obtain this, the highest provision, from their well-intentioned parents. They deserve it, from their pure morals, their domesticity, orderliness, cleanliness, and industry, from their devoted affection as daughters and sisters, as well as from the increasing desire with which they look forth from their small houses and from their eternal sleep, for more light, more knowledge, more life. "Athens, Athens!" its schools and educational establishments, is the innermost sigh of many a poor young girl in Mytilene. Such is the case with Smaragda, and also with her cousin Regina, a tall, handsome girl, who often spends the day with Smaragda. Both these young girls earn their own bread by needlework, and sing sweetly the while. They are always well-dressed in light colours, and with a spray of green basilika, the perfume of which is much liked here, in their dark hair. They embroider with gold thread, and work pocket-handkerchiefs and napkins in satin-stitch for the Turkish families on the island. Every bride from one of the better Turkish families must have a great number of gold-embroidered table-cloths in her trousseau. Smaragda praises the liberality of the Turkish ladies; but she would so gladly do something else in the world than sew; would see something more of the world than her little house and the fountain in the square outside. In the evenings the two young girls dress themselves somewhat more smartly, although always modestly. Regina's mother, the aunt of Smaragda,

an extremely inquisitive and loquacious lady, then makes her appearance, and young gentlemen also smoke cigars and talk with the young girls under the acacia-trees in the court.

Smaragda is in the meantime not at all well-disposed towards men and marriage.

"The men," she says, "think about nothing but piastres. The plainest girl becomes a beauty to them if she have a house full of piastres. They may, it is true, say to a pretty girl without piastres, 'I am dying of love for you!' but they mean nothing honourable and serious by that, and then——" An expressive movement of the arm completes her meaning, and shows that she bids them go about their business. I have prophesied to Smaragda that she will yet come to know man on his brighter and better side. I have told her that in my native country and in another great country beyond the vast sea, I am acquainted with men who, when they are looking out for a wife, make it one of the conditions that she shall not have many piastres. Smaragda, on this, looks as if she did not believe me, and could not form an idea of such a thing.

I must now relate two little romantic episodes connected with life on the island. Yesterday, at dinner, at Mr. Amirâ's, I met a young couple from one of the hot baths of the island, where the husband had been staying for the benefit of the waters, in a most dreadful attack of rheumatism. After having made use of these warm health-giving springs seven times, he found himself so greatly restored as to be able to use his limbs freely. But he ascribed this beneficial effect less to the baths than to the care of his young wife. Without her it would have been impossible for him even to have stayed at a place deficient in every convenience of life. They had been obliged, during the

winter, to live in a dark kitchen, in order to secure themselves from the wind and the cold, for their habitation had no windows. The young wife was a pretty, lively, and fascinating Frenchwoman from Smyrna. Her father had refused his consent to her marriage. But when the young man's health broke down, she eloped with him, that she might become his nurse and faithful wife. The father, they hoped, would be reconciled to them in time. Both the young people looked cordially happy.

My second little romance has reference to two poor girls, sisters of Mytilene. The elder gave up to the younger the whole of her small portion of a house, that her sister might be able to marry a good young man to whom she was greatly attached, and who returned her affection. As this respectable young fellow is a baker, I hope that he will never let the kind sister know the want of good bread.

It is said that sacrifices of this class, made by sisters on behalf of their younger sisters—or brothers—are by no means unfrequent in Mytilene.

July 10*th.*—Strong wind seems to be the less agreeable quality of this island. It may be good for the atmosphere and for health, but it is a little too violent for comfort. Two days of boisterous wind have convinced me of this. The generally prevalent wind at this season is called *Karpus-melte's,* the water-melon wind, because it is said to blow at the time when these melons are ripening. It is as fresh as the spirit of the sea.

Yesterday evening I made a longer pedestrian excursion to that side of the island where the opulent Turks reside. It consists of a succession of umbrageous valleys, hills, and gardens full of oleanders and other flowering shrubs and beautiful trees. It is en-

chantingly sweet and lovely, and perhaps not the less so for a certain want of order and symmetry which prevails in the disposition of the grounds and the buildings, because it is that kind of disorder which might be found in Paradise. It is the merit of the island, the scenery of which, and the negligence of the Turks, give rise to it. I have never seen a more beautiful region. Yet I am told that I have not seen the most beautiful districts on its southern mountain, where streams of water flow murmuring under umbrageous plane-trees, and where trees of all kinds grow along the clear streams and extend their branches over them laden with the most delicious fruits. The vines of Mytilene produce a wine which is superior to that of Cyprus. The olives and figs of the island are incomparable. The animal kingdom is rich. Here are found the fallow-deer and the roe; partridges and doves are very abundant. The people seem to be prosperous and industrious. I have met with order and cleanliness even in the poor Greek homes. The girls are heard cheerfully talking together in the evening by the fountains. Only, if the old ladies would not shriek so shrilly, and so like turkeys, it would be more agreeable to me. Now it is dreadful to hear them.

Mytilene is at this moment in a state of unusual excitement and bustle. The Sultan Abdul Medschid is expected at Smyrna on a journey to Alexandria. He is probably to be present at the marriage of the vicegerent, or of his brother, and the inhabitants of Mytilene flatter themselves that the Sultan will not be able to resist the temptation of visiting their island. They are therefore very busy erecting a new flight of steps at the landing-place, improving the roads, as well as cutting down trees which they think might be an

impediment to the great gentleman, whom they seem to imagine superhumanly great, mounted upon a supernaturally great horse. To-day I met an old woman, who was crying half for sorrow and half for joy, following a beautiful mulberry-tree which some men were dragging along the road. It was a splendid tree, quite vigorous and full of fruit—the only mulberry-tree which the old woman possessed. But it stood too near the road on which the Sultan, "Il nostro Re," would pass, and therefore it must come down—there was no helping it! I hoped that the old woman would receive some other compensation for the damage than promises and the prospect of seeing the Sultan ride past her cottage. Nobody can talk of anything else but this grand visit.

Mytilene has, amongst other graceful poetical legends, that of the lyre of Orpheus, which was borne hither by the waves, and was heard lamenting until the murdered poet received the rites of sepulture in the island; together with other sagas of the poets and philosophers of antiquity who here erected their homes. Why do the favourites of the Muses not come hither at the present day?

I am now ready to take my departure. Smaragda, my nice young hostess, and maid at the same time, has given me a bouquet of fresh green basilika, as well as a red-checked woollen handkerchief of her own making, remarkably like those which we weave in Sweden. And now farewell lovely, enchanting Mytilene. Thanks for the enjoyment of these few days.

Smyrna, July 12th.—Again here in the good European home, with Swedish interests and sympathies! I was present on the former occasion at the annual examination at the Deaconess-home, which indeed con-

tinues through the whole week. It was a gay and beautiful sight, that of the young white-attired girls singing a morning hymn, for with this each day's examination commences. It was a delight at once both to eye and ear.

In some particulars, it seems to me, that both instruction and mode of examination might be a good deal improved. But the spirit and the earnestness of the superintendent leave no doubt but that she will endeavour to attain, in the various branches of instruction, the high standpoint which she takes in the moral and physical portion of the institution. These seemed to me, in the best sense of the word—*educational;* a beautiful word, quite too seldom understood, and still more seldom accepted as embracing everything in nurture and instruction. Minna Grosse has understood and acted upon this true view of the principle of education, and her love for it, as well as her character, are the pillars which sustain her institution, and which sustain her under the innumerable difficulties of her own delicate health, and the continual struggle against Oriental barbarism, and against the hostility of foreign fellow-believers—Latin and Greek Christians. They give her power, spite of all these difficulties, continually to go forward, to extend and perfect her institution with increasing advantage, increasing joy and courage; so that she now more and more, to make use of her own expression, "lives in it like a fish in the water." It is especially an encouragement to her to see the power which she acquires over the souls of the young girls, so as to lead them into habitual veracity and conscientiousness—qualities of which the Oriental children have but very little conception. *The conscience* is usually the last thing which parents of the Roman Catholic and Greek Church in the

East think of educating in their offspring. It is also from the mere outward conception of education entertained by these parents, that the great difficulties arise which the noble educator has to encounter in her employment. And this especially acts as an impediment amongst the Greek Christians, with whom woman and her vocation on earth are held in small esteem.

Some time ago, Minna Grosse had amongst her pupils an unusually gifted and hopeful Greek girl. She had been under her care for two years, and was making the most satisfactory progress, as well in the development of soul as of intellect. One day her father made his appearance and said to the excellent directress,—

"I have disposed of my daughter, and must, in consequence, remove her from this place. I, therefore, beg you to be so good as to prepare her for this change, and also for her marriage with Mr. —— !"

The lady, who was both shocked and grieved by this intelligence, replied—

"You have disposed of your daughter, sir, and to a man whom she does not know, and perhaps whom she cannot love ! And besides, she is still so young—half a child as yet, and at the best age for learning—and so happy to learn, too ! Will you not, sir, take your child's happiness into consideration ?"

"It is the very thing which I have had in view in this affair," replied the father. "I give her 600,000 piastres as a dowry. Mr. —— has a yearly income of 100,000. She will be in a position to live like a queen; will be congratulated, envied. What more can she wish for ? I beg of you to place the matter before her in its proper light. To-morrow I shall send a dressmaker to her, who will take her measure

for a supply of handsome clothing. At the end of the week she must return home to me to be introduced to her intended husband."

The will of the father must be obeyed. When it was announced to the daughter, she turned pale and wept. But the father's will was law to her. It did not seem to strike her as unjust that she herself, her own heart, her own conscience, ought to have a voice in her own marriage. She left with tears for ever her youthful home, and its cheerful, fresh, youthful life. For the Greek *Gynaikeîon* (the female part of a Greek house) is not much better for the life of the soul than the Turkish harem.

It is not from want of affection, as in the case of this last-mentioned Greek father, that they "sell off" their daughters; it is from want of knowledge of the female heart, and of the true happiness of life. Greek fathers here have not unfrequently a large amount of that peculiar affection for their daughters which borders upon weakness, and which I have observed in all countries as one of man's most prevailing, most amiable weaknesses; but which, like all weakness, is productive of nothing good.

An affecting instance of paternal love of this class is exhibited at the present moment in the case of a Greek gentleman of Smyrna. His only daughter was one of the pupils of the Deaconess-home. There existed between the father and daughter a love of almost a magnetic and magical power. He could scarcely exist through a single day without seeing her, at least for a moment. Whilst she on her part seemed, even at a distance, aware of her father's approach, heard his step, and her whole little body quivered as if with joy. She became ill, and in order that her father might himself watch over her, he removed her to his own

house. As her sickness increased, the father came to the Deaconesses and said to them,—

"Pray for my daughter! Pray that she may recover! If your prayers are heard, I will believe on your God; I will become a good Evangelical Christian, humble, grateful!"

The otherwise hard and violent man, who had not hitherto believed in any God, was now pious and malleable. But his daughter died. And the whole vehemence of his character again awoke in the passionate anguish with which he now rose in rebellion against the fate which had robbed him of his life's joy, and now embraced the soulless husk of his soul's darling. He had her body embalmed, and would not be separated from it. He called to her with the most moving expressions to answer him, to speak to him "only one single word!" Then he would say, "Sleep, my daughter; sleep, my darling; sleep quietly, thy father watches over thee!" And thus he sits night after night by the side of the profound sleeper. His suffering seems to pass into a kind of quiet insanity. Will not the departed be permitted to whisper to him some night a word of life and reunion? Or will not the deep sorrow over her lead him to the Saviour, to Him who is the resurrection and the life, and through Him, once more to her? I hope so. Amen!

I have made, in company with my kind and amiable host and hostess, some excursions into the neighbourhood. The environs of Smyrna are infinitely lovely, and have the same park-like character as those of Mytilene. But the city of Smyrna, although large in extent and population, is nevertheless devoid of beauty and interest as a city, and is by no means free from the disorder and rubbish of Oriental cities.

There are two remarkable features of this place,

which the curious traveller does not willingly omit seeing; these are the worship of the dancing dervishes, and the grave of the martyr Polycarp. I shall speak more at large regarding the former when I have witnessed it here or elsewhere. I have as yet merely heard described how the dervishes spin round to the warbling notes of a flute; but with such a rhythm and solemnity, that the spectator cannot but experience a solemn and exciting effect upon himself. It is considered that this dance is a remains of that mystical worship which was anciently celebrated in the island of Samothrace. But no one here knows how to interpret its meaning.

The grave of Polycarp is distinguished by dark cypresses, somewhat higher on the slope of the hill at the foot of which Smyrna is situated. Polycarp was a disciple of St. John; his steadfastness in the struggle against heathenism, and finally as a martyr in his extreme old age—if we divest his death of its legendary clothing—is an admirable episode in the history of the early Christian Church, and is a glorious evidence of the victory of the new life over everything, even over the morally debilitating effects of old age. When in the Scandinavian saga of the gods the powerful Thor had wrestled with giants and with gods, and been the victor over all, he was felled to the ground by an old woman. The old woman was *old age* (Ella). Polycarp was eighty years old, but stood immovably firm in his faith and his love, during his prolonged ill-treatment, and finally in the flames of martyrdom.

I shall now leave Smyrna and Asia Minor, and I do so with a certain regretful consciousness that I have seen so little of that remarkable portion of the old world, around the coasts of which I have lately sailed. Yet is this portion one of the most remarkable of the

earth. In it stands Mount Ararat—on which the ark was stayed—and it still bears the memory of the flood and of the old man Noah.* In it was found the most ancient higher class of Asiatic civilization, under the rulers of Lydia and Persia; afterwards the Greek, and later still the earliest Christian communities, the nurseries of the new world's culture. Now Asia Minor is a ruin of that which it was formerly; and even if I had the power, the time, and other means at command, I should not venture alone into its interior. Marauding Kurds, and other rapacious nomadic hordes, who range through the country, render travelling unsafe, and prevent—in connexion with extortionate officials—all peaceful increase of the Christian population, who otherwise would soon occupy the country and restore to it its former prosperity—nay, even on a larger scale. In its present state, and under its present government, disorder and insecurity increase daily. Travellers, unless accompanied by a strong guard, can only advance far inland at the risk of life. Poverty alone is a safe defence, either for the travellers or for the Christians and Jews who reside in the interior districts. These inhabitants, therefore, avoid the appearance of wealth even more than sin.

"You are safe as far as I am concerned," said an Arab, candidly, not long since, to an Evangelical missionary. "I confess that, in my eyes, a man's greatest crime is to be rich."

Many Turkish governors appear to entertain the same opinion. Thus both Jews and Christians in this country must cringe and dissemble, and carefully avoid all undertakings and enterprises for the public good,

* Vines, but now wild, still grow at the foot of Mount Ararat, and would, it is said, bear excellent grapes.—*Author's note.*

if they would not excite the suspicion of great wealth, and, in consequence, of great criminality.

"The cock which crows out of season must have his neck wrung," is a Turkish proverb; and another is, "God defend us from judges and doctors!"*

The destructive powers of nature seem, at the present time, to have united with those of the barbarian to shake the old native land of despotism. Earthquakes ravage again and again the lofty plateau of Armenia, and overthrow its towns. Just lately, the whole of Erzeroum fell under such a visitation, and its inhabitants fled.

People talk, it is true, about this in Smyrna, but they can now think only about one thing, and that is the probably approaching visit of the Sultan. He has written a letter to the government of Smyrna by his own sublime hand, in which he says that his "dear and faithful Smyrniotes will most certainly be this time contented with him, as he with them." And Smyrna, now full of delight and submissive zeal, is doing its best to receive in a worthy manner its Sultan and its sun—"God's shadow on earth."

A well-edited French paper, *Journal de l'Orient*, has been published in Smyrna some years, under the protection of the Porte. It exhibits, perhaps, too exclusively a one-sided adherence to Turkey against foreign powers; but still it makes the Turkish Government observant of many abuses and deficiencies in the management of the country. It is a commencement here of the watchful activity of the periodical press.

* The same proverbs are also met with in Persia and in most of the Asiatic countries where Christianity is not prevalent, because their condition is very like that of Turkey.—*Author's note.*

I leave Smyrna; not, however, in accordance with my former plan of proceeding to Athens, but to Constantinople. What am I going to do there? I do not myself rightly know. For the first time, during my travels, I have obeyed an impulse which has not its root in a spiritual necessity. People have told me that Constantinople is now the most remarkable city of Asia, the most important remains of the political power of the East in Europe and the world; that I ought not to leave the East, therefore, without seeing this city, when I am so near to it, and can go there so easily, &c. All this has not convinced me, but it has persuaded, has beguiled me, and, in consequence, I set off to-morrow to Constantinople; and then, when I have spent some little time there, I shall proceed to — *Athens.*

FOURTEENTH STATION.

Review of my Journey through the Archipelago—The Dardanelles, Constantinople—My new Knight—Sad and joyful News—Sail up the Bosphorus—Sultan Abdul Medschid—"The Sweet Waters of Asia"—The Church of St. Sophia—The Janisaries—The Delphic Tripod—The Whirling Dervishes—The Interior of Constantinople—Fountains—Bazaars—The Iron Column—Dschemberlidasch—Traditionary Change—Something about Turkey and its Future—Hindrances of Reform—The great Gossip of Constantinople—Despotism and Freedom—The Ladies and the Priests of Turkey—The Howling Dervishes—The Ideals of the East and of the West—The Position of Syria—Departure for Greece.

PERA, CONSTANTINOPLE, *July 16th.*—It was with a regret such as I have seldom experienced on parting from newly-acquired friends, that I took my leave, on the 14th of July, of the amiable family and the beautiful home which had been mine in Smyrna. They pressed me to stay. Why must I so soon part from connexions and people amongst whom I found myself so comfortable, so happy? I did not know. Something, I could not say what, impelled me away, impelled me thence northward, on my solitary journey; and when once, indeed, I was on board the *Amsterdam*, it was too late to repent. Thus hence, hence every feeling

of regret; hence every tardy "if" and "but;" every thought must now belong to the day and the hour. But the day is stormy, and the waves are high. The night-voyage promises to be an uneasy one; and I might have been in that peaceful, harmonious home in Smyrna! Again there? Hence away, returning needless thoughts. To-morrow I shall be again of good courage.

It was impossible to touch at Mytilene, wind and waves were too violent to admit of it; not even a little boat dared to venture out with the mail. The steamer, for stress of weather, was obliged to put out to sea again. It is well that I have already seen thee during beautiful weather, thou memorable Lesbos, enchanting Mytilene! One lingering glance back upon thy glorious hills and valleys—and then away, away towards the unknown distance.

The wind is contrary, violent, and cold, the sea dark, and the swell is increasing. The old *Amsterdam* creaks and cracks horribly. It is impossible to get any sleep; the mind wakes up, and becomes uneasy also. I think of the home of the Lenneps, of the Deaconess-home, the palm and pearl of the land of the East as regards its female youth. I think, I wish—I *will* not think any more! The Queen of Night stands high above in the heavens, and I know of old that she was gentle towards me. Good night! But I will not recommend the steamer *Amsterdam* for ladies.

The 15th.—The morning clear and fresh. I am early on deck. I am saluted with "a good morning" on all sides from important places and grand memories: *Tenedos*, which yet in the background raises its pyramidal height from the sea; the rocks of Imbro, which ascend out of the morning mist to the west, with the peaks of Samothrace glancing above them: Samothrace,

the mysteries of which, with the most ancient faith and worship of the world, so often excited my curiosity. To the right extend the plains of Troy. Beyond these riven, ruin-like rocks, you are shown the ramparts of the ancient fortress of Troy. On the shore rises the sepulchral mound of Ajax—as great as that of Odin at Upsala; farther away you see the mounds of Hector and Patroclus. Huge shadows of wandering clouds linger upon the plain and the mounds. The memory of the ancient heroes lingers upon them like huge clouds. That which I least admire in Homer is his heroes and his gods. Does not the "Iliad" present us with Hector, outside the walls of Troy, beseeching his conqueror Achilles to spare his dead body! And Achilles drags that very corpse in the dust round the walls of Troy! As a little girl, and not since then—which is a long time ago—I read this, and was indignant at it; and I remember it yet.

At the present moment war is raging not far from the shore of Troy, on the beautiful soil of Italy; but nevertheless the conqueror now honours the conquered foe, dresses his wounds, and does not insult his corpse.

The genius of humanity wanders over the battle-field when the fight is over. Humanity has progressed. And thou, the sepulchral mound of the insulted hero, standest there to testify thereto, and to testify of the barbarity of those old, admired ages.

The entrance of the Dardanelles! Asia and Europe here approach each other and salute each other from two fortresses, *Château d'Asie* and *Château d'Europe*, as they are called.

They approach each other like two potentates, to become personally acquainted, to conclude peace or to make war. The lofty hills of Asia have withdrawn to a distance; its shores are poetical and verdant; those

of Europe prosaic and brown. They both become more beautiful, more cultivated, and more inhabited as they accompany each other on the two sides of the straits.

"Sestos and Abydos!" Romantically lovely heights and valleys, especially those of Sestos, on the European shore. In the background is a lofty, verdant hill, which glances, as it were, over the valley towards the straits and Asia; so glanced of old Hero towards Abydos, seeking for Leander in vain. The great warlike memories of the Dardanelles are less deeply inscribed on the human memory than this episode from the life of the heart's love. Eternal heart! because thou wert before the Dardanelles were, and shalt be when they are no more!

The shores of Europe and Asia come at this point into the closest proximity. In order to prove that the heroic deed of Leander in swimming was not a fiction, Lord Byron swam across the straits. Beyond Sestos and Abydos, the straits again retire from each other. Other *Châteaux d'Asie* and other *Châteaux d'Europe* show themselves upon the heights, bristling with cannon. We stop for a short time at the two fortified towns of the Dardanelles. Towards evening we come out into the Sea of Marmora. The wind blows so violently from the north that we shall not be able to reach Constantinople till the morrow. I am glad of this, because our arrival will then be in daylight. Usually the steamer reaches its destination late in the evening of the second day from Smyrna. Crowds of trading vessels are lying at anchor waiting for a favourable wind to proceed to Constantinople and the Bosphorus.

It was not till noon of the following day, the 16th, that we reached Constantinople, the three deltaed imperial city, on the shores of the Sea of Marmora,

the Bosphorus, and the "Golden Horn;" a magnificent sight! Before us open the Bosphorus, with Scutari (the Turkish city) on the Asiatic shore, and Pera (the "Frank" city) on that of Europe; to the left, the long bay of the Golden Horn, between Pera and the old Byzantium, or Stamboul, which extends along a lofty ridge running from west to east, crowned with white mosques with lofty minarets, ascending out of a forest of dark houses. The extreme point of this ridge is the Seraglio Point, which bathes its foot in the Sea of Marmora. From its verdant parks shine out white palaces and mosques, supreme amongst which is "Hagia Sophia," with its four minarets, and the mosque of the Sultan Achmed, with six. The vessels on all sides have hoisted their colours; cannons thunder; it is the last day of *Coubran Beiram*, the great sacrificial festival of the Mussulman.

The steamer goes round the Seraglio Point and enters the Golden Horn. What a throng of vessels, steamboats, ships of war, and merchantmen of all sizes, which go laden with men and merchandise, together with small caiques, which skim about by hundreds like flies over the waves. It is a scene of almost overpowering greatness and wealth. How shall we make our way through this throng? But when at length the steamer lies still on the waters of the Golden Horn, in the harbour of Pera, I cannot but think of—Stockholm. The resemblance in situation, in the picture presented by land and water, is striking; but the life here is more infinitely varied, and the proportions are larger.

The fishers of men from Pera (sent out from the hotels) and boatmen storm the steamer, and attack the passengers. We allow ourselves to be caught by one of them—which is the best thing any one can do under

such circumstances—and allow ourselves and our luggage to be carried away in a caique, which conveys us to the shore of Pera. We clamber up the heights of Pera for about half an hour—weariful work enough in the blazing heat of day—and engage rooms in the *Hôtel de Bysanz;* a good but expensive hotel, and yet not one of the most expensive, with "service," for sixteen francs per day. The air up here is fresh, and the view over Scutari—with the pyramidal heights of Asia in the background—as well as over Byzantium and the shores of the Golden Horn, is incomparable.

As a solitary voyager, I set off from the shore of Asia Minor, and I believed that I should arrive as such at Constantinople, and now I say *we*. I have met with a travelling companion in Mr. Williams, an English gentleman, and an original. Still young, he travels round the world without any other object than that of his own pleasure, and now it pleases him to become my cavalier in a very knightly manner—a son could not be more attentive to his mother than Mr. Williams is to me. And thus I find myself here, where I expected to have been more solitary than anywhere else, so kindly taken care of, so affectionately treated (I cannot use any other term), as I have yet scarcely ever been during this my journey. We were fellow-travellers all the way from Smyrna, and became friends on the very first day, owing to the following circumstance. A remarkably handsome Greek lady sat beside her brother at our little *table d'hôte*. Her countenance was so pure and noble that it astonished me when one of the gentlemen made a somewhat coarse onslaught against Greek ladies in French, which our Greek lady also spoke, saying that "they were good for nothing." The remark was taken up, and rebutted with earnestness by a fair-complexioned gentleman,

still young, whose countenance and manners discovered the English gentleman. The way in which he took up the cause of the Greek ladies silenced the antagonist, and made him look somewhat foolish. The chivalric spirit of the young man pleased me, and I was in consequence quite accessible to his acquaintance when, in the evening, he opened the way to it by speaking to me of Sweden, where he had been, and by mentioning the name of Jenny Lind, and also my own. From that moment Mr. Williams became my knight.

The first news which met me on my arrival here, when I cast my eyes on *La Presse d'Orient*, which lay on the table of the entrance-hall, was the death of King Oscar, which occurred in Stockholm on the 8th of July. And although I knew that his state of health had been such as to render his departure desirable, even for his own sake, I felt the intelligence as a real grief. One good man and king less on the earth is a misfortune, and King Oscar was assuredly one of the best and most universally beloved. A better heart did not exist, perhaps not an eye which more faithfully interpreted the life of the heart. Never shall I forget his look during a conversation—the first and last which I had with him—respecting prison-discipline, and the influence of moral treatment on the criminal. He had faith in the power of truth and goodness on the earth, and the increasing love which the people of Sweden and Norway entertained for him, during his twenty years' reign, showed that he was not mistaken. By his death I seem to have lost a personal friend and benefactor!

The second great news of the day is the conclusion of peace between the belligerent Powers in Italy—Austria and the Allies, Piedmont and France. Bungling

and imperfect as this peace seems to be, yet it may form the basis of the approaching unity and political freedom of Italy. For Piedmont is the model for the liberated Italy. The rest will follow with time and with the railways. Italy, a free, united State! Behold there the ideal for which its noblest patriots, in their time, have written, fought, bled, and died! It is glorious to see, therefore, the day dawning—the day when thou, beautiful Italy, shall become an emancipated, harmonious voice in the free, aspiring choir of the nations. Because only then wilt thou become that which one of thy noblest sons saw thee prophetically of old:—

"A universal earth and mother to all lands, elect of the gods to make heaven more beautiful, to educate man, to ameliorate manners—in one word, to be the common native land for the nations of the whole world."*

Which is saying a great deal, but not too much, for that which knows the fostering, ennobling power of beauty and grace.

But I am forgetting that I am in Constantinople.

My polite cavalier Mr. Williams took me, in the evening of our arrival, to the promenade of Pera, "*petits champs des morts*;" a terrace planted with trees, with a row of well-built houses on the one side, on the other a lovely view through the dark cypresses of a Turkish burial-ground, over the Golden Horn and Stamboul. The full moon cast her beautifying, mystical light over the whole scene. There was music on the terrace, and ladies and gentlemen, mostly in European costume, were seated at their little tables, drinking coffee, lemonade, and such like, or walking up and down listening to the music in the light of the moon

* Pliny's History, iii. 5.

and the lamps. One might have believed oneself in a European city. The lights and the sounds of the city on the opposite side of the Golden Horn had long since been extinguished and silenced, for in a Turkish city all outer life ceases soon after sunset, whilst on the heights of Pera music was being played, and people were walking about and talking. The inhabitants of Pera are almost exclusively Christians.

Saturday, June 18th.—Yesterday, Friday, was the Turkish sabbath. On this day people contrive to see the Sultan when he visits the mosque. But which mosque he is intending to visit nobody knows before noon of the same day. It is never two Sundays the same, and usually at one of the lesser mosques, because in the larger ones he is obliged to give a large alms; in the smaller ones he can escape with from four to five thousand piastres a time. Handsome even so, I think. I wished to see the Sultan Abdul Medschid, and my polite cavalier Mr. Williams is always ready to accompany me, and to take me wherever I wish.

At eleven o'clock in the forenoon we were informed that the Sultan would perform his worship in a small mosque on the European shore of the Bosphorus, just opposite the fashionable Turkish promenade, "The Sweet Waters of Asia." It is a long way up the Bosphorus. But no matter. We enter a caique, where we sit down in the Oriental manner, and two rowers dressed in grey-white striped silk shirts and red fezes, speed us up the Bosphorus.

The caique is a long, very narrow boat, pointed at the ends, which cuts through the water with the greatest speed, but which is not without danger from high waves or side-blows; and people must be very careful how they move when in them; they must sit or lie perfectly still. Beautiful carving in wood, of flowers,

foliage, and other figures ornament the inner side, whilst red cushions and splendid coverlets clothe the seats. The caiques keep mostly to the shores of the Bosphorus, because the steamers, which are called omnibuses, navigate the middle, and very dangerous comrades they are for these little boats. Not many weeks since, the caique of Aligalib-Pacha was upset by one of these omnibuses, and its high and mighty proprietor—the son of Redschid-Pacha, and the Sultan's son-in-law—went to the bottom. We take care to avoid any such misadventure, keep very closely to the European shore, and look well about us. Wind and water are against us, and the current is in many places so strong, that the caique must be dragged along by a rope from the shore. But this is a very quick and safe operation, for there are plenty to lend a hand. My cavalier throws out money to them as if he were a sultan, and the Turks pounce upon the coins with an avidity as if they had never before received silver. We row past palace after palace, some of them dilapidated and ruinous; others, white, new-built, and elegant: the greater number belong to the Sultan; have been built or demolished by him. These two are for his two married daughters; that is for his harem; that, again, for the eunuchs; this grand and remarkably elegant and tasteful palace is for himself. Before it lie on the water white-painted caiques, with gilded ornaments on stem and stern: one of these had a crimson velvet canopy, with gold fringe. More than twenty rowers, in white silk shirts, are seated in it, waiting for their sublime lord and master. A band of musicians is stationed on the shore, before the palace, ready to strike up for departure.

We now pass a little mosque on the shore, ornamental and elegant as a French pavilion; it is called

valide (mother), and was built by the now deceased mother of the Sultan, a good lady, who united to it a hospital for the sick of all religions, and an *auberge* for poor students desirous of acquiring knowledge, well-intentioned institutions, but which, after the death of the Sultana, fell away to—nothing. We speed along, hastening up the Bosphorus, in order, if possible, to reach the mosque before the Sultan. But in vain. The firing of cannon, the sound of drums and music announce that the Sultan has left the palace, and his caique is said to fly over the water. We have half-an-hour's start, but we soon see the white and gold caiques behind us, and anon they will be up with us. The colours run up the masts of the shipping, and cannon thunders from station to station; along the shore is heard the peal of drums, and the bursting forth of music. The Sultan is passing these various places. And now the imperial flotilla is at hand, now it flies past us; first, a large white caique, in which sits the high-admiral; then that of the Sultan, with its more than twenty rowers, who with every stroke of their oars rise up and make a bow to the autocrat, as if otherwise they could not row properly. He sits upon his throne of velvet and gold, with the grand canopy above him; a little man in a dark coat, and dark-red fez upon his head. He is in animated conversation with two gentlemen who accompany him, and gesticulates in so doing with his hands. On our little caique he merely casts a passing side-glance, and I am not able fully to distinguish his features. No matter; I shall have a good view as he comes out of the mosque. The imperial caique, with its methodical oar-strokes, flies upon the waves. Seven or eight lesser caiques follow, containing ministers, generals, and the gentlemen of the court. Very soon the white flotilla is lost

to sight, and merely cannon-shot and the sound of the drum indicate to us the progress of the Sultan from point to point. We follow after.

How beautiful are the shores of the Bosphorus! Asia and Europe have put on their most lovely attire, where they approach each other the nearest. It is a succession of park-like grounds, a succession of country-houses; here and there an Armenian or Greek house, with open windows: the greater number, however, are Turkish, with their jalousy-closed windows, and small openings for the inhabitants of the harem to peep through. And in all the intervening spaces shine out flower-crowned terraces and palaces with their gardens from hill to hill, from valley to valley, with here and there heights merely covered with fir and pine-trees, a refreshing sight; and in the midst of all this beauty the brilliant waves are leaping and dancing, bearing on their bosom a world of steamboats, sailing-vessels, and caiques; flocks of terns fly screaming over our heads, white sea-gulls wheel round or swim on the water, porpoises leap, dolphins tumble—all is life and pleasure. The sun shines on the shores of Europe and Asia, which seem to smile at each other and say, like the poet Tyanites, in his "Bosphoromachia," "If thou art the most beautiful, then is the advantage mine, because I can contemplate thee!"

The imperial caiques lie empty on the shore. The Sultan is in the mosque, a small one, the minaret of which is concealed amongst the trees. We step to land, and place ourselves on the shore at the entrance of the mosque. A military officer points out a place to us very kindly, and shoves aside the people who will thrust themselves ever closer to the steps of the mosque; guards are stationed between them and the shore. A stout lady, in European costume and

straw hat, will not, however, be shoved aside. She is well dressed in half mourning, has a little boy and a little girl by each hand, and has placed herself close to the steps of the mosque, and stoutly contends with the guard who wish her to go farther down. At length, however, they leave her standing where she has placed herself. Who is she? The wife, so we were informed, of the director of the Sultan's chapel. He, an Italian, we were still further told, had made a present to one of the ladies of the Sultan's harem, and since that time has never been seen outside the palace. Two weeks have now passed since his disappearance; his wife has made inquiries after him everywhere; has advertised him in the daily papers, and is now here for the purpose of inquiring from the Sultan himself what has become of her husband. She is not a handsome lady, and she is very stout; but her paleness and her children, together with this history, render her interesting.

We waited about three quarters of an hour outside the mosque, listening to the muttering, half-singing voices within, when we perceived an indication of the Sultan's coming forth. The military of high rank placed themselves on the flight of steps leading from the mosque; the guard took their position on each side the short path between the mosque and the shore. It was evident, from the expression of their countenances, that they were in readiness to bow their heads before their ruler. All was silent and hushed in this waiting for him. I, too, waited with a degree of excited attention. The sympathy which Sultan Abdul Medschid has shown towards the culture of the West, of which we have one or two noble traits—as, for example, his gift of lands in Syria to the French poet Lamartine; his behaviour in the last war with Russia; his

present position as despot of the East, whose weakness, from want of energy and want of money, is perhaps still greater than his power; and as the representative, perhaps the last, of the later Byzantine imperial, declining rule; son of the Seraglio which, like a deceitful Dalilah, puts her lord to sleep, and then deprives him of every endeavour after new life—Sultan Abdul Medschid was to me a person of great interest, if not individually, yet as a curiosity.

And now the eyes of the noble gentlemen on the steps are raised, and their heads bow down—a little man in a dark coat, dark red cap with a long black tassel, a pale, disagreeable countenance, comes down the steps as light and agile as a shopman—could that be the Sultan? Yes, it must be he, because the elderly military personage by his side answers with an expression of deep respect to some words uttered by the little man, and the stout lady with the children steps hastily forward into his path, as if she would intercept him. He stops, recedes half a step, and knits his brows very angrily. He listens, nevertheless, to what she has to say, but listens with a cloud upon his brow, and then casts an inquiring glance at his brother-in-law the high-admiral, who speaks a few words in explanation; and then the Sultan, shrugging his shoulders, says two or three words, which apparently might be, "What do I know about your husband?" and motioning the stout lady out of the way, he proceeds to the shore, talking gaily to the gentlemen who accompany him. He steps into his caique, from which the canopy is now removed, draws on his gloves, looks up towards the sun with a grimace which renders visible his tobacco-stained teeth, and gives to the unpleasing, characterless countenance a very disagreeable expression. And this, then, is the man who

is called "God's shadow on earth," who rules despotically over thirty-five millions of human lives and happiness, to whom every woman in his realm must regard herself as supremely happy to belong as a life-thrall, or slave!

To the honour, however, of the sex in Turkey, it must be said, that this is by no means without exception; and there have been whispers in Constantinople of more than one beautiful girl who had been sent to the Sultan as a present, and who, especially when their hearts were already pre-engaged, committed suicide, or allowed themselves to be poisoned, rather than belong to the Sultan.

A more rare and less tragical occurrence, for the truth of which I can vouch, is the following:—

One of the ministers of the present Sultan sent him as a present a beautiful Circassian girl who had been educated in his house. She pleased the Sultan extremely, and being received into his harem, it was announced to her that she would have the happiness of being accepted as one of his kadins. To this, however, she replied—

"I am a Christian, and free; I cannot belong to the Sultan unless he marries me, and thus makes me his only and his legal wife!"

And to this determination she stood firm. As it was impossible that this could be done, she was returned to her foster-father, and was afterwards advantageously married to a Greek.

But now, to return to the Sultan. I have seen many crowned heads; but not one which seemed to me so devoid of dignity, so devoid of anything remarkable, as this "shadow of God on earth." Nevertheless, the throne must have a power of producing either good or evil. Travellers who see Abdul Medschid only at

public audiences, usually notice merely the inanimate, automaton expression of his countenance and manners. I now saw him otherwise. He was animated, and his countenance, although pale, indicated more youthful health and strength than I expected to find from the descriptions which I had read of him. "The reason of that is," I was told, "because for the last few years he has drunk something besides champagne, and it has strengthened him. He was, besides, in a good humour that day. But he often looks very lowering indeed!"

For the rest, Abdul Medschid has the Turkish family-features, the oval countenance, with somewhat prominent cheek-bones, the hooked nose, broad towards the tip, the dark-brown, well-formed, but not large eyes, finely-pencilled eyebrows. These struck me as the handsomest when they were angrily contracted, and the countenance then was the most significant. If they would contract with an actual earnestness, then Abdul Medschid might be a man of high character. Gentle by nature, a good son, a good brother, unwilling, although a despot, to sign a death-warrant, Abdul Medschid is not wanting in the softer feelings.* That

* That this pliancy in the character of Abdul Medschid is not, however, able to supplant barbarism, is shown by the fact, that although he is the first sultan in Turkey who has allowed his brother not only to live, but to be at liberty—and this brother of the Sultan is more richly endowed both in mind and person than himself,—yet he still continues the old, horrible custom of strangling, or otherwise destroying every male child of the Sultan's sisters (his brother has not married), or daughters, immediately after their birth. The only sister of Abdul Medschid, married to the high-admiral Mohammed Ali Pacha, had a son, and prayed so ardently for the sparing of his life, that the executioner was moved to pity, and the child lived—for two years, when one day the mother found her child—strangled in its cradle. She became insane, and died of grief.—*Author's note.*

which is wanting in him is real earnestness, real power. At least, so it seems to me. He does not let anything take an earnest hold upon him, he lets things go any way, just as they may. *Allah Kerim!* God is great, and does what He wills. Let us enjoy the day and the hour. And the enjoyment of the day and the hour fail not to the Sultan.

In his gilded caique, accompanied by the white flotilla, the Sultan now betook himself across the Bosphorus to the shore of Asia, where a little river flows, called by the Europeans the Sweet Waters of Asia. The banks of this stream are the *Champs Elysées* of Turkish Constantinople, where its gay world promenades on every holiday; and here, on the shore of the Bosphorus, Abdul Medschid has built himself an elegant kiosk, where in the meantime he is accustomed to spend some hours with his Sultanas, and thither he now directed his course.

Our little caique followed him across the Bosphorus, then made its way up a small river between verdant banks, and come to land at a bridge where hundreds of caiques were lying. Hence we proceeded through wooded hills and valleys, to a little green plain which lay amongst the hills. Here the gay Turkish world was all in motion, the higher class in carriages, the humbler on foot; much like the world of Stockholm in the Djurgärd, only within much more circumscribed bounds. In the first place, we came to the cooking-quarter. Here was roasting—under the open sky—on spits, little pieces of meat, liver, and tongue, so that whoever wishes for it can have a hot morsel—which is much liked by the Turkish palate; bread, cakes, all kind of fruit, Turkish confectionery, and so on, are spread out for sale. Then the plain opens before you; and here you behold, moving at a foot's pace, araba after araba (the Turkish carriages),

going round in an elliptic circle. Most of them were drawn by one horse, and the driver walked by its side. Within sit the beautiful, the old, the young, the children; the young and the children with flowers and golden ornaments in their hair, sometimes even jewels. Over these rests the white muslin veil, concealing the forehead down to the eyebrows, and a piece of the same called a *jackmack*, concealing also the lower part of the face above the tip of the nose. This veil, however, is often very transparent. The dark eyes alone glance forth freely, but seldom with the expression of life's enjoyment, from the chrysalis.' The faces of the children are unveiled, and often very handsome, although there may be reason to ask whether the roses on their cheeks be artificial like those which they wear in their hair. Some of the carriages are very extraordinary in form and style of ornament; two or three are drawn by white oxen, from the heads of which rise aloft steel springs which bend back again over the backs of the oxen, with long-depending, swinging red tassels. These carriages are a kind of *char-à-banc*, elegantly decorated, and with gold-fringed roofs of silk or velvet. They look like actual baskets of flowers, with their contents of young forms adorned with flowers, white veils, and many-coloured silk mantles. That is the Turkish araba of the old style. The carriages containing the gentlemen keep to the other side of the plain, and the gentlemen gaze at the ladies. Some gentlemen on horseback do the same. Dark eyes and fiery glances are not unfrequently met with. But a narrow, circumscribed, and dead monotony seems to prevail through all, of which you soon grow heartily weary. They move ever round on the same spot, in the same circle, in the same way. The groups who are seated on carpets on the grass by the side of the little stream, are much more interesting. One can there at least see

the women eating and drinking and enjoying life with their children; but I do not find joyous, fresh countenances even here, and of beautiful ones there are none. The greater number are very pale.

An hour of this confined Elysium satisfied us, and we returned to the Bosphorus. Below the imperial kiosk extends a large, open plain, stretching along the shore; and here we found a large assemblage of people, mostly ladies, whose mantles shone out in all the colours of the rainbow, only far more brilliantly. The faces of many of these ladies are uncovered, although they wear the Turkish dress and veil; they belong to the Greek and Armenian population of the Bosphorus and Constantinople. They are seated in groups along the railing of the kiosk, or on the steps of the large fountain, under the plane-trees, the largest and most beautiful trees of this neighbourhood. It is really a splendid and joyous sight, principally from the brilliancy of the lovely silk mantles, rose-colour, yellow, green, blue. I remark here some very beautiful young Turkish ladies, with the most transparent *jackmacks;* but the expression is inanimate, soulless. It is that of *imprisoned souls!*

The windows of the kiosk are all open, but not a face is to be seen from them. Begging dervishes move amongst the crowd below, dealers in ices and lemonade cry aloud their wares. A circle is formed amongst the crowd; a kind of *pajazzo* clears a space with his cane and his tongue, and upon the stage thus formed step three persons, who entertain the public with acrobatic evolutions, summersets, and jokes, by word and action, which seem to be all alike, and of a coarse character. But the Turks laugh at them amazingly, the spectators being almost exclusively men and boys.

Leaving these unattractive scenes, it was delightful to be once more on the waters of the Bosphorus; and

now we were rapidly borne by the current down to the Golden Horn and the harbour of Pera.

"Leander's Tower" stands upon a rock in the middle of the embouchure of the Bosphorus, reminding the spectator of the bold but unfortunate swimmer. How beautifully the sunshine lay on the Seraglio Point, with its white mosques and minarets towering up as from an umbrageous park, with the gleaming waters dancing around.

Sunday, July 17th.—Ajiá Sophia, Ajiá Sophia! I shall, after all, be able to see thee, thou magnificent symbol of a sublime thought, daughter of divine and human wisdom united. The wish to behold thee was one of the causes which led me hither; but having arrived here, I found that the hope must be given up, because a firman from the Sultan was required for this purpose, and a party sufficiently large to furnish a *bachschish* of several hundred francs; and of either of these I saw no prospect. There are at this time very few strangers in Constantinople, and amongst that few none with whom I am acquainted. I therefore took leave of the church of St. Sophia yesterday morning, during a solitary ramble on the heights of Pera, thinking that I should obtain no nearer view either of it or of the great mosques of Achmed, Sulimanlie, Bajazet, and all the rest which crown with their minarets the lofty ridge on which stands the proud old Byzantium. When, however, I returned to the hotel, I found a consequential little man waiting for me, who then inquired, in French, whether I were disposed to join a party who were going that day, at eleven o'clock, to see St. Sophia, and the other remarkable objects on the Seraglio Point? He was the bearer of the imperial firman which permitted this to be done. How all this happened, and had been brought about, I could not

tell, or how the little man, who was a total stranger, should divine my wish, of which, as far as I knew, I had spoken to no one. But let all this be as it would, I love to see such incidental occurrences—"those apples and pears," as Luther says, "which the Great Father sometimes throws at the children to let them see how near He is to them." And how many such has He not thrown at me during this my journey!

At twelve o'clock I was standing in the church of St. Sophia, charmed, captivated, as I have yet never been by any temple or work of art of human hands. Of architecture, and architectural styles, &c., I know but little, and still less of their phraseology; I shall, therefore, not speak of Ajiá Sophia as a work of art, but simply say a few words regarding the impression, or the picture, which this temple, amongst all other earthly temples, has left for ever on my soul.

All large churches which I have hitherto seen, and St. Peter's in Rome foremost amongst them, have too much of the worldly and the human in their composition, have too many chapels, monuments, ornaments, statues, pictures, side-aisles, and side-thoughts. St. Peter's, in its grandeur and pomp, is quite too much of a papal apotheosis. Images of popes, saints, and bishops, and images of those who served the papal chair, are seen on all sides; angels are flying bearing papal tiaras to heaven; everywhere human forms and fancies protrude themselves. In the church of St. Sophia one single great thought transcends all, to which all must be subservient, and which immediately strikes the eye and the mind with clearness and strength. Grandeur and unity, majesty and harmony, this is the idea which the whole church embraces. Everything within it tends to set this forth—the beautiful columns from Ephesus and from the Temple of the Sun at Balbec, which support its circular arch; the open, arched galleries

above, in its four angles; the grand majestic arched roof; the quire at the east and the west; the galleries at the north and the south—everything contributes to the large open space, which is neither sustained by, nor yet broken up, by columns, and above which is suspended the wonderfully airy, beautiful cupola, through the garland of whose windows the light streams in, beautifully and harmoniously illumining the whole space. How from the dusky floor below, where the dark red and green columns of those heathen temples stand in gloomy shadow, but very beautiful, nevertheless, everything rises, everything ascends, solemn in colouring and form, but, at the same time, the higher, the freer, the more joyous up to the vaulted roof from the highest height of which God's light floods in. I wish I could make you see it as I saw it, feel it as I felt it! One low, melodious sound filled the temple; it was the voice of those who were at prayer, who lay upon their knees here and there on its mat-covered floor, and whose prayers blended together in one low, harmonious murmuring. The Mohammedans' abhorrence of pictures and show in their places of worship is assuredly more advantageous for the beauty of St. Sophia than the coloured lamps and lanterns, the painted images, and manifold childish finery of the Greek Church; whilst their masses sung through the nose are especially disturbing. Of human monuments St. Sophia possesses now only eight large black shields, which bear in gold letters the names of Mohammed, Ali, Abubekir, and other of the Prophet's faithful followers; but these look very well upon the walls.

The Turks have done their utmost to obliterate from St. Sophia all traces of the Christian Church, but they have only imperfectly succeeded. You see on the immense iron gates evident traces of the cross, which has been broken out of them, and on the arched

roof of the chancel you can discern, through the mass of lime and gilding which has been smeared over it, still the outline of the picture of St. Sophia, "full of majesty and mildness," as it was described by one who had seen it whilst it was yet in the hands of the Christians. The altar has naturally had to give place to the golden-gate, or the niche, which is turned towards the holy temple, or Kaaba, in Mecca. But as this lies in a south-eastern direction from Constantinople, and the church of St. Sophia, like all Christian churches, has its chancel to the east, the Mohammedan Kyblé is obliged to have an oblique position with regard to the chancel, as have also the long straw-mats with which the floor is covered, as well as the supplicants there, who must always during prayer have their faces turned towards the temple in Mecca.

What St. Sophia's was when it stood in all its splendour, may be conceived from the remains of the golden mosaics, which may still here and there be discerned in the arched ceilings of the galleries. The paintings there have been covered by the Turks with dark yellow colouring, on which are black rosettes. When the church stood in all its completed magnificence, its latest, great builder, the Emperor Justinian, exclaimed, "I have conquered thee, Solomon!"

Such as the church of St. Sophia is now, it is, however, a striking expression of the words uttered by the Sibyls, by David, and by Paul, and after them by Mohammed, and which words are still daily proclaimed from all the Mohammedan minarets in the extensive realm of Turkey, but which the Christians of the Greek and Latin churches in the East seem to have somewhat forgotten, "*There is no other God but One!*"

All the mosques of Constantinople are modelled by St. Sophia. We also visited this forenoon Achmedàn,

or the mosque of the Sultan Achmed. Imposing as this is, from its extent and massiveness, it strikes the beholder, after he has seen the church of St. Sophia, only as a clumsy, tasteless imitation of it. Achmedàn stands on the site of the ancient Greek Hippodrome, and is possessed of a remarkable relic of antiquity in the tripod of the Delphic oracle, brought hither from the foot of Parnassus, and which now stands outside the mosque in a cavity, surrounded with iron rails. The tripod is a column consisting of three copper serpents twisted together. Their heads are wanting—cut off, it is said, by Mohammed II. The serpents are hollow, and probably the fumes arose through them by which the Pythoness was intoxicated when she delivered the oracle.

The Seraglio of Sultan Mahmoud lies below the church of St. Sophia, near to the waters of the Sea of Marmora. It contains many very handsome rooms, and has a most exquisite view across the sea, with its islands, the Prince's Islands, as they are called, as well as the shores of the Bosphorus and Scutari. After the death of the Sultan, forty ladies of his harem still resided there. Now it is quite empty. Where are these forty inmates gone to? If you ask this question, you receive for answer a shrug of the shoulders, which may indicate that they have been removed out of the way, by—poison, or some other means. "It is all one! They were only the women of the deceased Sultan—and were no longer of use for anything or to anybody," say the Turks.

The fact is, however, that they were removed to the old Seraglio-building, and are maintained there, perhaps not in the very best manner; but yet they are not put to death in any violent manner, so long as they do not greatly offend against the laws of the Seraglio, or, in

anger and jealousy, do one another this ill—or good turn.

The Seraglio Point, exclusively the property of the Grand Sultan, includes in its large circumference several palaces, parks, gardens, kiosks, and large courts, with splendid fountain-houses. The Ottoman gate, the grand gate, which, in the meantime, is by no means remarkable either for grandeur or beauty, stands here upon the eminence with the walls covered over with golden inscriptions; and through this gate you pass to the bureaux of the different ministers, the Hall of Council, and many other halls and chambers of government. The Sultan has a private door and passage leading from his kiosk, by which he can, when he pleases, go unseen to the divan, and be present at the sitting of his ministers.

The Palace of the Janisaries, situated not far from the Seraglio Point, is a large building, in the halls of which you find, to your astonishment and pleasure, images, of the natural size and in full costume, of its former, but now-for-ever vanished population. These figures are excellent in their workmanship—which is that of European artists; and they look for the most part so eccentrically ugly and savage, and have, besides, so much individuality, are so natural and real, that you are almost afraid of them, and are glad to think that they are—of wax.

The costumes are equally eccentric, and often comic in the highest degree, the turbans as if assaulting the very heavens. It was this terrible body—terrible to all, from the very vizirs and admirals down to the cooks and confectioners—which held the Grand Porte so long in check. It became the ruler of the Grand Sultan; murdered the Sultan Selim, and the Sultan Mehemet, at the side of his brother Mahmoud; placed the latter on

the throne, and then defied him with daily increasing arrogance, until he, rendered cruel through cruel treatment, and thirsting for vengeance, caused, on a certain day, the cannon from the ships of war and from the city to be directed upon the palace and its courts; and thus were shot down ten thousand Janisaries. I have been assured that the waters of the Bosphorus were crimsoned with blood.* The few who remained after the massacre, fled, and disappeared for ever. Mahmoud then ruled with absolute power. This, however, did not prevent his dying, some years later, in a still more hideous manner than his victims. The trees now murmured, the water of the fountains splashed peacefully on the spot of the former massacre.

I shall to-day see the so-called dancing or whirling dervishes, who open their Tekie, or church, situated in

* It is calculated that 60,000 Janisaries were slain in Constantinople on this and the following days.

The Janisaries were originally a bodyguard which Orkan, the son of the Sultan Osman formed for himself of Christian boys, whom he took from their families and had instructed in the doctrines of Islamism and the use of arms. This practice was continued under the succeeding Sultans, who believed that by so doing they weakened the power of their Christian subjects. The imperial bodyguard soon distinguished itself for bravery and other qualities valuable to their masters. Several of its members were advanced to the highest dignities in the State, or were permitted, by the pay of the Sultan, to become their own masters. But the Janisary, whether he were high-admiral or cook, remained, nevertheless, still a Janisary; that is to say, the member of a corporation placed in distinct immediate relationship to the Grand Sultan, and endowed with its own liberties and privileges. Hence arose a powerful corporative spirit, and in course of time a political power, which finally becoming superior to that of the Grand Sultan, increased in audacity, murder, and all kinds of violence, till at length, as has been just said, Sultan Mahmoud extinguished it in the blood of the Janisaries in January, 1826.—*Author's note.*

Pera, every Sunday to curious strangers; after which we—my incomparable knight Mr. Williams and myself —shall visit the Sweet Waters of Europe, a promenade on the European shore at the termination of the Golden Horn. Constantinople is a gala spectacle, at least to the traveller who remains there only a few days. Not the least beautiful is the sunset at this season, when the windows of Scutari blaze as if they were formed of gold and of fire—reminding the beholder of its ancient name, "the golden city—Chrysopolis;" when the hills of the Bosphorus are tinted with purple, and the distant eminences of Asia, as far as the snowy mountain of Olympus, with the old Turkish capital (Broussa), stand forth in a flood of light. I have contemplated this splendid scene more than once from the roof of the hotel, and admired the panorama of Constantinople in the glow of the golden evening sun.

July 19th.—When the planets weave their shining circles round their life-giving sun, then they radiate in its light; when the spheres, inspired by an invisible central power, the primal Source of all life-power, beauty, and joy, again radiate forth that life which they received, then they sing in harmonious choirs, and, themselves intoxicated, they intoxicate all living with the fulness of the life which they gathered from the Life-fountain of eternal existence. Something like this, I could believe, might be interpreted from the ecstatic dances of these Oriental dervishes—the tradition, as I have read somewhere—from the most ancient worship of the Samothracian mysteries, and which is even now continued in the great cities of the East, Cairo, Jerusalem—but there secretly, in the great mosque—Damascus, Smyrna, Constantinople. I was therefore curious in the highest degree to witness the dance of the dervishes. At two o'clock on Sunday afternoon

I found myself in their Tekie at Pera. After waiting for a good hour, I was admitted, with some other strangers as well as Mussulmans, into a large light rotunda. Spacious galleries surrounded an inner rotunda, within the low railing of which were seated immovably a number of male figures in short cloaks and yellowish-white felt-hats on their heads very like upturned flower-pots. They were the dervishes. At the further end stood some priests bowing and murmuring before the holy gate towards the Kaaba. This lasted for a little while; then three men entered, two very old, and the third young, with a handsome ascetical countenance.

They place themselves at the lower end of the rotunda, turned towards the assembly, and now the worship begins. First a long monotonous heavy prayer is repeated, by a tall man dressed in black, with a black beard, a long neck bending forward, and a hooked nose. After that, at a given sign, up rise all the dervishes who are seated within the partition, and begin to march in a circle with measured silent steps. They all wore long cloaks, and turned slowly from left to right, with their eyes cast down. They then stood stockstill, and all at once fell down flat on their hands and knees; again they all rise up at once, throw off their cloaks, and in their long wide white petticoats and short white jackets with long sleeves they begin to twirl round like tops, first one, then two, three, four, after each other, until all, somewhat more than thirty in number, are in motion or whirling round, with outstretched arms, turning around themselves, but also at the same time circling in a ring within the rotunda, continually from left to right. Most of these whirling figures are elderly men, the greater number ugly, with a stupid, heavy expression, and look as if they were engaged in a laborious day's work. Sweat-drops pearl the brows

of many, the eyes are cast down; but the movement is, notwithstanding, remarkably light, and as it were natural. One only of the dancers, a tall youth of about twenty, has a beautiful appearance, and his up-turned countenance, with half-closed eyes, has a really ecstatic expression. One might believe that he, drunken with the contemplation of Allah, circled round without any longer seeing or knowing anything of earth. This may, indeed, be the purport of this dance. As regarded the rest of the dancers, however, you could not suppose so; a clumsy figure who would imitate the expression of the handsome youth, would look insane. The dark priests passed in the meantime amongst the whirling dancers, with leisurely steps and bowed heads, and, as it seemed to me, not without taking good care that they did not receive a smart box on the ear from the hands of those who were circling by. It does happen sometimes. After about a quarter of an hour's time, the dancing suddenly ceased, and the dancers stood immovably in their places. To this succeeded prayers, partly from the black-garmented priest, partly from the youngest of the three men presiding at the farther end. Then again followed the dance. This was repeated five or six times.

Every division of the dance commenced with singing, accompanied by a child's drum and a flute; but finally the flute piped and warbled alone, without melody, but in tolerable harmony with the softly circling dance; and this part of it is the best and the most agreeable. Some of the dancers withdrew from the dance, and reassumed their cloaks, whilst others took their places. Some held out from the beginning to the end; thus the youth with the ecstatic smile—and his cheeks became ever redder and redder, whilst those of others became ever paler and paler. Finally, prayers succeeded, painful

prayers, squeezed out as if the heavy, oppressive hand of a tyrant weighed upon the head of the supplicant. After that, a cry, strong, ascending, continuous, and so gradually dying away, and with this the worship was ended. But then a general kissing began, first of the hands and cheeks of the three presidents, and then of all the dervishes in succession; but often the kissing was in the air, or they seemed merely to smell at the hand and cheek. The ceremony lacked all earnestness and all truth, and so it appeared to me did the whole scene. I was glad, on account of the poor labourers, when it was all over—it lasted about two hours—and so apparently were most of the dervishes, who now leaped nimbly over the partition railing, hurrying away, as I supposed, to their dinners. These costumes and this dance would really produce a very good effect in a ballet. As divine worship, the impression it made was painful and depressing. The poor men have evidently never received the glad tidings that God is a Father, a good and loving Father.

You go by caique to the Sweet Waters of Europe, on the salt water between the shores of Pera and Byzantium, where ships of war and merchantmen lie side by side; merely, however, as far as the great bridge between Pera and Byzantium. There the larger shipping ceases; the fresh water of the little European river takes place of the salt water. To the right hand rise extensive buildings, casernes, Greek schools, and seminaries; to the left, on the Byzantine ridge, are the former residences of the so much celebrated Fanariotes—inconsiderable houses, mostly of wood, surrounded by their small gardens; the great mosques crown the heights as far as the picturesque old city wall, which is now overgrown with lichen and fresh verdure.

The Golden Horn becomes narrower and narrower,

the shores are crowded with people of both sexes, especially ladies, sitting in groups, with white handkerchiefs on their heads and brilliantly coloured mantles; small caiques arrive on the water, ever more and more, up as far as the Sultan's kiosk and the holy mosque of Eijoab, situated under umbrageous trees. Here the people landed. The promenade presented very much the same spectacle as that of the Sweet Waters of Asia; araba after araba, some drawn by white oxen, with their tall horns and with red hanging cords and tassels; within the vehicles half-veiled ladies wearing flowers, golden ornaments, and jewels. The Greek population of Constantinople is principally met with here. Many countenances are very handsome, many of the equipages really tasteful, the horses magnificent, and the trappings costly; you find more taste and more wealth here than by the Sweet Waters of Asia; and the space for promenading is much more extensive and more open, scattered here and there with trees, so that it has a European character.

July 20th. — Rain and storm, which commenced yesterday, have prevented us undertaking anything today. The tempest—very unusual at this season—is so violent, that people cannot venture even out of doors, and the sky looks very much as it might have done at the time of the Deluge. Not very pleasant for such as have merely a few days to spend here, I myself being one of them. But, nevertheless, I have seen Constantinople, St. Sophia, the Sultan, the Bosphorus, thanks to my polite cavalier Mr. Williams, who has been most carefully anxious to procure for me the sight of everything here, even whilst he himself is totally indifferent about them, and would not think it worth while to turn his head, either to look at the Sultan or the Turkish beauties.

"What, then, does amuse you?" asked I, a little impatient at his stoicism.

"Hunting and fishing," he replied. And therefore he is now going from Constantinople to the Crimea.

Whilst the storm rages without, and rain and mist conceal all the outward beauty of Constantinople, I will say a few words about its interior aspect. This is less beautiful, nay, it is sometimes very ugly and disagreeable. From without you are struck by the glorious situation of the three great divisions of the city, Stamboul, Pera, and Scutari; by the Sea of Marmora, the waters of the Bosphorus, and the Golden Horn; by the mosques and minarets on the heights; by some conspicuous palaces; by the abundant verdure which, in the three great portions of the city, so pleasantly shines out amidst the mass of houses, and presents amongst them beautiful effects; by the number of vessels and boats of all sizes which crowd around the shores. Within the city you see in its streets no longer either palaces or parks—I must, however, except the Seraglio Point, which is as beautiful as it is a peculiar portion of the city; you find yourself, on the contrary, in a labyrinth of crooked, narrow, and filthy streets, of irregular and ill-kept houses; you have frequently to make your way amongst heaps of rubbish, sometimes also you find dead cats or dogs under your feet. Disorder and filth seem to prevail in most parts of the city. You come upon open spaces, beautifully planted with trees, only near the mosque, and upon order and elegance only by the palace. Yet I am wrong; in every part of the city, even in the most miserable and the poorest, you will meet with *one* place and *one* erection which is never devoid of beauty, never neglected, and this is the spring of water, or *fountain*. The Mohammedan takes an especial care

of this. He encloses it in a flat stone of white marble, out of which the water flows into a marble basin; he covers the flat stone with lovely arabesques and flowers in bas-relief, as well as with sentences from the Koran —always in Arabic—which remind people of the gratitude they owe for the gift of water. Small metal cups are attached to the stone by chains, which thus give every passer-by the means of drinking. Frequently the water is arched over by an elegant fountain-house of stone or marble. This is generally done according to the last will of some deceased Mussulman, often of a Sultan, who leaves this benefit and this memory behind him, and usually a fund for the maintenance of the fountain for ever. Thus there is a splendid fountain-house at the grave of Sultan Mahmoud, in which a man always stands ready to fill some of the hundreds of small cups which are placed there for whoever may wish to have a draught of fresh water. They even provide for the refreshment of the animals with the same care, and you find upon the flat gravestones in the large burial-ground—or rather burial-forest—at Scutari (for you wander there through an immense forest of cypresses and graves—for the most part an actual wilderness) small hollows hewn in the stone, in order that the rain-water may be collected for the small birds, so that they may bathe and drink there. A beautiful and touching instance of piety, which I cannot but deduce from a grateful memory. "The sons of Hagar" remember the fountain which an angel showed to their ancestress in the wilderness, when her son was ready to perish of thirst, and "she lifted up her voice and wept." But the boy drank from the fountain of the desert, and grew, and became a great nation. Consciously or unconsciously, the sons of the desert seem to me to wish

to perpetuate his memory, whilst they increase the blessing. Would that all peoples acted in the same spirit. How great is the blessing of the fountain of fresh water can only be properly understood in the dry and hot land of the East.

Next to the fountain comes the coffee-house as the Mohammedan's place of refreshment. At the former you principally meet with women and children, who fill their pitchers and gossip; the latter are the resort only of men. They sit outside the cafés by dozens or scores, smoking their nerghilés or tschibouks as if they had nothing else in the world to do, and sip the while coffee with dregs out of coffee-cups no larger than half egg-shells, and between the pipe and the coffee-cup have a little quiet talk, or listen to a professed story-teller. This is the chiefest pleasure and happiness of the Turk, his *Kief;* which is the same thing, but yet something more, than the Italian's *dolce far niente.* In every square you find a fountain and at least three coffee-houses, and you even meet with the coffee-house where there is no fountain, and always there also an assemblage of Turks.

If the Turk have not his coffee and his pipe, then—beware of him; he is then *Mackmurluck,* a Persian word which denotes a state of discomfort and bad humour. But if he have his pipe—nerghilé or tschibouk—and cup of coffee, he then enters into his *kief,* and is the most peaceful and best man in the world. He is the opposite of *Mackmurluck,* he is *Marhabah,* that is to say, peaceful.

The bazaar in Constantinople is—Constantinople in small; one finds here beautiful parts and splendid shops, and by the same rule, also, wretched streets and lanes full of decaying matter, rubbish, and rags. The broader alleys are thronged with Turks, Greeks, and

Persians, easily distinguishable by their tall sheep-skin caps, and people of all nations from the East and from the West crowding together, with great numbers of Turkish ladies moving about in their white envelopments and yellow slippers, which they trail along the ground to prevent their losing them. The bazaar is a little city of shops in covered alleys, and these covered, cool alleys, where you need neither fear sun, rain, nor wind, are so good a contrivance for the tradesman, that it seems to me worthy of imitation.

I could not pass *Dschemberlidasch*, or *Tschemberlitasch*, the great, old iron column in the quarter of Stamboul, without mentioning its great curiosity—namely, the *Palladium of Troy*—the wooden figure of Minerva, which is said to have fallen down from heaven for the defence of Troy, but which was carried off by Ulysses and taken to Greece, and afterwards removed from that country to Constantinople, when Turkey subjugated Athens; a long history, which most assuredly the column of *Dschemberlidasch* would relate in a better manner, if it could speak, or we were able to read its inscriptions; because this Palladium is said to be inclosed in a box at the foot of the statue. But now it is silent and black as the Egyptian darkness, both from age and from the fire which consumed the mosque of which it was the ornament. It stands solitary and enigmatic in the ruins, like the story of Troy.

And what must I say about the forest of the hundred subterranean columns, which are more wondered about than any other thing in old Stamboul? Nothing, because I know nothing, and know nobody who can tell anything more about this wonderful forest of columns; neither who erected them, nor when, nor wherefore, nor why they were erected. The place is now used for the manufacture of rope!

The dogs of Constantinople deserve an especial chapter; they are an actual plague in the city, as, indeed, they are in all the larger cities of the East. The Mussulman is afraid of killing a dog, why, I cannot tell; he feeds the dogs in the city, but for the rest, does not trouble himself about them, and they increase and live in incessant warfare with each other. One-eyed, blind, and dilapidated, you meet them at every step, lying in the streets and lanes, where they do not trouble themselves to get out of the way; at the same time they look in the highest degree discontented and unhappy, nay, often most wretched. I cannot admire the humanity of the Turks in this respect, and should not be unwilling to see my friend Mr. Williams police-master in Constantinople just for one week. And even for the population of Constantinople a better police inspection is to be desired. I witnessed yesterday an occurrence which could scarcely—nay, I might say, could not possibly—have taken place in any Christian city of Europe.

In the middle of the great bridge between Pera and Stamboul, over which a great crowd is always passing, walking, driving, or riding, all pell-mell in Oriental fashion, two men, dressed as Mussulmans, were struggling together in a furious quarrel. They were both strong-built, but the younger was evidently the weaker, and was near being overpowered by the other, who held him round the body, and was endeavouring to hurl him to the ground. Bloody foam issued from his mouth, his eyes seemed ready to start from their sockets, he groaned as one who was about to give up the ghost, and his countenance expressed the extremest suffering, whilst he endeavoured in vain to wrest himself from the arms of his antagonist. This antagonist, too, was pale, and frightful to behold; hatred and lust

of vengeance gave to his countenance the expression of a beast of prey, or rather of a devil. Hundreds of people passed by these combatants, glanced at them; and hurried on, or turned away their heads that they might not see them; nobody paused to separate them, or to assist the younger, who seemed to be sinking under the claws of the tiger. People seemed to regard it as an everyday affair, and to think "What have I to do with it? Am I my brother's keeper?" I, too, followed with the stream. I did it, but shudderingly, and my heart revolted against a condition of society in which such a scene could take place. It is the lowest degree of social life—nay, it is the opposite of social life; it is the life and condition of the wilderness and the wild beast. But in a state where fratricide and the murder of brothers' or sisters' children is the privilege and usage of the supreme ruler, no one can wonder if the subjects do not feel much interested in the lives and fate of their brethren.

On Saturday I leave Constantinople and Turkey to proceed to Greece and Athens.

Continued storm, rain, and chilly weather, cold, indeed, as with us in October.

Bujukdéré, August 1st.—You have read in Eastern stories about fairy castles which all at once present themselves to the weary traveller; castles with enchanted gardens, full of fruits and flowers, where beautiful princesses live, and where all the amenities of existence come obedient to the traveller's bidding, and you say "This is a fairy-tale!" But it is not so at all; it is *truth*, I can assure you it is so, because I have experienced it. I who, some days since, was sitting half-frozen in the chilly atmosphere and rain, have all at once been transported to the most beautiful shores of the Bosphorus, into a dwelling where all the ameni-

ties of life abound, where a good fairy makes every one happy; where young maidens over whose fair countenances life has not yet cast any shadow, move about in beauty; where verdant terraces outside my window ascend towards the hill-tops, with their cypresses and acacias rising against the blue of heaven; where each passing day I enjoy the repose and the joy of life! And all this is truth—is reality.

That my chivalrous friend, Mr. Williams, junior, consigned me to Mr. Williams, senior; that I, under his protection and that of the American eagle, was conveyed in a splendid caique, which flew, to the oar-strokes of ten rowers, over the water from the shore of Pera and the Bosphorus up to Bujukdéré, is a part also of my fairy-tale. That the beautiful home where I am now residing belongs to the American minister Mr. Williams, that the good fairy is his lady, the beautiful princesses his two daughters—I ought also to have mentioned a little prince, his son, the pearl of little boys—all this, dear R——, without having been a wizard, you must already have divined as the truth of the fairy-tale. It does not prevent the truth, the reality being more beautiful than the fiction; are they not, indeed, always so, that is to say, when they are beautiful?

It has been and is invaluable to me to have here a little time where in quietness I am able to read, to think, to listen to my own and other people's thoughts, and to mature and arrange the impressions which my mind has received during more than seven months' residence in the East, under the sceptre of Turkey, and finally in its capital. I will now note some of these down, and in the first place some of those scenes which during the last few days I have witnessed in my excursions with the amiable family, with whom I am

now a guest, on the shores of the Bosphorus, where Asia and Europe entertain each other as at a perpetual feast.

At Bujukdéré the Bosphorus makes a curve, and you see, from the middle of the straits, the *Black Sea* expand itself.

The first time I beheld it, it was dark, Medea-like, threatening beneath a cloudy sky—ugh! I desired to see no more of it; I had seen enough. Shipwrecks and bloody battles constitute the chiefest memories of the Black Sea. I did not wish to become more nearly acquainted therewith.

The second time I saw it was in an evening. A city of white sails floats in the distance on a heavenly blue mirror—can that be the *Black Sea?* Yes, and we shall soon see it more nearly. The caique bearing the golden American eagle floats over the calm waters of the Bosphorus, bearing the handsome princesses, the little prince, their good parents, the young Lord Dufferin, whose least merit is his wealth—son of a beautiful and genius-gifted mother, grandson of Sheridan, and who now resides at Therapia, near Bujukdéré. We sped along towards the sun-bright distance, which, like a sea of light, opened itself out at the end of the straits, now dark with the shadows of the hills.

The coasts of Asia and Europe follow each other like two outstretched arms; but ever, as they near the Black Sea, sundering more and more, becoming more and more desolate, higher, wilder, more naked, until finally both trees and habitations cease. Now stand the last *Château d'Asie* and the last *Château d'Europe*, with lofty lighthouses, one on each shore, as a farewell-greeting, and the sister-like shores abruptly break off and give place to an unmeasurable mass of water which the eye cannot traverse and which expands on all sides.

It is the Black Sea, celebrated for storms and tragical occurrences, from the child-murderess Medea to the last bloody war in the Crimea. Now, however, the Black Sea is calm, and kindly and lovely in its immensity; lovely also from the hundreds of white sails which skim over its depths, from the mighty steamers that cut their way through them and cast back their circling plumes of smoke into the far distance. And there ascends the so-called Giant's Hill—the grave of Jason or Hercules, says one tradition; and here the eminence where stands the ruins of the Genoese fortress. Glance over those walls, behold this sea and the shores of the Bosphorus at the same time, and you cannot but exclaim "Glorious! incomparable!"

But neither are all the memories of the Black Sea gloomy. It was called the *inhospitable* in the most ancient times, when savage rapacious races alone inhabited its shores; but it was designated the *hospitable** afterwards, when Greek colonies were established on its coasts and had driven away or subdued the barbarians, planted the mulberry-tree and the olive, as well as founded communities obedient to the laws of Solon, with hospitable manners, and the worship of the god of the sun. It was from the heights of Trebisonde (Trapesunt) that the army of the Ten Thousand, led by Xenophon, with extreme difficulties and dangers, from the Persian Gulf, after months of marching through desert-like and hostile lands, again beheld for the first time the sea. The cry, "Thalatta! Thalatta!" (the sea! the sea!) of the first who ascended the heights, repeated by those who followed, soon arose to a stormy chorus of joy from the whole ten thousand, who

* But, in order to be so in the full sense of the word, the Black Sea needed what it now possesses almost everywhere, *good harbours*, safe places of refuge from the storms.—*Author's note.*

seemed to themselves to behold their native land in the sea.

On the eastern coast you see, between the sea and the Caucasian mountain-chain—the snowy peaks of which are higher than those of Mont Blanc and Monte Rosa—a vegetation of primeval vigour and splendour, with luxuriant ancient forests and abundant water-springs; a country which, in the hands of a good government, might become the source of prosperity to millions of mankind. As yet fight the eagles of Russia with those of Caucasia—Schamyl and his people; but the result of the conflict is no longer uncertain,* and the peaceful inhabitants of the neighbourhood will no longer be disturbed by the Caucasian robber-hordes.

Higher up, across the Bosphorus, lies the Crimean peninsula. There the nations fought, not long since, for life and death, a bitter, bloody fight; I know it well; but they learned also, during it, to esteem each other. Balaklava, Alma, Sebastopol, have perhaps done more to unite than to separate these belligerent Powers. The field of these bloody roses lies on the western coast of the peninsula. On its south-eastern, from Theodosia to the Cape of Aja Aitodorus, and beyond it lies, defended by the Taurian mountains, an earthly paradise with the vegetation and climate of South Italy. With good roads and harbours it would become as much visited and as populous as are now the shores of Sicily and Naples. When once railways shall have extended their arms through the vast steppes of Russia, and when the deep crocodile jaws of Sebastopol are changed into a harbour for peaceful tourists, the time may come. With an imperial couple such as are now seated on the throne of Russia, everything good may be hoped for.

* It is now decided, and the Caucasian eagles are captive in the Russian cage.—*Note, added later.*

A new world and new treasures will then reveal themselves for European travellers and men of science, as well in the conserved treasures of the former Greek Pentikopäas as in the curiosities of the present Crimea; the band of Karaites,* on their lofty rocks, the Evangelical colony of the Zurich-valley, and many others. Still higher up, on the shores of the Sea of Asoff, they will find many of these Evangelical colonies, who are universally commended for their virtues, and whose influence and doctrines, silent, but deep as the waters of the Don, diffuse themselves through the population of the steppe-land, awakening deeper earnestness, great conscientiousness, a better, holier, life. But—I will now return to the Bosphorus.

From the one shore to the other you see nothing but beautiful palaces and frequented promenades. One of the most celebrated of these is Bulgurlù—the Nightingale—so called, it is said, from the number of nightingales which may be heard singing in it woodlands in spring. I was taken there on a festival-day by my kind young countryman at the Swedish Legation, Baron Lane Beckfriis. On our way thither, which was a steep ascent of more than an hour's time, we drove past a large Greek-Armenian burial-ground. We saw a number of Armenians sitting on the grave-stones, under the beautiful trees, playing at cards, smoking and regaling themselves with all kinds of refreshments. In one place we saw six or seven elderly, handsomely-dressed men, holding each other by the hand as they were dancing the *romaikan,* as the customary dance amongst the Greeks is here called. And all this in a burial-ground! The solitude of the great Turkish

* The Jewish Protestants, of whom I have already spoken.—*Author's note.*

forest of graves at Scutari seemed to me better than this. Better forgetfulness than such frivolity!

On the heights of Bulgurlù you see very much the same scene as by the Sweet Waters of Asia and Europe. Arabas driving around one spot; small groups of women with children sitting in the grass; sellers of sherbet; cooks, who roast delicacies on spits—I took one such, but found it unconquerably tough; the same coarse-minded pajazzo, with the same jokes, as down on the plain; a great number of cafés and coffee-drinkers; the same inanimation amongst the women, in the same bright-coloured mantles—poor chrysalides which never find their wings! In one word, everything just the same as I had seen it in the other places of amusement in Constantinople. But that which is peculiar to Bulgurlù is its grand view over the Bosphorus, the Sea of Marmora, over the whole of Constantinople. It is magnificent, glorious! But in this I am again reminded of Stockholm, of the views from the Djurgärd and the southern mountains.

The Swedish Legation in Constantinople has, on the eminence of Pera, its own house and garden, as well as ground yet unbuilt upon, with the most splendid view over the Bosphorus and Sea of Marmora. The site was given by King Charles XII., during his visit to Constantinople, and remains as an heirloom and memory of the eccentric Swedish hero-king, who is called by the Turks *demirbasch*, or the iron-head. Charles XII. built there a palace, which was consumed by fire during the residence of the Swedish Minister, Mr. von Palin, in Constantinople. The present handsome, but small main building has been erected by the Swedish Minister, von Heidenstam, who succeeded Mr. von Palin. A chapel has lately been built on the place, and fitted up principally by his Excellency the last Swedish-Norwegian

Minister, Sibbern, and his lady. The little Swedish-Norwegian church has also its own pastor; but he, as yet, is unprovided with å house in the court of the Legation.

I paid him and his pretty young wife a visit in their provisional home on the height of the Bebeck. Norwegian purity, piety, and industry characterized the young couple, with simple cordiality and hospitality, like that of Sweden or Norway. Nevertheless, they felt themselves uncomfortable, unprotected, on the solitary heights in that foreign land, amidst its fermenting, threatening, disorganized elements. I was especially sorry for young Mrs. Blom, who, although she did not say so, sighed assuredly, like her fellow-countrywoman Mrs. Brun, several years since, in the wilderness of the Mississippi, because she had come "into this disagreeable country!" May the Swedish Legation only bethink themselves of the position of their pastor amongst hostile religionists at the present time, and extend to him and his home, before it be too late, the protection which the crown of Sweden and the castle-court of Charles XII. can so well afford. At the present moment, Bebeck is a well-selected place for a minister of the Evangelical Church; but the time must soon arrive when it will become the most dangerous on the whole Bosphorus. Bebeck is, namely, an American missionary station; and the spirit of activity which has gone forth from Bebeck has, of late, made extraordinary progress. The Christian sacred Scriptures, sent out by them through colporteurs, are now sold unmolested in the courts of the mosques in Constantinople; and during the last year above one thousand copies, partly of the whole Bible, partly of its separate books, have been sold at the mission. Turks, and even Pachas, frequently visit the Principal

of the mission, the learned Dr. Schauffler, who, as well as his wife, presents one of the most amiable pictures of Christian patriarchism, in order to converse with him; and on such occasions have candidly acknowledged the advantages of the Christian doctrines over those of Mohammed. A Turk converted to Christianity has his own church at Bebeck, and preaches there to an assembly of not a few Mussulmans. All this is excellent, is hope-giving, but, at the same time, it is the awakening of much danger; for it has aroused ill-blood in the old Turkish party, which is not small; and if there be a war of extermination—as one portion of this old Turkish party desires, and makes ready for, against all Christians in Turkey—then will Bebeck most assuredly be one of the first points against which its fury would be aimed.

Bebeck, at this moment, is full of cheerful life, in consequence of the meeting of several American missionaries from various parts of Turkey, especially from Armenia. I have met them, with their families, at an entertainment at the hospitable house of Mr. Williams; and it seems to me that I have scarcely ever seen a happier set of people than these missionaries, with their wives, their faithful helpmates; whose lives are, nevertheless, so full of labour, disquiet, and danger. But it is evident, from the eyes of these people, even the gayest of them, that they have a goal beyond this world. There is a certain steadfastness and depth in their glance which it does one good to see; and, beyond this, their minds are so fresh and cheerful. How pleasant it has been to hear them tell of the old cities and people at the foot of Ararat, and of the progress of the Gospel amongst the Armenians. In Constantinople alone there is an Evangelical church of one thousand Armenians. These were, at one time, in a state of great

need, owing to persecution and oppression, which they suffered from the Greek-Armenian population of the city. Nobody would give them work, nobody would make purchases in their shops. Then the Crimean war broke out. An American missionary, of the name of Hammelin, I think, took to the baking business, learned how to build ovens and bake bread according to a newly-discovered and improved method; erected, with money borrowed for the purpose, several ovens of this kind in Constantinople; proposed for and received a monopoly for the supply of the French army with bread; communicated his method to his oppressed Armenian brethren in the faith; erected large bakeries; carried on an immense business; and, at the close of the war, had the satisfaction, not only of seeing his young community in good circumstances, but also, after having refunded his borrowed capital, was able to make over to the mission a balance of twenty thousand dollars, or francs, I am not sure which; but that is of little consequence. The important part, and that which is worthy of observation, is the manner in which the American missionary proceeds in his vocation, of which the above example is a splendid proof. They teach both to pray and to labour, and they themselves set the example; therefore their success is everywhere greater than is that of the missionaries who believe that everything is done merely by spiritual instruction.

In company with my young American lady friends, I one day visited the forest of Belgrade, which is a glorious old primeval forest of oak, beech, and chestnut-trees, situated at an hour's distance from this place, and only five or six from Constantinople. And this magnificent forest, of many miles in circumference, is a home for jackals and miasma, and the most beautiful trees rot in its wilderness, whilst firewood in Constantinople is

inconceivably dear. But there is no road thither, and still less any desire to bring the superfluity of the forest to supply the necessity of the city, which lies at scarcely half a day's distance!

The condition of a forest such as that of Belgrade, near a city such as Constantinople, where people perish in the winter from cold, must awaken certain suspicions of the capacity and state of the Turkish Government, even if such had not been excited before.

This leads me to the chief subject on which I would now say a few words, viz., Turkey and its present condition.

It is now more than five-and-twenty years since people began to talk in Europe of reforms in Turkey, of new laws and changes, the object of which was the introduction of European civilization; of the Sultan's sympathy with the culture of the Western nations, and more of the same kind. During this time people also talked in Turkey—as far, at least, as they dared to talk there—of the increasing instability, imperfectness, incertitude, want of precision, and especially of the inefficiency of the government and inadequacy of the finances, all the time that reforms were being continued, and in part called forth by them, and each side, so it seems to me, has its truth.

Reform in Turkey is real, is—progressing, but—not for Turkey itself. Something is already gained, something is being gained every day by those firmans which aim at establishing more just and milder laws, and which approximate to European culture and European manners; something is gained, something is being gained for humanity—but not for Turkey.

Humanity advances, but Turkey recedes, perishes as a State; Turkey, with its Koran as the only available code of law; Turkey with its grandeur and its barbarism,

with its harems which imprison the soul of woman as much as her body, its proud contempt for science and art, its dervishes, and its blind submission to despotism and fate; Turkey, with its immovability, its repose over the tschibouk and the fairy-tale; its calm, blissful *kief!*

If the Turk desire yet long to maintain all this in quietness, he must remove himself, must remove far beyond the Bosphorus, beyond Asia Minor, beyond the Jordan—must remove to the highland of Central Asia, whence he came.

And why?

The compelling chief causes for this seem to me to be:

The Koran.

The Christian population of Turkey.

Reform, and finally *the Sultan*, or despotism.

The Koran: because the faithful Mussulman ought to believe, as the Kalif Omar said, when he caused the precious library of Alexandria to be burned, "Either the contents of all these books are the same as the Koran, and thus they are not needed, or they contain that which is not there, and thus they must be injurious; therefore they ought to be destroyed."

The Christian population of Turkey: because, on the Bosphorus and in Constantinople, in Asia Minor, Syria, and Palestine, nay, outside the walls of Jerusalem, it increases and spreads. The Christians spin silk, blast rocks, plant mulberry-trees; in the shade of the convents—built like fortresses—they take possession of the soil, erect lofty stone-walls, erect schools and seminaries, build, cultivate, and bring into order, whilst the Mussulmans smoke, sleep, or—go out for plunder. First come the Christians of the Greek and Latin Church; and, after them, of the Evangelical, with the

Holy Scriptures, with the comprehension of a kingdom of God which is to be established on earth. Thus they take increasing possession of the country, and they are gradually followed by the life and education of Europe —evil mixed with good, it is true, but with them, nevertheless, the vitalizing principle which teaches to separate and to choose between them. The Christian population and the European element are *that which is growing* in Turkey; the Mussulman himself acknowledges this—they call it *the Frank element.* The Arabs say, "Allah has become a Frank!"*

* According to the approved computation of Ubigini, the population of Turkey consists of seventeen different races, which may be classified as follows:—

Turks in Asia	10,700,000
„ in Europe	2,100,000
Greeks in Asia	1,000,000
„ in Europe	1,000,000
Armenians in Asia	2,000,000
„ in Europe	400,000
Jews in Asia	80,000
„ in Europe	70,000
Sclaves in Europe	6,200,000
Roumains	4,000,000
Albanians	1,500,000
Tartars in Asia	16,000,000
„ in Europe	16,000
Arabs in Africa	3,000,000
„ in Asia	900,000
Syrians and Chaldees in Asia	235,000
Druses in Lebanon and Hauràn	30,000
Kurds in Asia	1,000,000
Turcomans in Asia	86,000
Gipsies (Zigeuner)	214,000

This population may be divided into professors of various creeds, thus:—

Mussulmans in Asia	12,650,000
„ in Africa	3,000,000

Reform: because, although it pretends to be founded upon the prescribed ordinances of the Koran, it has shaken faith in the Koran, in its supreme wisdom and all-sufficiency, and so doing, faith also in the Prophet, and in the truths of his doctrine. Reform: because the people do not understand it, and have not faith in the men who would carry it out—and with reason; because these men do not themselves seem to have faith in it.

Redschid Pacha, its chief promoter under the present Sultan and his Grand Vizier, laboured, as it appeared, with honest zeal for this purpose during the earlier part of his power; but during the latter part of his time, he laboured only for himself, and died—immensely rich. This, his later work, seems to have been the principal object with all the rulers of the State ever since, whether in the capital or in the provinces.

"If the Sultan only knew," say the common people there, who still believe fully and firmly upon the Sultan, as upon something *more* than God's shadow on the earth.

The Sultan! Let us look back for twenty years. The tempestuous and bloody reign of Sultan Mahmoud was over. He had destroyed those feudal powers which, under the protection of Turkey, had erected themselves against Turkey; he cut off these with their heads, that of the dreaded Ali Pacha of Janina fore-

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Mussulmans in Europe	4,550,000
Greek Christians in Asia . . .	3,000,000
„ „ in Europe . .	10,000,000
Roman-Catholic Christians in Asia	260,000
„ „ in Europe	640,000
Jews in Asia	80,000
„ in Europe	70,000
Professing other Religions . . .	300,000

most amongst them. He had victoriously fought with Mehemet Ali, the Viceroy of Egypt; he had exterminated the Janissaries; he had, by concessions and treaties of peace, quelled the tumults which he could not quell in blood; and, impelled perhaps as much by his genius as by the compulsion of necessity, his dominions being in a state of quietness, he entered upon the path of the reformer. That which was old and decaying there, should be replaced by the new, the power of which he was compelled to acknowledge when he saw himself beaten and overcome by the weapons and the will of the European Powers; when he saw Greece, Serbia, the republic of the Ionian Isles, under the protection of these, throw off the Turkish yoke. Then came a tempest, the last—that of death. The Sultan Mahmoud closed his life in delirium tremens.

His son and successor to the throne was quite young, not yet twenty years of age. People did not know him—they could not tell what he was. On the day of his ascension to power, they looked up inquiringly to the pale youth, and prophesied favourably from his mild countenance, his almost melancholy smile. That was a day in July.

Three months afterwards—in November, 1839—Abdul Medschid summoned to the Rose-court (Gulkhané) of his palace the whole of his court, his ministers, the representatives of all nations, religions, and corporations which exist in the extensive realm of Turkey, together with the ministers of foreign Powers, and in presence of all these, he ordered Redschid Pacha to read with a loud voice the *hattischeriff*, or decree, by which the Sultan promised to give to Turkey a new organization, in accordance with the demands of the age and of justice, and at the same time in accordance

with those of—the Koran. For, in order not to shock and alarm the faithful Turks, the new organization was represented as a revival of the forgotten laws and spirit of the Koran. Neither would it be difficult, from a book of *tutti frutti*, of "fast and loose"—as Mohammed himself said—to make it support what was desired. The notification commences thus:—

"All the world knows that in the first ages of the Ottoman dominion, the glorious precepts of the Koran and the laws of the realm constituted our ever-venerated rule. In consequence, therefore, the realm increased in strength, in greatness, and prosperity. Within the last hundred and fifty years, in consequence of trade and many other things, people have ceased to adhere to the sacred law, and to the requirements which are deduced therefrom, and consequently the power and prosperity of the realm have been converted into weakness and increasing poverty. That is, in fact, because every realm loses its self-sustaining power when its people cease to obey its laws. These reflections are continually present to our thoughts, and from the day of our ascension to the throne, the public good, the improvement of the condition of the State and the provinces, the lightening of the people's burdens, have not ceased exclusively to occupy our attention. . . . When the geographical position of the Ottoman Empire is now taken into consideration, the fertility of its soil, the qualities and intelligence of its inhabitants, every one must be convinced that if endeavours are used to discover efficient means of help, the result which, with God's favour, we hope to attain, may perhaps be so attained to in the course of some years. Thus, in full confidence of the aid and support of the interposition of our Prophet, we consider it to be expedient to procure for the provinces which con-

stitute the Ottoman Empire the benefits of a good government by the means of new institutions."

This new organization which should in the first place give sufficient guarantees to insure to all rajahs—or Turkish Christian subjects—perfect security in life, honour, and property, should for the rest comprehend every branch of the government of the country, politics, administration, courts of justice, education, land and sea defences, finance, &c.

The Sultan bound himself by oath, not alone accurately to observe the obligations which he had imposed upon himself, by means of his hattischeriff, the original manuscript of which is deposited in the apartment of Eijoub's mosque, where the mantle of the prophet is preserved; but he approved beforehand of all the measures and steps which should afterwards be adopted to secure its accomplishment.

Redschid Pacha was then the Minister of the Porte for Foreign Affairs; a short time afterwards he was elevated to the post of Grand Vizier. The former Grand Vizier was displaced, because, says the Sultan in the decree of his removal, he had not found in him the zeal which he wished and expected in the accomplishment of his work of reform; he now hoped that in Redschid Pacha he had found the right man for this purpose.

Exactly twenty years have now passed since the Gulkhané hattischeriff was read aloud, promising a new future, a more beautiful day for Turkey. Twenty years have passed, and how stands Turkey? On a more tottering basis than ever as to political power; the same also in regard to interior unity, and especially finances. No one will deny this, least of all the thinking Turks themselves. These have no faith either in the regeneration or the salvation of Turkey. They say,

"The Prophet has said that every nation, like every individual, has its allotted life's goal; and when this is arrived at, it is not in the power of any human being to avert it." The fatalism of the Koran. Or, also, they say, "When the plants made known to Lokman their health-giving powers, not one of them said, I can give life to a corpse. Abdul Medschid is a Lokman; but Turkey——"

If you propose to any of these thinking Turks a probable means of improving the state of things, then he replies, "You are very right; but who is there to do this? The Sultan? He is wanting in energy, and he is wanting in money. His ministers and pachas? They want the courage and the means, but beyond everything else, the will, and a salutary fear. And faith in reform does not exist amongst those great ones, especially since they have been in Paris, and after that, believe neither in the Koran nor in anything else; nor does it exist amongst the people, because they still have faith in the Koran and the sacredness of the old statutes."

"*If the Sultan only knew!*" say the people in the provinces, oppressed and plundered by legal officials and lawless hordes. But the Sultan does not know, and cannot know, the true condition of his dominions. The truth never reaches him. How could it reach him? The press is in fetters; the Turkish journals say merely what the ministers wish, and the ministers avoid everything which might put the Sultan in a bad humour. None of them will convey unpleasant tidings to him. It is true that they no longer fear that the law—which, however, is still in existence—should be put in force, which condemns to death any one who brings bad news to the Sultan: the mild disposition of Abdul Medschid has removed this danger; but they fear, nevertheless,

his excitable, violent disposition, and a hasty word of his despotic power. Every one stands in fear, if not of his head, at least for his office and for his income; every one, therefore, endeavours to keep the Sultan in good humour. And whilst everything gets worse and worse in the condition of the country—its internal order, finances, and credit—they represent to the Sultan that everything is going on in the best way, and thus he gives himself up carelessly to his hobby for building, abandons, or leaves incomplete, various schemes of retrenchment which have been commenced, and involves himself day after day in still greater pecuniary difficulties.* If money be wanted for any purpose, it is borrowed; but now it cannot be obtained lower than at fifty per cent., or on other conditions which seem incredible. Nevertheless, money must be had for the moment, let the terms be whatever they may. And in the money-wants of the moment financial reforms are neglected, and a condition of things arises which must shortly ruin the State.

The present state of customs-duties on import and

* And in this he is loyally assisted by his Kadins, or wives, who make purchases on trust in the bazaars, buying there whatever they like. Abdul Medschid, on one occasion, wishing to put an end to this bad practice, gave commands to one of his ministers to regulate the expenses of his harem. The minister announced to the ladies that they must not make purchases beyond a certain amount within a specified time. The favourite kadin replied, by the following day sending to the minister a bill for jewels, to the amount of half a million piastres, which she had purchased, together with the information that if he was going to legislate on her expenditure, she should every day make purchases to double that amount. The minister went to the Sultan, and complained, showing the bill and telling him of the threat of the arrogant kadin. "Oh, she!" said the Sultan, mildly: "I advise you to carry your cup evenly with *her*, for if she have said it, she will do it."—*Author's note.*

export goods seems to be of this class. For such articles as are exported from Turkey the duties are double, sometimes even twice, or threefold double, as much as on those which are imported. Incredible, but at the same time true.*

Another such anomaly is the imposition of a higher scale of duties on the manufactured article than on the unwrought material itself; flour, for example, pays a higher rate of duty than corn; why, seems difficult to explain, unless it be in consequence of the necessity experienced by Government to raise money for the moment, without regard to the future. And by so doing they hasten the time when they will no longer be able to obtain money at all. Nay, indeed, that seems to be already at hand.

The great topic of gossip, whilst I have been in Constantinople, has been the intention of the Sultan to undertake a journey to Salonica, Smyrna, perhaps Beyrout and Alexandria, and he not having been able to borrow the money for this purpose, and that, therefore, he must stop at home. For a long time, it is said, the Sultan was kept in ignorance of this state of affairs, but that at length it crept out by degrees. And now one anecdote after another is current about the consequences of the deferred journey, about the four hundred trunks which were ordered for it—which in the first instance cost one hundred piastres each, and before they came to the Sultan cost five hundred, but which the makers are now obliged to take back for forty piastres each; also of various other things which

* The state of things which was introduced after the last war in the East, when England and France desired and obtained from Turkey the diminution of duties on their merchandize, may now perhaps, on the interference of England, become equalized.—*Author's note, added* 1861.

had been ordered for the journey, and are now countermanded. There is no end of stories about the Sultan, his journey, and his want of money, in which the ridiculous vies with the melancholy. They are repeated in hotels, in cafés, in private dwellings, in the market-place. Some say that the Sultan must go to Malta, and place himself under the protection of England; others say that he will make the journey, but only to the Dardanelles and Salonica, and not to Smyrna. To Smyrna, however, a letter was written, as from himself, with the promise of going thither and staying awhile, in the anticipation that his faithful subjects there would be as well pleased with him as he with them—a letter which greatly delighted them. The poor Smyrniotes! they will now make long faces; and poor little Mytilene, which was so overjoyed in the thought of seeing "its king," and which built a new bridge, and an elegant *kiosk* to receive him!* Here and there it is whispered that the Sublime Porte must "*cedera bonis.*" The Sultan's civil list alone has a debt of upwards of two hundred millions of piastres.

Ubigini, in his interesting work, the tendency of which, however, is too Turkish, *Lettres sur la Turquie*, (1858), says:—

"Turkey will, one of these days, pass through a

* After all the talk about this journey, and that it could not take place, the Sultan actually set off yesterday (but merely to Salonica), and, what is very characteristic, on this journey, which was said to be for the purpose of seeing a portion of the inhabitants of the country and to hear their complaints, he has taken with him his private theatre and chapel. A thundering cannonade gave the signal for his departure, and they have now erected on the Bosphorus, just opposite his palace, a kind of temple, intended to celebrate his return, by its being carried aloft in whizzing sparks and flames. Fireworks, illusion, ashes—behold the food of the Sultan!—*Author's note, added afterwards.*

crisis, when the old institutions shaken by the change of ideas, and by general progress, will no longer be able to maintain a salutary equipoise, and when the people, half-bewildered, like the Mussulman in the desert, who at the hour of prayer looks round on every side to find his *kyblé* (the direction of the Kaaba of Mecca), and turns to his leaders, expecting from them not merely precept, but also example. May the Sultan and his ministers be aware of this! It is not enough to issue laws against superfluity; they must also themselves obey these laws, and not tolerate around themselves waste and prodigality."

To me Turkey is a striking example of the inability of a State, of a people, to regenerate themselves without those institutions which preserve and require the self-consciousness and self-government of the people—a free constitution, and a free press.

Let us in the meantime not forget this—*something is already gained;* something *is being gained* daily in Turkey, by reform and its new laws, for the rights of the people and liberty of conscience; something is gained for humanity.

For humanity! That is the essential thing. Because the kingdom of humanity is God's kingdom on earth, and its people are people of all nations and tongues, who live and who labour for it. To this, the kingdom of God, are united those sons of Turkey who honestly embrace the doctrines of the Gospel—yes, even in the dim reflex thereof which is contained in the Koran—and the ideas which it calls forth into all spheres of life. But Turkey as a State, passes away, perishes. Death rules in the innermost of its organism, and no *hattischeriff* from the Rose-court of the seraglio is able to give life to the corpse.

The Turkish dominion has lasted for five hundred

years. "Every five hundred years," says an Arab legend, "the wonder-bird, the phœnix, comes out of Egypt with its father's dead body, in an egg embalmed in myrrh, and buries it in the Temple of the Sun." A significant saga!

Turkey is dying; and yet, notwithstanding, Turkey comprises the most beautiful and the most fertile countries on the earth; its shores are washed by six seas; a golden sun, a heaven seldom covered with clouds, shines over its people. But what if they be true, those words of the prophet, "To every nation, as to every individual, is there an appointed life-goal; and when they have attained to this, it is not in human power to remove it."

Yes, they are true—for those peoples who have their vital principle outside of themselves, who blindly obey despotism and fate; but they cannot be true for those who possess within themselves the life-giving and guiding principle, and who in their higher consciousness of God receive the means and the pledge of an infinite progress.* The free citizens of a free nation model and re-model its laws, according to ideas—*the fundamental laws of things*—which are not of yesterday, or the day before yesterday, but implanted from eternity in the human breast, by the God who created the world, and man in His own image. They cannot be obscured, nor eradicated, nor stifled, because their root is in the Eternal. They cannot be regenerated, but they may be developed by man. With God's word, and "Let there be light," they become bright, and ascend from age to age, "from one brightness to another"—the purified works of God and man!

Well for thee, oh my maternal home, my people,

* "Show me a people's God, and I will prophesy its history." —*Euripides.*

and my native land, thy sun indeed is pale, and thy soil is poor in comparison with these. Silk thou dost not spin, and gold thou hast none, neither wine nor golden fruits; but thou hast *the Gospel;* thou hast *freedom,* and in the free assembly and free expression, the means of becoming still more and more self-conscious and clear, the means for thy own self-government. Thy ever-green forests murmur over free self-responsible men and women; and the humblest voice can find access to the throne.

Thou hast believed, thou dost believe, on the eternal truth in God, and of God in man. Thou hast given thyself *the right,* from one generation to another, to develope thy life conformably with an immortal ideal. What can hinder the eternal renewal of thy youth? Thy sons and thy daughters whom thou hast made free will lead thee forward on the victorious path of free peoples, of a freed humanity—murmur, murmur still, ye ever-green forests!

Bujukdéré, August 3rd.—The chief cause of difficulty in the regeneration of Turkey must lie, however, with its women and its priests. It is true, nevertheless, that many of the former, especially in Constantinople, long from their harem-life for such a life as they see the European ladies enjoying; but they long, like the child after the image of the moon, which it sees reflected brightly in the water. They wish to hear music, and especially to see "the musicians," see and converse "with European gentlemen;" all this is very naïvely acknowledged by many of those pretty captives who have grown weary of their lords' monotonous despotism, and still more monotonous conversation. They little understand what is the meaning of woman's freedom in its nobler sense, and their masters and their husbands understand it as little. It requires nothing less than

a baptism of the whole Turkish nation, a conversion to Christianity, in order to lift the veil from the soul of the Turkish woman, and to render her capable of giving birth to and educating a free people.

It is true that polygamy, in consequence of the pressure of the times, is becoming more rare in Turkey, and a great many men in Constantinople are said to have only one lawful wife, but the number of female slaves is unlimited; and it is true that here and there is a pacha who allows his daughters to learn to read French, and to play a little on the piano, which do not make them either wiser or happier; but with this their education stops. Woman, according to the belief of the Turk, must continue "a veiled and an unknown being." And it is merely under the protection of ignorance and compulsion that he believes he can keep her and himself from dishonour.* He has, besides, old usage and the law of the Koran on his side. But the learned classes, with their Ulemas, Emaums, and Dervisches, are naturally opposed, with all their might, to the thorough conversion of which I have spoken. The *Ulemas* constitute what is peculiarly the learned class, from which are taken both judges, cadis, and priests, or imaums, who perform service in the mosques. The wisdom of the Ulema consists in his knowledge of the Koran, his ability to explain all its precepts, and to apply them to any particular question, or on any especial occasion. These wise men form a strong power in opposition to the people, who are in a high degree ignorant. It is only in very exceptional cases that a man of the working class can read. The Ulemas are

* The Countess Dora d'Istria has left us, in her remarkably interesting work, "Les Femmes en Orient," explicit narratives of the Turkish ladies, as well as of the women of the western Orient.—*Author's note.*

enemies to all reform of a deeper character. The deepest of all, Christianity, would be the annihilation of their power. The men of the lower class are instructed in the five daily prayers (Namaz) and in ablutions, besides which they learn certain rules of life, derived also from the Koran.*

It is a strong argument for the natural goodness of the Turkish people, that precisely that portion of it which obtains so little instruction, and is supported by the labour of its own hands, is regarded as the best and most creditable class. I have heard several Evangelical Christians say, that in Constantinople they would

* Amongst the fifty-eight rules of faith and life collected from the Koran by the learned Omar Nessifi, to serve as a kind of catechism in the schools, we find many excellent ones, such as the following :—

"The best man is he who makes himself most useful to his fellow-men."

"Virtue consists not in the fact of our turning our faces towards the east or towards the west. The virtuous are they who believe on God, on the last day, on the Book and on the Prophet; they who from love to God assist their fellow-beings, the fatherless, the poor, the stranger; who purchase the prisoner from his bondage, who give alms, who are diligent in prayer, who fulfil their engagements, who are patient in adversity," and much more.—(Cap. ii. 12.)

The sum-total of virtue and of all doctrinal preaching is, in the meantime, expressed for the Mussulman in the words—

"He who has said, 'There is only one God,' that man has entered into Paradise."

Equally high stands the confession, "Mohammed is the seal, or sealing of all prophets;" that is to say, he has completed the line of prophets.

As I believe I have already remarked, the Mohammedans by no means reject the sacred books of the Jews and the Christians; but they are little, if at all, acquainted with them. They acknowledge them as containing precursory, preparatory revelations, to which Mohammed (the Promised One, or the Paraclete) and the Koran should be the completion.—*Author's note.*

rather have to do with Turks than with Christians of the Greek Church. As examples of honesty and trustworthiness, they have instanced the boatmen of the Bosphorus. These men, who by hundreds earn their livelihood by plying their boats, have countenances which win your confidence in a high degree, and their manners are frank and honest. They are a handsome and splendid people.

Much less favourable is the reputation of the pachas, and in particular of the higher Turkish officials, even although amongst them I have heard mentioned more than one beautiful instance of incorruptible integrity and unselfishness. But—one swallow does not make a summer.

On the contrary, I have merely heard one uniform opinion regarding the fanatical conservatism of the corps of Ulemas, and of the blind fanaticism of the Dervishes; the latter are the monks of the East. Under the name of Santons, Sofis, Fakirs, &c., they are spread over the whole of Asia from the Ganges to the Mediterranean. The learned Swedish Orientalist d'Ohsson reckons no less than thirty-six separate order of dervishes, eighteen of whom existed already before the Ottoman Empire was founded. All these orders make pretensions to a high degree of sanctity, which they base upon the renunciation of this world's good things, and the freeing themselves from all its more pleasurable bonds, which also constitutes the groundwork of the Buddhistical doctrines, and also in a variety of ascetic exaggerations and ceremonies from which Buddha kept himself free. By these extravagances they aim at the annihilation of the individual life, and the rising into a state of ecstasy, which they suppose to be the divine. In general, the dervishes are as ignorant as they are fanatical, and

not unfrequently very proud. They make an insolent demand for alms and reverence. A great number of them are wanderers, and roam up and down the country repeating sentences or prayers from the Koran, and begging for themselves or their order. The people believe in their prayers and their magical power, and fear their anger. I had already in Constantinople admired their art of whirling themselves round amongst the dancing dervishes, and I had now to become acquainted with, and to be amazed at, their skill in deception.

Constantinople has two resident orders of dervishes, the so-called *Mewlis*, or whirling dervishes, in Pera, and the *Ruffei*, or howling dervishes, in Scutari. I went one day with Baron Beckfriis, to witness the worship of the latter. Their tekie possessed merely on one side a small gallery for strangers; but it was quite close to the quire, or that portion of the tekie where the supreme dervishes sat. To this place advanced an elderly man of patriarchal beauty, such a one as we might fancy Abraham to have been when Melchisedek offered him bread and wine. Thus venerable and handsome, thus mild and dignified, he looked with his long white beard, his Orientally-beautiful features, and his stately yet simple attire. He wore a wide, long grey coat, a broad silk girdle, the Turkish turban, and yellow slippers. Two younger men conducted him, with deep reverence, to the arm-chair, and then remained, with several other men, standing around him, like courtiers around their king. The scene commenced by four gigantic daggers, with iron chains, like scourges, fastened round the hilts, being presented to their right reverend high priest. He took them, and tried their points, showed them to those who surrounded him, and to the spectators, and

then placing one dagger-point after another to his temples, twisted them round and round as if he would bore them into his head. But, of course, neither iron nor steel would injure so miraculously holy a man! After that, some other deadly instruments were manipulated, probably to render them harmless.

Now entered through the door from the street, young men and boys, who one after another laid themselves down flat on the ground before the feet of the grand dervish. He then rose up slowly, and was graciously pleased to trample upon the prostrate forms before him, from the neck along the whole back, and down to the legs. During this promenade in his yellow slippers, his arms were supported from the elbows by two of the dervishes, one on the right hand and the other on the left, yet so lightly that he evidently did not support himself upon them further than to preserve his balance. The trampled youths then rose up, kissed the holy father's hand or yellow slipper, and retired; even little boys, children of six or seven years old, were laid down by their parents before the feet of the dervish, and trodden upon in the same way without apparently receiving any injury. This astonished me, and astonishes me at this moment; for I cannot, like the faithful, believe the great dervish can have lost all physical weight from pure holiness and the repetition of Allah's name.* To this scene, which was continually being repeated during the so-called divine-worship, another succeeded, which at first view appeared still more extraordinary. Youths and boys came and knelt before the dervish, who put into their mouths

* The extraordinarily holy dervish is said to repeat the name of Allah about two hundred thousand times in the twenty-four hours, and this, it is supposed, has the power of changing him in an extraordinary manner.—*Author's note.*

and through their cheeks a long awl or steel needle. This done, the youth rose up and remained standing, with one end of the long skewer sticking out of his mouth, and the other through his cheek. In this way stood in a row nine or ten youths, who looked quite delighted, and not a drop of blood made its appearance from their pierced cheeks. This can only be explained by there being beforehand a hole pierced in the cheek, as is common in the ear, and which hole, though it heal, nevertheless remains open. This was clear to me from the fact that the great dervish, though evidently well accustomed to the art of putting the iron skewer through the exact place, yet sometimes had to search about for it a little, and when with one of the lesser boys he seemed to be putting it through the wrong place, the boy twitched himself away, whilst uneasiness and pain were for the moment depicted on his countenance. The iron, however, soon came out at the right place, and the boy took his stand by the side of his comrades, all of whom by this means earned—a piastre, or a place in the dervish's Paradise, I do not know which.

A number of dervishes, in the meantime, had taken their place in a row at the end of the room opposite to the Grand Dervish, and were being continually increased by men coming in from the street, amongst whom I perceived a couple of Turkish soldiers—and all evidently belonging to the lower class. They placed themselves close one to another, and rocked backwards and forwards, from right to left, with a measured movement, to a singing cry, which sounded in my ears like the customary cry from the Mohammedan minarets, *La ilahe ill-allah vé Mohammed rocoul Allah!* There is no God but one, and Mohammed is His prophet! The cry, as well as the movement, increased in

intensity, until the former became a roaring or howling, and the latter a violent shaking of the limbs, and especially throwing of the head from side to side, as if they would separate it from the body. Other voices elevated themselves like a bass or background to the first; there was a flourishing from a drum and flute; three voices were distinct in a kind of chorus, without the least shade of melody, but not without a certain rhythmical tact and effect. It increased to a regular storm, during which the countenances of the howlers assumed a horrible appearance. Some looked as if they were going into fits, others pale and bathed with perspiration; many seemed ready to give up the ghost as they groaned forth the words "Allah! Allah!" which finally becomes the only one which these figures, whose limbs seem to be out of joint, can bellow forth. It is a hideous spectacle, both for eyes and ears, and we need have a certain strength of nerve to stand it out even as a spectator. When the heaven-assaulting tempest had risen to the height at which human lungs and limbs could attain, it sank by degrees, and the actors, whom I expected to see fall down half-dead from these efforts, during certainly a whole hour, finally stopped, wiped their faces, and went each one his way.

A new scene now rivetted the gaze. Three men rushed in naked to the waist, two of them dark, like Bedouins, who kept leaping aloft, whilst they endeavoured to pierce their bodies with daggers, one of which they held in each hand, and to which hung small black iron chains. They writhed about horribly, and made insane attempts on themselves. But either their skins must have been very hard, or the large daggers were very blunt—perhaps from the manipulation of the Sublime Dervish; certain, however, it is, that they did

not succeed in drawing blood from the flesh, nay, not even in producing any visible harm, however much these leaping penitents laboured and exerted themselves. Nor did a young Moor succeed any better who endeavoured to cut off his own head by sawing on his neck with a sabre grasped by both hands. No blood came, nor did any tragical result follow. When the three penitents had played their tricks in this manner for fifteen or twenty minutes, and finally seemed ready to drop, the Grand Dervish rose up with a countenance full of compassion and mercy, hastened to them, wrested the murderous weapons from their hands, and with an expression which seemed to say, "It is enough! it is enough!" handed them over to his attendants, who covered up and led away, with demonstrations of tenderness, the wearied, and perhaps wounded, actors from the scene.

The last exhibition in the great representation—which was this day unusually perfect—was that one of the dancing dervishes of Pera came forward with his yellowish-white, up-and-down-turned flower-pot hat on his head, and performed in the centre of the Tekie his solitary whirling dance, for which he was graciously thanked by the Grand Dervish, who maintained during the whole time his dignified respect-inspiring demeanour. That he is actually a great charlatan, an unabashed hypocrite, was clear to me; and that the whole scene was one of shameless deception, designed to evoke the wonder—and the money—of the ignorant mass was also no less certain to me, although it is no less true that no collection was made on the spot. The revenues, however, are derived in another way, from the mothers who desire to obtain health for their children, or to preserve them from evil influences; from all those thousands of ignorant and credulous people who seek,

through the magical power and prayers of the dervishes, pardon for past sins, protection against consequent punishment, or also participation in their paradise.

"When you are out of the Kaaba," says the doctrine of the dervishes—and the Kaaba in Mecca constitutes, in their language, the symbol of the Divine life—"it is a good thing to direct your glance there; but when you are within the Kaaba itself, what does it signify in what direction you turn. He who finds himself within the Kaaba is above all law, and above the common order of men. He becomes himself his own way, or order, and the mediator and helper of others."

The ecstatic movements of the dancing dervishes symbolize this condition; so also amongst the howling dervishes, the apparent invulnerability of their high-priest, and his apparent capacity of removing by manipulation the power of injury from keen, deadly weapons, and many other such things. The sublimely holy dervishes are become participant of the being of Allah. Their glance, their voice, their touch, have magical power. The howling and shaking novices must be regarded as seeking after this condition. They must, while so doing, shake out and get rid of the old man by perspiration, and other means, whilst the incessant calling upon the name of Allah replenishes their bodies and souls with the life of Allah. So, at least, I explained to myself the meaning of these scenes in connexion with what I know of the belief of the dervishes and the doctrines of the East, about holiness and its way. For, however much value the religions and philosophies of the East anterior to Christianity, may allow to certain moral virtues or publicly bene-

ficial actions, yet their ideal of the supreme perfection is of a holiness beyond all moral standard. And this is chiefly owing to their conception of God. God, to Zoroaster, and to Muni, his successor—to the Chinese sage—to the Brahmins and the Buddhists, is an impersonal existence submerged in eternal rest. Buddhistical pictures represent him as sleeping. To Central Asia, the scene of Zoroaster's labours—to the farthest East, where Lao-tseu and Confucius came forth—to its southern portion, which acknowledges the dogmas of Brahma and Buddha, the highest ideal of life is an abstraction of all true life. First amongst the children of Israel dawned, under the guidance of God, a higher conception of God, and a higher ideal of human life—a conception and an ideal which have perfected themselves, we know well how and in whom. If they have not extended themselves or preserved themselves in their own purity in the East, it must be attributed to the overpowering influence of the old elements in Asia. Mohammed was vanquished by them, and his dogmas grew like a parasite on the old and the new life—grew like a parasite, to perish like it. The old ideal of virtue and holiness had penetrated the Christian Church. Mount Athos, on the coast of Greece (Macedonia), was populated like the Asiatic Olympus, at Broussa, with thousands of monks, who made it the object of their life to obtain heaven by self-mortification and the incessant repetition of prayers. Still at this day, therefore, are Athos and Olympus called "the Holy Mountains;" and still at this day has Athos such a monkish population. On each side of the Bosphorus arose orders of mendicant monks, who converted ignorance and uncleanliness into the highest virtues, and they live and flourish there still. I have

seen such in Constantinople, I have also seen such in Rome. But their original prototype comes from China, Hindostan, and Persia. The perfect man, or human being is, according to their doctrine, he who cares for nothing, who does nothing either on earth or for earth. The more he despises the earth, the more certain is he of obtaining heaven. The farther he removes himself from man, all the nearer he comes to the Divinity. The Hindoo Fakir, who gazes at the sun till he becomes blind, or sits continually with crossed legs, turning his rosary and repeating the doctrines of decay, is certain of obtaining felicity. The man who lets his nails grow into his flesh, or allows himself to be eaten up of vermin, becomes a saint of the highest order.

A higher thought—I do not misapprehend it—an originally higher endeavour, freedom from selfishness, love of God and His created being, may have been the obscure basis of these ancient life ideals; but such as they reveal themselves in their native land, we can merely see in them—low, fallen angels, caricatures of holiness. And who can have seen the Capuchin orders of Italy—*le vive sepolte*—in Naples and in Rome, the Trappists in France, and many other orders of monks and nuns, in all Catholic countries, where they practise pilgrimages, prayers by rosary, church ceremonies, penitences and indulgences,—who can have given close attention to the life of these people, whom the Roman Catholic Church declares to be holy, without having remarked the same fallen ideal of virtue and holiness having also entered there, and also that they reflect more or less the Oriental type anterior to Christ? Because, not the man, or the human being, who obeys God's moral law, who is the servant of God's and Christ's kingdom on earth; but he who, in blind

obedience, observes the rules of the Papal church, or also, who spends his life in bodily self-mortification, is declared by that church to be *holy*. And as is the case with the individual, so is the highest object of the State and of the community, conformable to her doctrine; not the kingdom of God, but of *the Church*.

Differently to this is the ideal of life presented in the latest development of the religious consciousness, I mean the Evangelical, where it stands forth in its purity. And if these ideals most fully develope themselves in Protestant countries, yet are they likewise comprehended by all thinking Christians of all Christian professions over the whole earth. The best man —for to perfect holiness can no human being make any pretension—is, according to the Evangelical views, not him who gives most alms, who passes his life in exercises of penitence, or in blind obedience to the Church, but he who devotes his life to serve God and his fellow-beings according to his own allotted talents and in the spirit of Christ. He perhaps gives no alms at all in—money; but he gives his time and his powers, in order that both in small and in great, he may advance the best interests of his neighbour, the improvement of society, so that it may advance towards the object of all development—the kingdom of God, "as in heaven so on earth." And so doing he thinks but little of his own reward, his own felicity. He has not time for that, he thinks so much of the well-being of others and of the business which God has entrusted to him. And when he approaches to the close of his working-day on earth, he expects no apotheosis of the Church or State; neither does he count the many silent tears which his departure will call forth, nor the grateful sighs which lift his name to the throne of God.

And when he stands before the Eternal Father he asks neither after his reward nor after a place of honour in His kingdom. He thinks not of himself. To be where his Master is, to be able to serve Him in His temple of the world, and to "see His glory," that is his highest reward and his highest felicity.

Dost thou know any higher?

As is the ideal of the individual man, so is also the ideal of the community in the light of the Gospel. Separate and temporal formations of social life will not exclusively serve the purpose; but Church and State, all forms and spheres of life, must collectively work for the free development of the human being and society into a general kingdom of God. Towards this object, as yet obscurely perceived through the mists of the new day, glance the free nations of the West. And the West now holds the future of the earth in her hand.

Asia, Europe! daughters of the same Father, long separated by time, space, and the fate of life! I see the day coming—a great day of creation—when you will be united in the same sublime purpose of life, in the same pure ideals of life, united festally, as now the shores of the Bosphorus. Spirit and steam are preparing the ways. May no petty-minded political views prevent the great European powers from uniting to hasten the deliverance of Asia from barbarism. And may they, before everything else, take care not to make their appearance there as barbarians!

The state of Syria and Palestine at the present time demands in the most urgent manner the attention of the European nations, because the Christian population of these lands is without arms and defenceless in the hands of the Turks. They see the sword of the barbarian suspended by a thread above their heads—because Turkey, when irritated, is a fanatical barbarian;

they see daily their land and their property in danger of being pillaged by rapacious nomades; they live in perpetual anxiety.

The great Powers of Russia, England, and France see it, and—keep principally watch upon each other, in the fear that he who undertakes to help may himself also seize upon the country. Syria and Palestine stand, in the meantime, exposed to the storm, as now also in Jerusalem the temple of Christ, with its riven cupola and Holy Sepulchre, whilst the Latin and the Greek Church will neither allow the other to repair the damage, from the fear that whichever shall do so will then claim it as his own.

Such a state of things is not admirable, nor worthy of Christian nations.

In the old Greek epic—the "Iliad"—we see Hector warned by various evil omens to defend Troy, but the noble warrior replies, with contempt of all alarming portents:—

"One portent is good—to defend the fatherland!"

Let the Christians of Europe ask themselves whether they have not in "the Holy Land" a native land, a spiritual fatherland to rescue!

In the morning I leave the East, unspeakably thankful that I have trodden its sacred soil; but, for all its gold and all its treasure, I should not wish to remain there.

And now to the land which, after my own, I love dearest on earth; to the people who, first amongst the peoples, called into existence the free citizen and the free State, although not in their highest comprehension—who brought forth Solon and Lycurgus, Socrates

and Pericles; the small country which still seems to have so great a part reserved for itself, as the link between the East and the West—to Greece, the old, classical *Hellas!*

I desire to see its new life and realm.

THE END.

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